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JULY 2000

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Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, Halle Berry & Famke Janssen





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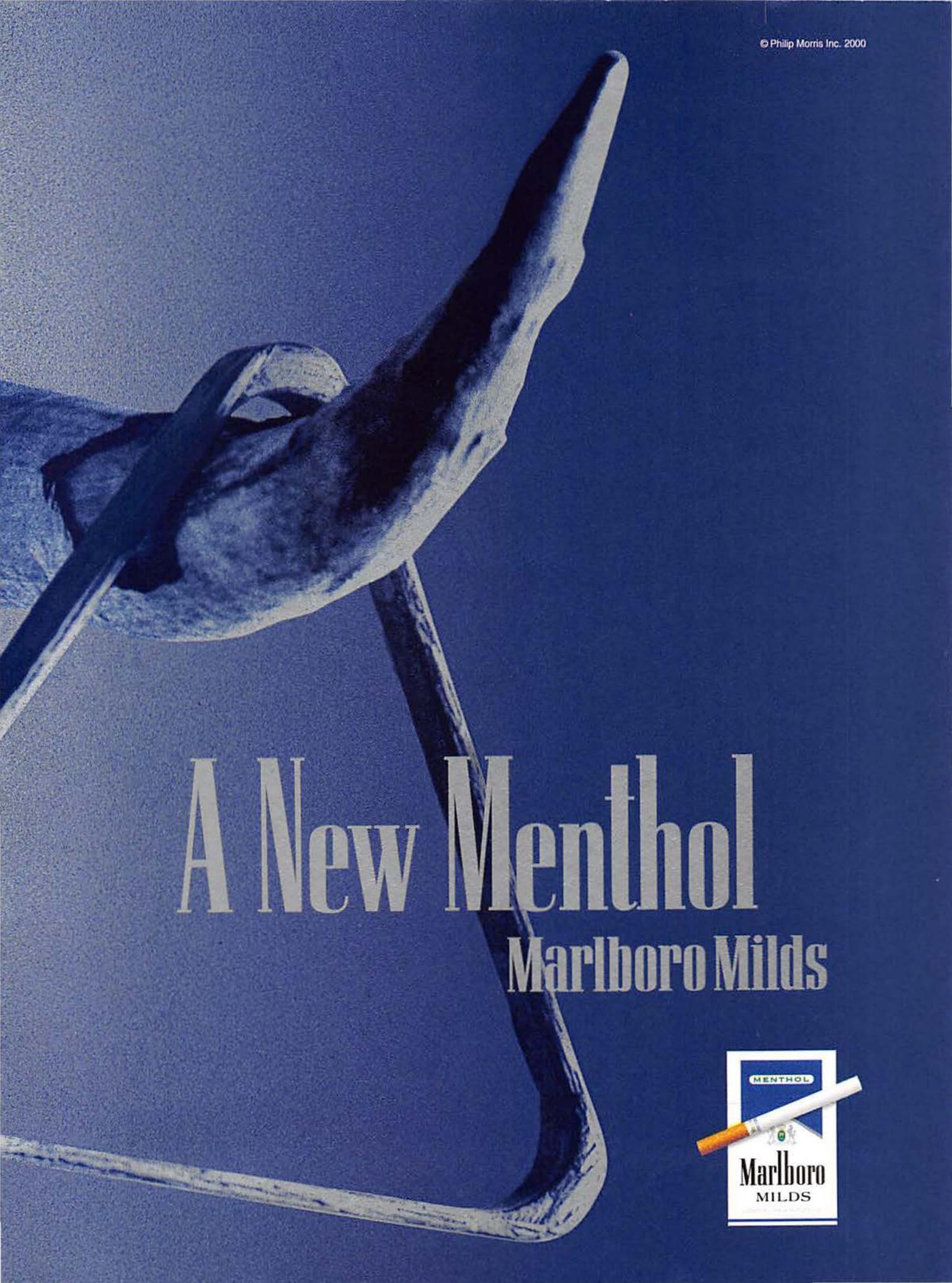
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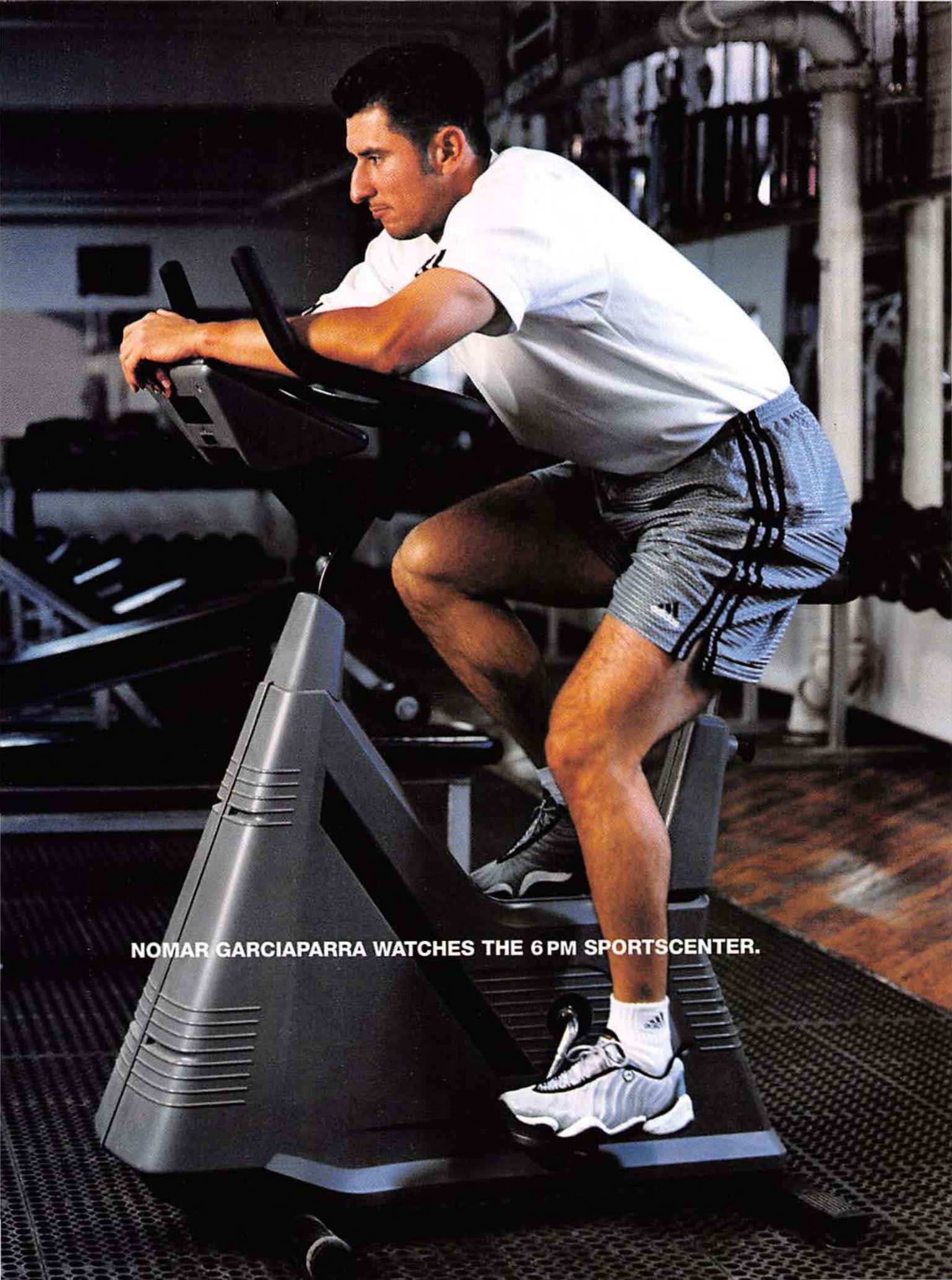




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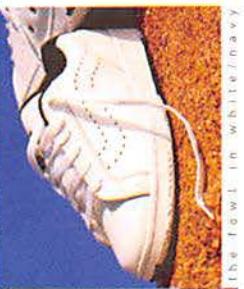
NOMAR GARCIAPIARRA WATCHES THE 6 PM SPORTSCENTER.

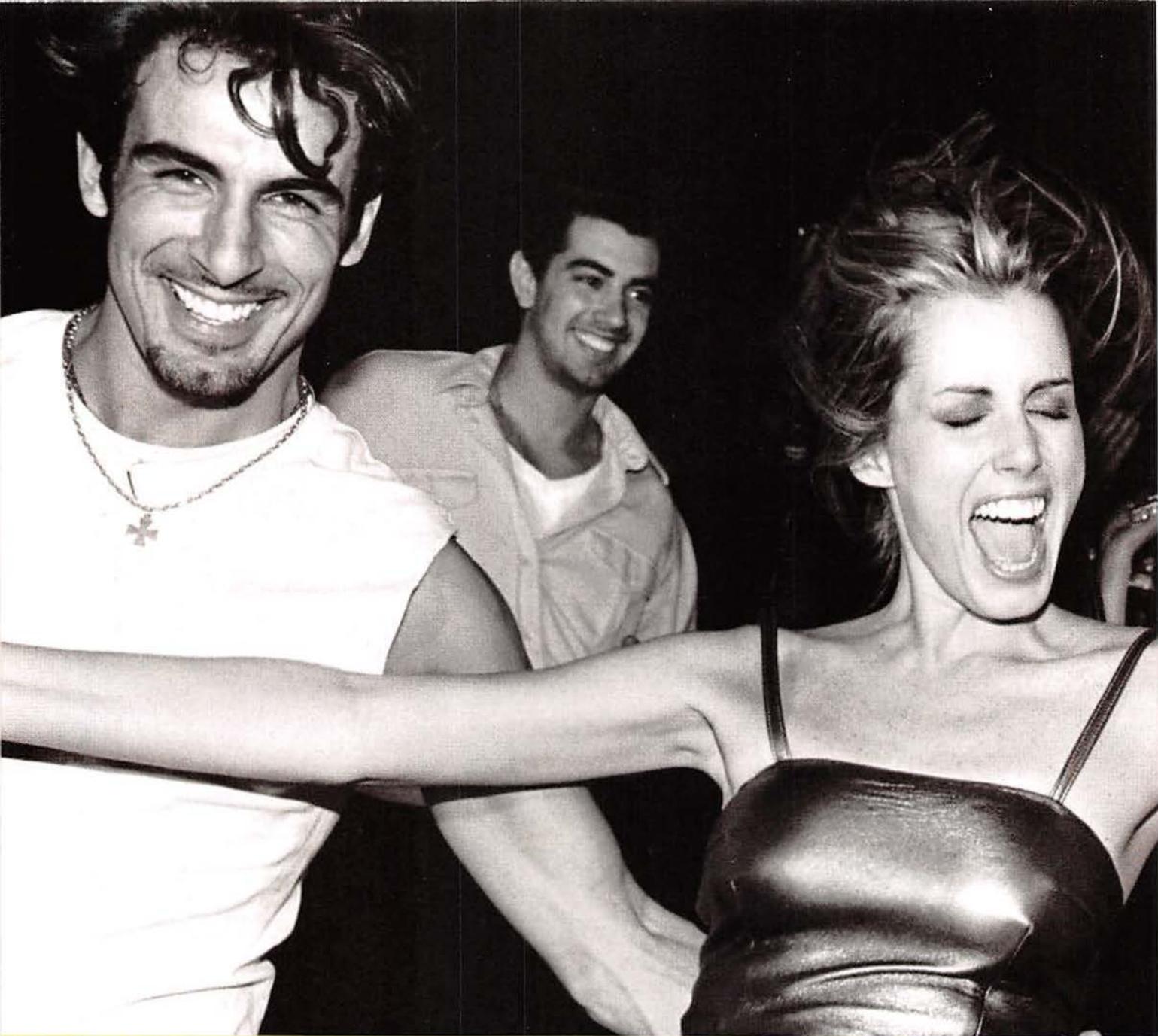
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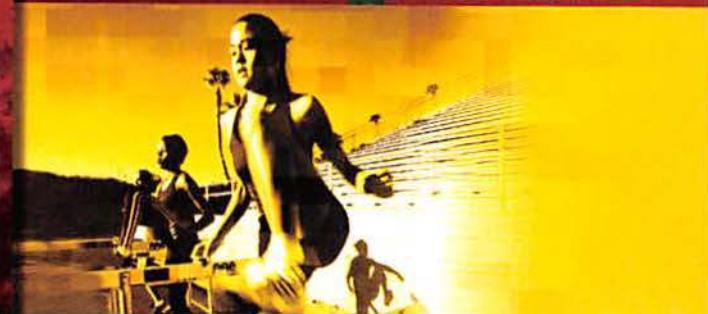


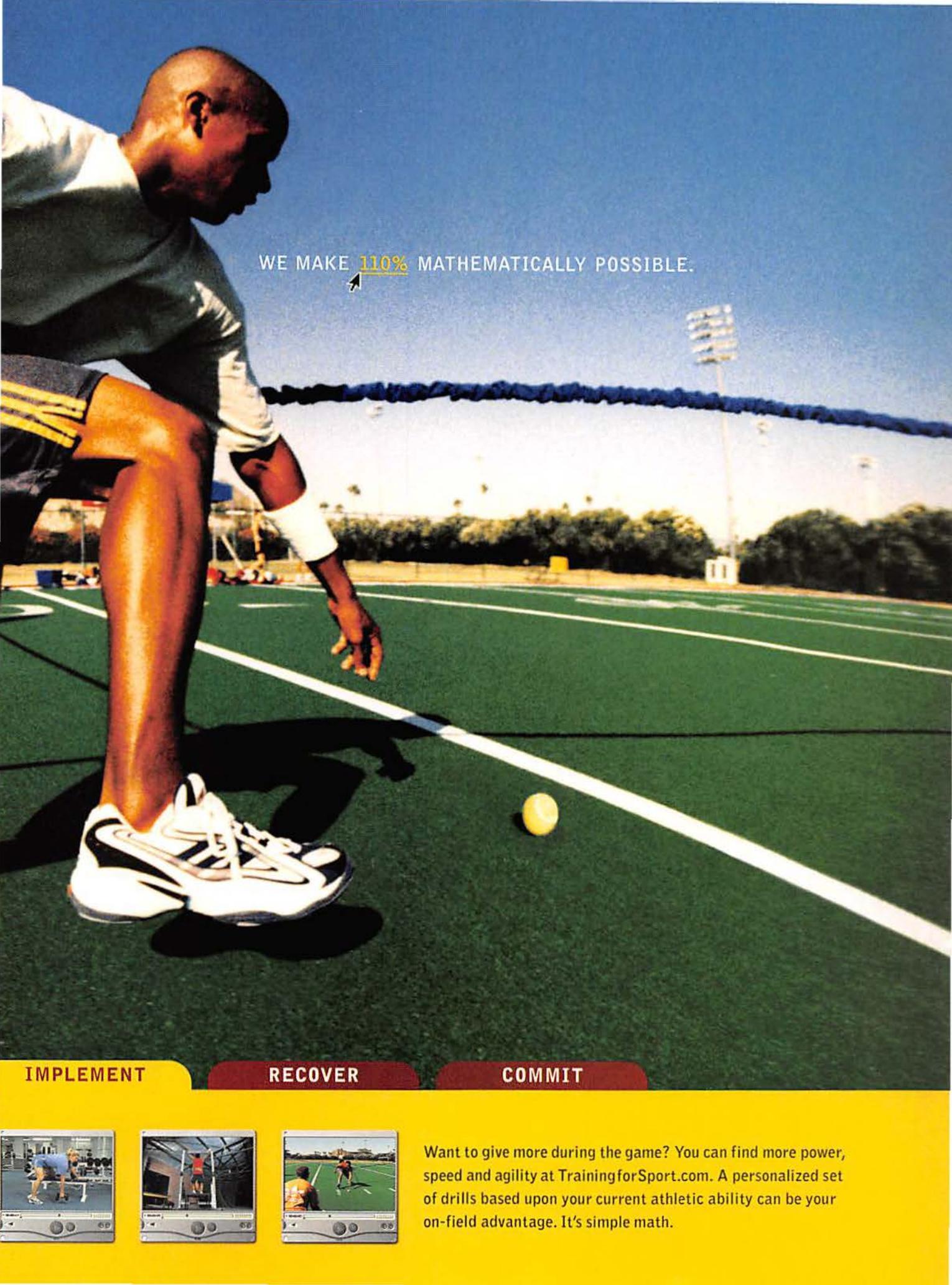


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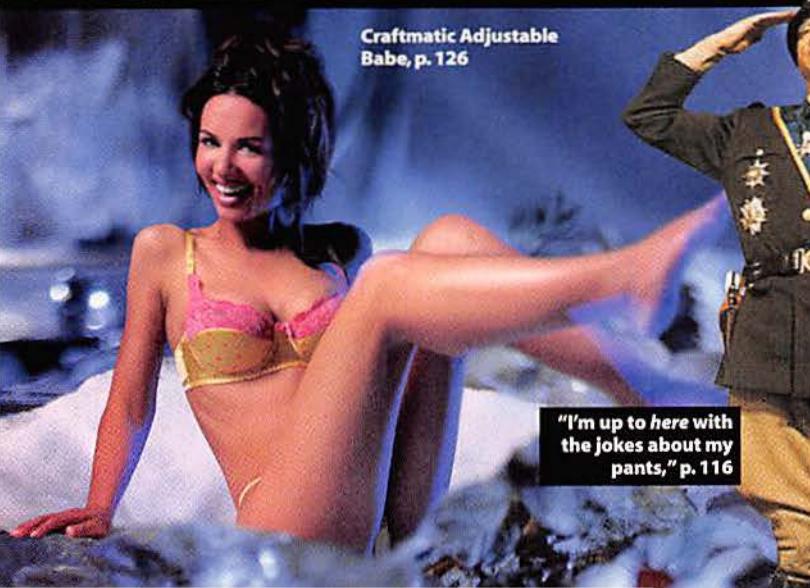
Generation X, p. 150



Our customer-service reps are standing by, p. 92



Craftmatic Adjustable Babe, p. 126



"I'm up to here with the jokes about my pants," p. 116



The Maxim retirement plan, p. 92

JULY 2000

MAXIM

FEATURES

WE WANT ANSWERS!

82 JASON BIGGS

The American Pie star on his sexy scene with Shannon Elizabeth and his new flick, *The Loser*.

AMERICAN DREAM

84 CAMERON RICHARDSON

She grew up in a trailer park. Now she's got a part on USA's *Cover Me* and the spotlight in one of our sexiest spreads ever!

Absolutely nothing illegal going on here, p. 104



HIGH ROLLIN'

92 BROKERS WILD

These days online trading can deliver the thrill of a Vegas vacation to your cubicle. Here's how to be a player!

POLE VAULT

98 THE SEX OLYMPICS

Sex isn't competitive? It is now! To test your mettle, we compiled a list of sex acts in public places that'll score you and your girl points in the game of love. Go for the gold!

WIRED SHUT

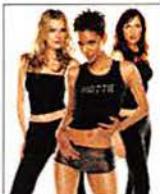
104 DRUGFELLAS

Operation Magnolia was the biggest coke sting of the '90s. We scored exclusive interviews with the three major players—two in prison and another at the DEA—to piece together this bloody tale. Proceed with caution.

STARS & STRIPPERS

116 PROUD TO BE AMERICAN

This land is our land—we stole it fair and square. Here are the *real* reasons to celebrate our nation's birthday.



On the Cover:
Halle Berry, Famke Janssen, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos

Photographed by Antoine Verglas

Styled by Karen Shapiro

Set design and prop styling by Jake Klein

Halle: Hair by Nikko for The Crystal Agency

Makeup by Laura Mobley for ARTISTS by Timothy Piatto

Rebecca: Hair by Davey Newkirk for REX

Makeup by Monica Blinder for REX

Famke: Hair by Campbell McCally for Profile, LA Makeup by Garrett Gervais for Visages

Clothing by Elisabetta Rogani, LA

COMIC STRIPPED

124 SEX-MEN

Mutants with paranormal sexual abilities save the human race by hunting down a giant stolen supply of Viagra! Brought to you in glorious Jigglevision.

'SPATULA, PLEASE' 126 COOK HER PANTS OFF!

Use our no-fail guide to whipping her up a meal. Do it right and you'll be dessert.

SUPER HEROINES

134 TRIPLE X

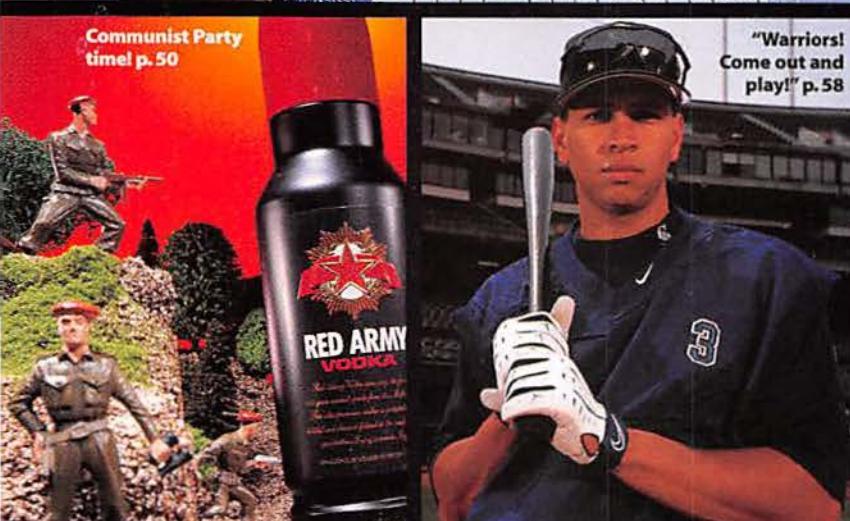
Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, Halle Berry, Famke Janssen.

The starlets of this summer's hottest flick, *X-Men*, burn through 14 pages of photos!

Allow a few extra minutes for it to cool.



The Turbo. **Drivers wanted.** 



"Hold my cock and pullet," p. 45



REGULARS

26 LETTERS

Our readers argue over Ted Nugent's ethics, Phish's talents, and a knockout female boxer's sex habits. And don't miss our summer readers' tips blowout!

32 JOKES

Who are the most hilarious guys in town? You are.

36 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

Our scribbling idiots get a backstage pass to the theater of life. Read what they've got to say about fools who jump off skyscrapers, the Johnny Cash electronic Bible, and meat products guaranteed to tear you a new one.



58 HOW TO

Spark homers like Alex Rodriguez, interpret your dreams, and make her (finally!) shut up.

SAYS HER

69 WEASEL YOUR WAY BACK INTO HER LIFE

So you blew it, eh? Read our lady's eight-step program for getting back into her pants, er, life.

SPORTS

72 ALL-AMERICAN BASTARDS

We polled our readers, some beat writers, and every other opinionated sports fan we could muster on who the most loathsome characters in sports are. Meet the lucky losers!

Wonder why she needed those dry-cleaned, p. 69

DR. MAXIM

78 AM I DEAD YET?

Your mouth tastes like a mausoleum? Can't remember what comes after "three"? Do these at-home medical checkups to make sure you're not dead.

153 MAXIMWEAR

Hot swimsuits to get her wet in, cool clothes without the price tag, and hot shoes with no laces to trip over.

173 REVIEWS

Mel Gibson's bloody new flick, comic-book video games, and the skinny on Everclear's latest. Plus: We scoured the planet for the fastest, loudest, and coolest new summer toys. Don't miss our seven-page gear blowout!

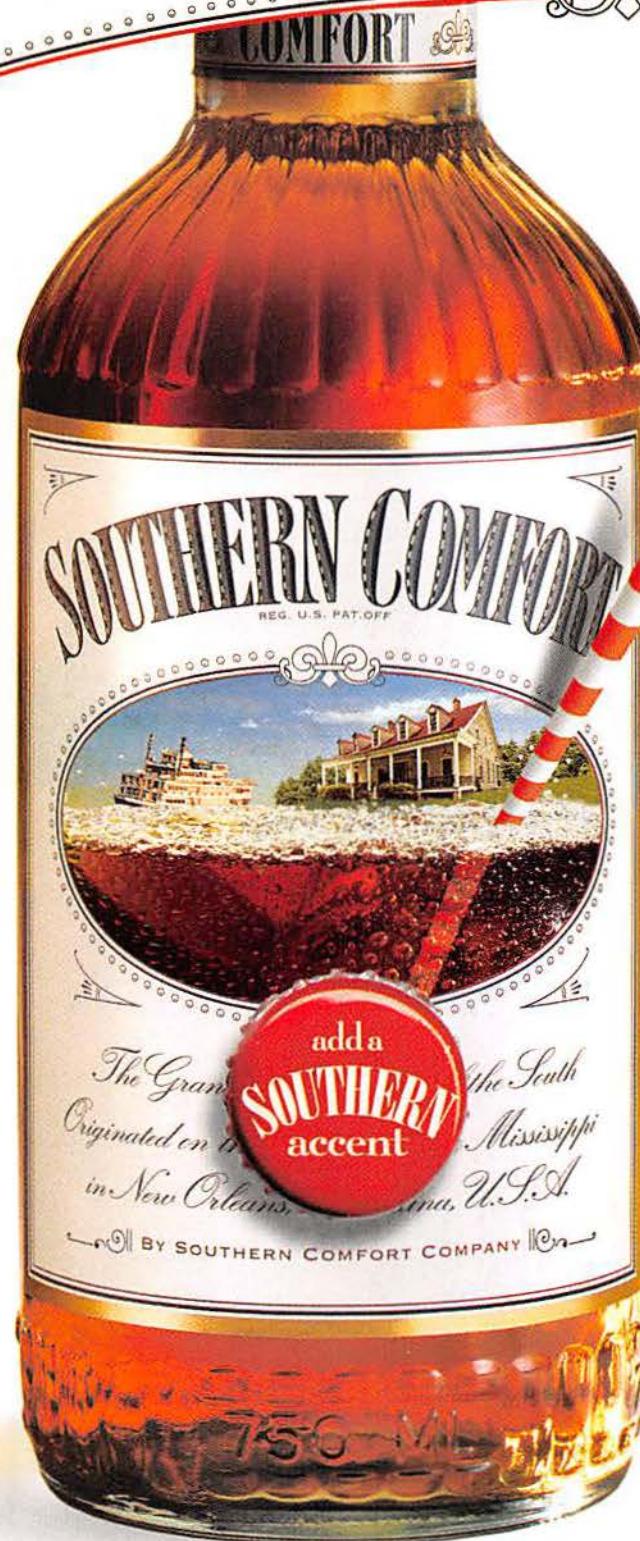
196 BEAT THIS CAPTION!

It's the world's weirdest contest! Think you can hack it?

Really off-road vehicles, p. 184



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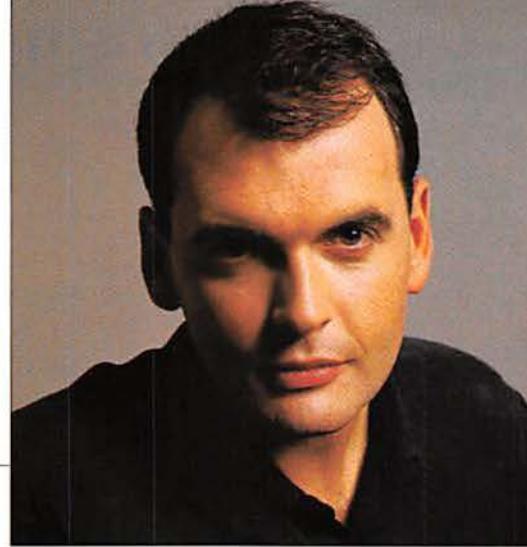
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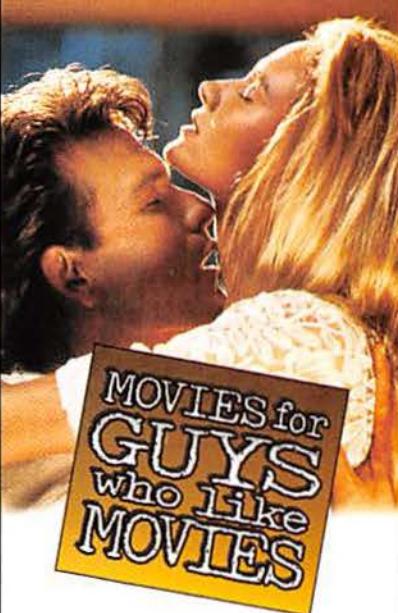


**"THAT GIRL'S GOT
ENTIRELY
TOO MANY BRAINS
TO HAVE AN
ASS
LIKE THAT."**

- Road House



EDITOR'S LETTER



THURSDAY NIGHTS Have Never Been More EXPLOSIVE.

Join your hosts for the lowdown dirt and in-your-face action as they go behind the scenes of the movies guys like.

THE JULY MOVIE SCHEDULE

7/6	8:05pm/et	Road House
	10:30pm/et	Nowhere to Run
7/13	10:30pm/et	The Gauntlet
7/20	10:00pm/et	Days of Thunder
7/27	10:35pm/et	The Enforcer

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Beyond the English-muffin pizza!

It would be stating the obvious to say that a good dinner in a swanky restaurant is one of the most effective seduction tools a man has at his disposal. But let's consider for a moment the downsides of this approach: (1) It's expensive to do properly, even for a gentleman of your means; (2) it's swarming with greasy waiters who are eager to wave their enormous pepper grinders in your date's face the second you turn your back; and (3) restaurants are usually a *little* too public for full-on sex.

All these problems can be surmounted easily by inviting her around for dinner at your place, right? Don't worry: In fact, your inability to cook can work in your favor. My most successful dinner experience was years ago, when I went to this gorgeous blonde's apartment to cook a meal for us in *her* kitchen (a novel twist, I thought).

I only knew one dish—lasagna—and I took all the raw ingredients with me, not fully grasping that from start to finish, lasagna involves perhaps a four-hour process. As luck would have it, I also brought two large bottles of German white wine (I was young, OK?), and while I was too nervous and sweaty to drink much myself, my date guzzled most of one bottle during the cooking stage. Thus I was onto a sure thing: She was charmed by my earnest ineptitude in the kitchen, starving by the time the result was served (which meant it didn't matter what it tasted like), and off her face on Liebfraumilch. Dessert was served horizontally. Explore your own culinary instincts in "Cook Her Pants Off!" (page 124). Incidentally, the gorgeous blonde is now my wife. But don't let that put you off the notion.

What else is cooking? Well, a glance at the spectacular cover photo tells you we've got mutant fever but bad.

This month we are face to face (to face, to face) with the superstars of this summer's comic-book blockbuster, *The X-Men*. Halle "Storm" Berry, Rebecca "Mystique" Romijn-Stamos, and Famke "Jean Grey" Janssen teach you how to love a mutant in "Triple X," beginning on page 132.

And now if you'll excuse me, my Rice Krispies Treats are at a critical stage. See you back on the newsstands July 25.

Mike Soutar

MIKE SOUTAR
Editor-in-Chief

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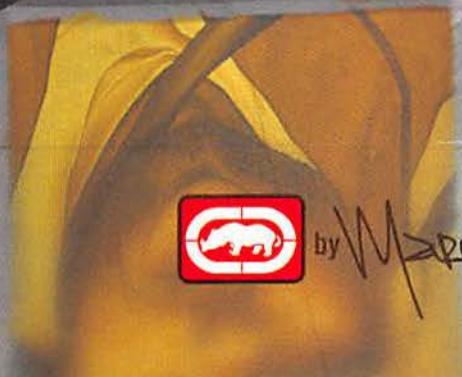
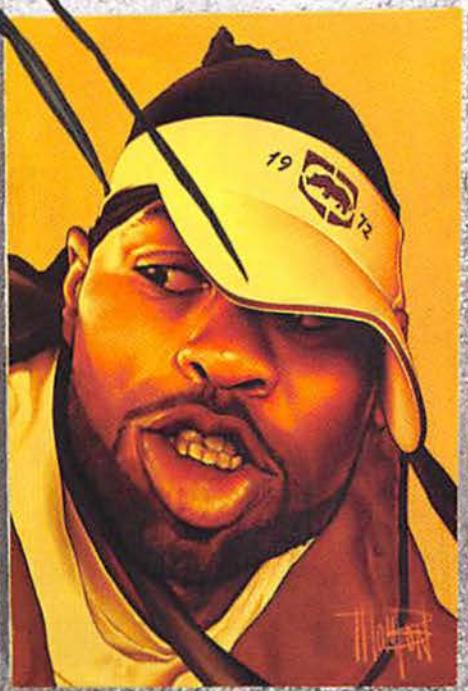
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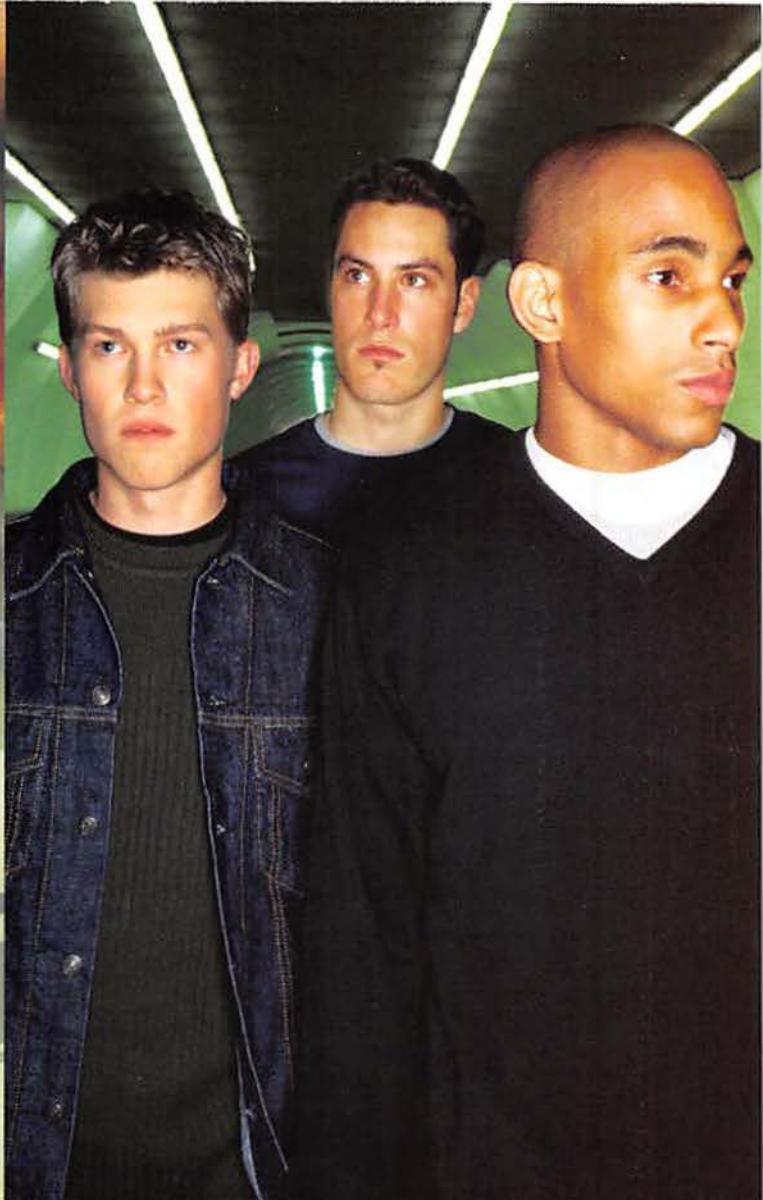
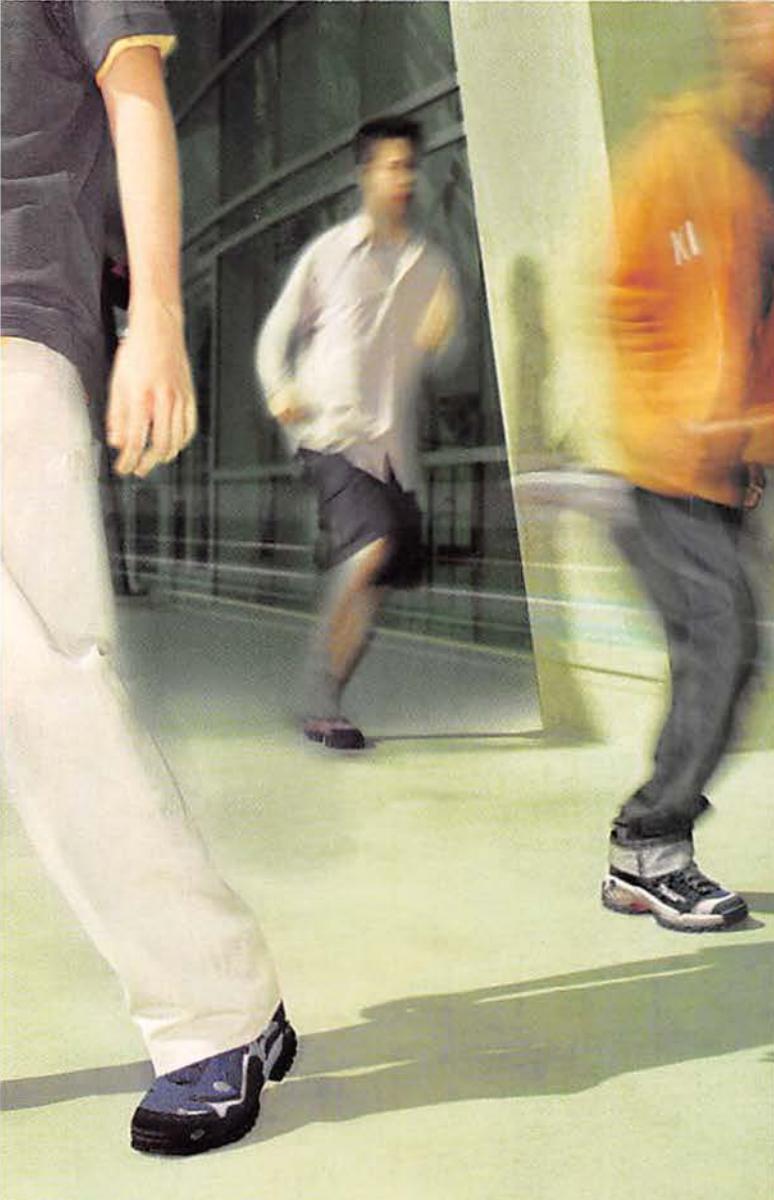
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The Lady Is a Vamp!

I read your May issue, and I don't know how you guys do it. Every issue is better than the last one. The original Buffy, Kristy Swanson, looks fantastic on the outside and the inside [of the magazine]. The girl on page 28 of May's letters section, Donna from Rhode Island, is smoking too. Why don't you sign her up to do a photo shoot? By the way, do you guys need any help? Any slave labor for the models or someone to open the mail and pour coffee?

Mark Doe,

Tewksbury, MA

Mark: We value our readers far too highly to submit them to the subhuman working conditions here at Maxim. We spend our days slavishly taste-testing liquors (p. 50), gambling huge quantities of other people's money (p. 92), and interviewing the world's most beautiful

women (pp. 84 and 134). Now, is that any way to make a living?

Stuttering John

Very soon, I'm going to be making some important speeches in front of large groups of people. It's going to be very stressful. I remember reading in *Maxim* a while back something about drugs that famous people take to get rid of jitters and butterflies when they go onstage ["Am I Insane?" March]. I have looked through all of my issues and can't seem to find it. What were the names of those drugs?

John Parks

Boston

There's an over-the-counter product you can pick up in any pharmacy that should solve your problem. It's called Pampers. They come in all sizes. Make sure they fit snug, and break a leg.

Cat Scratch Fever

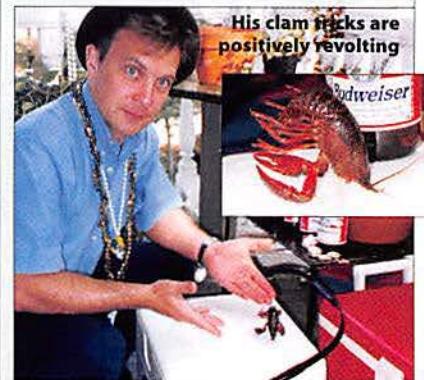
Your "Hunt with Ted Nugent" spoof (at least I hope it was a spoof) was in poor taste ["One Crazy Summer," May]. With massacres at schools a frequent occurrence, it is irresponsible to quote a neanderthal like Nugent: "I kill shit. And quite frankly, I enjoy the hell out of it." Jokes about killing and eating your own pet cat aren't funny when you consider where Jeffrey Dahmer and most other pathological killers get their practice.

Steven W. Brennan
Waldorf, MD

You know, you're right. We should have pointed out that cat tastes pretty gamy unless you disguise the flavor with lots of spices. We'll try to be more responsible next time.

Funny, she
doesn't look
Venetian

PUT ME IN MAXIM!



Shell Game

After reading your March issue on a plane to New Orleans, I found myself at a Big Easy bash—complete with a bag of crawfish waiting their turn to be boiled. Remembering the "How to Hypnotize a Lobster" story [How To], I thought I'd see if the trick would work on these tiny swamp cousins. It did, and I'm pleased to report that after mesmerizing a half-dozen, I found I'd also entranced a few bayou babes.

Phillip Jones

Paget, Bermuda

So how did you get those women to stand on their heads while you stroked their bellies?

Dodging and Weaving

My girlfriend is an amateur boxer and trains all year round. Please tell her that our having sex will not inhibit her training or set her progress back, like she thinks it will.

Randy Reggio
Chicago

Actually, a recent survey found that runners who had sex the night before the London Marathon performed better than those who didn't. So her "in training" argument doesn't hold up. We're sure she'll find some other excuse.

'Do You Sell That in Rubber?'

Your "Night of 1,000 Sex Stunts" story in the May issue was jam-packed with sexy ideas. Here's another fun stunt: Go with your girl to the nicest clothing store in town (make sure they have his and hers). Allow her to pick out an outfit for you—anything she wants. You do the same for her...a nasty G-string. ▶

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MAXIM READERS' TIPS: WILDERNESS SURVIVAL SPECIAL!

**Get Trashed**

If you're on a camping trip, chances are you're gonna wake up soaked, freezing cold, and hung over. For a makeshift shower, fill a trash bag with water and hang it from a tree in the sun. When it's warm, poke some holes in the bottom. Then stand under it.

James Stone, Far Hills, NJ

**Hike Up Your Socks**

Here's an old army trick to keep you from getting blisters when you're hiking: Take a pair of women's nylons and put 'em on under your socks. Make sure you put on the knee-highs and not the trouser-size ones, you sissy. Blisters will be a thing of the past.

Chris VanSant, Blackwood, NJ

**Slinky Outfit**

So you're out in the woods and your radio won't pick up the Yankees game. Pull out that Slinky you just happened to bring along, attach one end to your antenna, then hurl the other over a branch. Bingo: an antenna. Turn on, tune in, and roast up a few weenies.

Michael Low, Lake Tahoe, CA

Hot Rocks

To keep a tent warm at night, throw some stones into a fire. When they're red-hot, grab them with your bare hands (kidding, dumb-ass), then drop them in a metal pot. Take the pot into your tent, where it'll radiate heat. Throw new hot stones in when they get cold.

Nick Peiser, Wilmington, DE

Wet Dreams

Caught in a rainstorm? To keep the inside of your tent dry, dig a channel six inches deep and wide all around it. Use the excess dirt to build a channel running downhill, away from your tent. Then jump inside, go to sleep, and dream of being at home in front of your TV.

Jennifer Scott, Broomfield, CO

**Rash Behavior**

Got poison ivy from all that rolling around in the bushes? Try filling a tub with warm water and eight or so tablets of Alka-Seltzer. Then go ahead and make yourself comfortable. The salt in the tablets will soothe your skin and clean your tub at the same time!

Cameron Fine, Wilmington, DE

Bugger Off

If you're partying in someone's backyard and the bees are killing your buzz, put a few cups full of beer about 30 yards away in strategic locations. Bees are attracted to the sugar. If you're lucky, they'll drown themselves in it before you do.

Tom Carrey, Morris Plains, NJ

Soft Core

A tip to help turn your tent into a sex den: When you're setting up, clear out a nice plot (she doesn't want stones grinding into her butt, after all). Then lay down a layer of leaves or pine needles so your bed's softer than the one you've got at home.

Michael Hayden, San Francisco

the most expensive stilettos, whatever. Then get dressed and arrange to meet in, say, the toddler department. Pretend you're strangers. Without saying a word to each other, slip into a dressing room and go nuts.

J.J. Demuth

Brooklyn

Congratulations, J.J.! You just picked up 100 points in the Maxim seX Games. Turn to page 98 for pointers on breaking indecency laws in other parts of your community.

Crisis in the Mideast

Hey, guys, what would you do to cheer yourself up if you were marooned in Saudi Arabia? I used to work for an airline that flew hajjes, or Muslim pilgrimages to Mecca. The airline went bankrupt. Now I'm staying in some hotel that keeps catching on fire. All the women here are covered from head to toe in black gowns called *abayas*, and you can't speak to them anyway or they'll be stoned to death by their families. Here's what I do to get by: I read through the issue of *Maxim* that I death-defyingly smuggled into the country (they confiscate anything depicting women sexually). It provides much inspiration. Thanks.

Oscar Galindo

Forest Hills, NY

Inspiration, huh? So if women there get stoned for talking to a guy, what's the penalty for getting caught with a racy mag and a handful of impure thoughts? Good luck sewing that thing back on, pal.

Dissension in the Ranks

When your May issue came, I cracked open the *Maxim Hot 100* supplement with great enthusiasm. But then my pride in your publication dropped like a freshman's panties at a fraternity party. I saw that your 100th girl was Jaime Pressly. You ranked her *last* in the Hot 100? I flipped through the rest, looking for girls more beautiful than this vixen. But none eclipsed Jaime. If the opportunity presented itself, I'd take a slew of bullets for her sake.

M.C.

Washington, DC

Is a slew more or less than a hail?
Uh...no reason.



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10 HOT TIPS to keep her COOL

by

Davidoff
Cool Water



- 1) **Be Romantic** – Take her skinny-dipping in a secluded area by moonlight.
- 2) **Row Her Boat** – Take her out to sea for the day; the salt air will clear her head and cure the summer heat.
- 3) **Queen for a Day** – Fan her and feed her fresh fruit as she lounges in her sexiest attire.
- 4) **Wonder Years** – Be a kid again and run through the sprinklers or even create your own slip and slide.
- 5) **Ice, Ice, Baby** – Cool her down and heat her up with your creative ice cube tricks.
- 6) **Do the Twist** – Show your sensitive side and braid her hair; it will relieve the heat and reveal one of her most alluring body parts.
- 7) **Easy Riders** – Let the top down on your car, blare your favorite CD and head for the highway; feel free and let the wind take all your troubles away.
- 8) **Wet and Wild** – Get out your biggest Super Soakers, your favorite t-shirts, and...figure it out on your own.
- 9) **Hang Ten** – Get out your wetsuits and ride the big waves together; the surf, the sun, saving her from the big kahuna – it's a perfect recipe!
- 10) **Enter and Win** – Tell us your best tip for keeping her cool and win a hot prize!

Enter to win on: Maximonline.com

MAXIM
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maximonline.com

No purchase necessary. Must be a legal US resident 18 years of age or older. Contest ends 8/10/2000. Void where prohibited by law. For complete details and a list of the official rules visit www.maximonline.com/coolwatercontest or send a self-addressed envelope to "Cool Water Contest Rules", Maxim Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Fl, New York, NY 10018

READERS' LETTERS

Some Expert Advice

You guys have some curious choices for experts to quote in your stories. I was especially intrigued by your choice of FBI agent Byron Sage as an expert for a hostage negotiation article ["Drop It, Punk!" Circus Maximus, March]. To emphasize his skills, you noted that he handled the Branch Davidian standoff in Waco. Interesting. I recall nearly all the people in that compound died. That's not exactly the desired result. What's next? President Clinton as a marriage counselor? The Unabomber giving a correspondence course?

John Stavinoha
Leysin, Switzerland

Well, then, you probably won't be pleased with our upcoming interview with Janet Reno, "How to Settle a Custody Crisis."

Inquiring Minds

Your magazine is so full of useful information and surefire tips on accomplishing various tasks, especially scoring women. So I figure that everyone at *Maxim* is dating or married to a supermodel or an almost-supermodel. Every subscriber wants to know, but I'm the only one with enough balls to ask. So, am I right?

Gordon Welty
Oxnard, CA

Yes, but only because we don't make enough to feed regular women.

Pranks for the Memories

My jaw dropped when I was flipping through your hilarious May issue and came across your "It Came from the Third Grade," which explains how to send a fax that never ends. I thought I was the only fax bomber out there. My business partner and I have been practicing this wonderful vengeance technique since 1987. After all these years, it's never failed!

James Bains
Durham, NC

Oh, so that's your ass we received 873 copies of last month?

Bloody Balls

Your profile on Houston Astros reliever Billy Wagner was a great read. As a baseball fan, it gave me an inside view of the chess match between the pitcher and the batter. But I've got a question: Won't other players get

pissed off when they read a story about a pitcher who likes to intimidate batters by throwing heat high and inside? I mean, if I were a ball player and I was facing Wagner after reading your story, I wouldn't take any crap. If he pegged me, I'd have to go after him with the bat.

Randy Pollen
Northhampton, MA

Trust us, you wouldn't wanna tangle with Billy. But if you want to practice your game, turn to p. 58 to take swings with Alex Rodriguez, and p. 184 for info on using a batting machine to send 90 mph sliders through your neighbors' windows!

Something's Phishy

Your review of Phish's new record was asinine. I haven't listened to the album yet, but I'm assuming it's another 45 minutes of dumb-ass guitar noodling, soulless lyrics about nothing, and drums that keep everything but the beat. And you gave it three stars? How this band ever got a record contract is beyond me. Tell your reviewer to cut down on the weed.

Justin Cope
Berkeley, CA

We thought your letter was asinine. We didn't read it, but when we saw your name on it, we just assumed.



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Hey! You! Write us at Readers' Letters, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018, or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com. Include a daytime number.

Davidoff
Cool Water



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Just Humor Us, OK?

Got a spleen-splitting joke that can top these? We'll pay \$150 for the next Joke of the Month. Send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018 or E-mail them to jokes@maximonline.com.

She's Got Heavenly Headlights

Mother Teresa is wandering around heaven one beautiful day when she sees Princess Diana. *I always admired her*, Mother Teresa thinks to herself. *She was good to those less fortunate*.

Then she notices that Diana's halo is much bigger than hers. *While I admire the princess, I have done much more than she for those less fortunate*, she thinks to herself. So she finds Saint Peter and asks him why Diana's halo is so much bigger than her own.

"That's not a halo," says Saint Peter. "That's a steering wheel."

—Frank Dichiaria, Miami

Drown Your Worries!

Q: If Bill and Hillary Clinton were on a sinking ship, who would be saved?
A: The United States.

—Bruce Milke, Santa Ana, CA

Little Whipper-snapper

A woman is spring-cleaning the closet in her 13-year-old son's room when she finds an S&M magazine. She confiscates the smut and shows it to her husband when he gets home from work.

"Look what I found in his room!" she screams, on the verge of tears. "What are we going to do about this?"

"Well," the dad says, "I don't think we should spank him."

—Travis McKenzie, Alberta

Ewe Belong to Me

A New York lawyer moves to a western frontier town to get some solitude. But after a month, he notices that there are no women, and he starts to get lonely. So he asks some local cowboys how they handle the problem.

"See those sheep over there?" says one cowboy, pointing to a pasture. "We just go and get one."

"That's barbaric!" yells the lawyer. But after another month passes, he decides to give the sheep a shot. So he picks the prettiest one of the bunch, bathes her, dresses her in fine lingerie,

and takes her to bed. He enjoys it so much that afterward he takes the sheep into town for a drink. When he walks into a crowded bar, the place falls silent and everyone stares at him in disbelief.

"You folks are hypocrites!" the lawyer says defensively. "You all do it. I'm just doing it with more class."

"That's not the problem," says one cowboy. "That there's the sheriff's gal."

—Ray Santini, Babylon, NY

Swear to God

A priest and his friend go fishing, and the priest hooks a big one. When he finally gets it ashore, his friend yells, "Look at that sonuvabitch!" The priest gives the man a disgusted look. "You're misunderstanding," his friend says. "That's what kind of fish it is: a sonuvabitch."

So the priest brings the fish to a nun to cook. "Sister," he says, "look at this sonuvabitch!" The nun gives him a foul look. But after the priest explains what kind of fish it is, she agrees to cook it and invites the pope over for dinner.

When the pope arrives, the priest boasts, "I caught the sonuvabitch!" The nun says, "I cooked the sonuvabitch!" The pope smiles and says, "Hey, you fuckers are all right!"

—Travis Jones, Moorhead, MN

Amusement Ride

Three blondes are driving to Disneyland. After four hours on the road, they see a sign that says DISNEYLAND LEFT. So they turn around and go home.

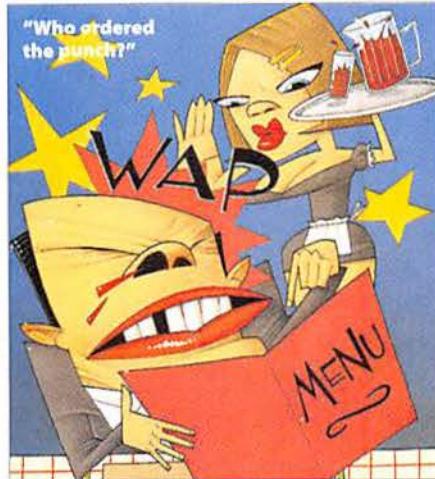
—Jim Klemmer, West Allis, WI

Burning Passion

Pierre, a brave French fighter pilot, takes his girlfriend, Marie, out for a pleasant picnic by the Seine. After they've eaten, Marie leans over and says, "Kiss me, my darling Pierre!" He grabs a bottle of red wine and splashes some on her lips.

"Why did you do that?!" she asks.

"I am Pierre the French fighter



THE \$150 JOKE

Pronounced Feature

A man goes into a restaurant for lunch. As he reads the menu, a waitress walks up to his table and asks for his order. The man eyes her and realizes she's beautiful. He winks at her and says, "I'll have the special, please: a quiche."

"Excuse me. What did you say?" asks the waitress, agast.

"I said I'll have the special: a quiche, please."

The waitress slaps his face and storms off. Just then a man sitting at the next table leans over and whispers, "Um, I'm sorry—I think that's pronounced 'quiche.'"

Kevin Stewardson of Fremont, CA, is rich beyond his wildest dreams.

pilot," he answers. "When I have ze red meat, I like to have ze red wine."

The two start kissing, and after a minute, Marie asks Pierre to kiss her breasts. He picks up a bottle of white wine and splashes it all over her chest.

"Why did you do that?!" she asks.

"I am Pierre the French fighter pilot," he says. "When I have ze white meat, I like to have ze white wine."

They resume their passion, and Marie asks Pierre to kiss her a little lower. He picks up a bottle of cognac, splashes it on her, strikes a match, and sets her on fire. She shrieks and dives into the river. When she gets out she screams, "Why did you do that?!"

"I am Pierre the French fighter pilot," he says. "When I go down, I like to go down in flames!"

—Crystal Lee, Calgary, Alberta

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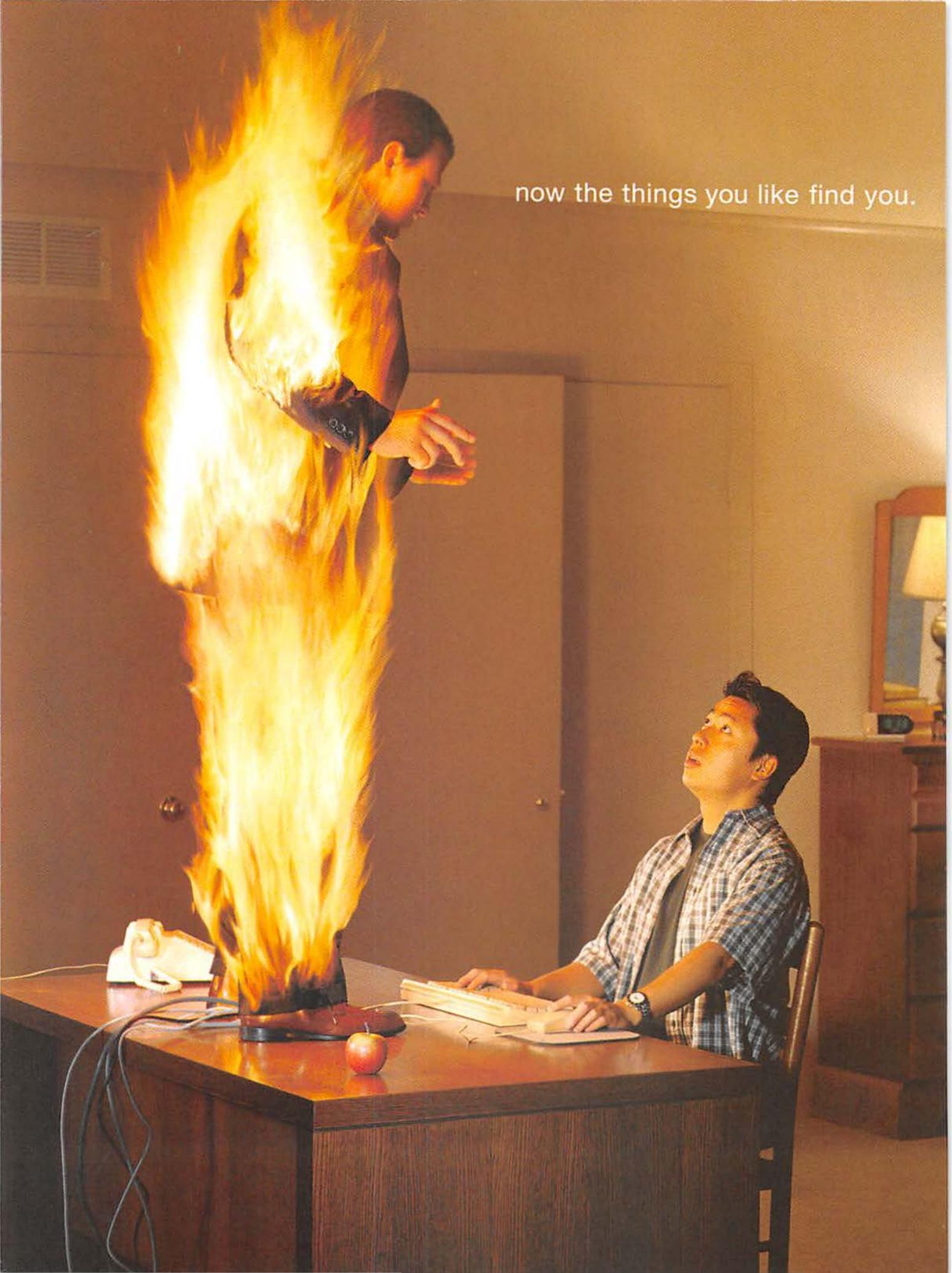


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A surreal photograph for a computer advertisement. A man in a plaid shirt sits at a dark wood desk, looking up in awe. On the desk is a vintage-style computer monitor, a keyboard, a mouse, and a red apple. A giant, translucent version of the same man is engulfed in bright orange and yellow flames, appearing to rise from the computer monitor. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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CIRCUS M

THE BIG PICTURE

Thrill Sneaker

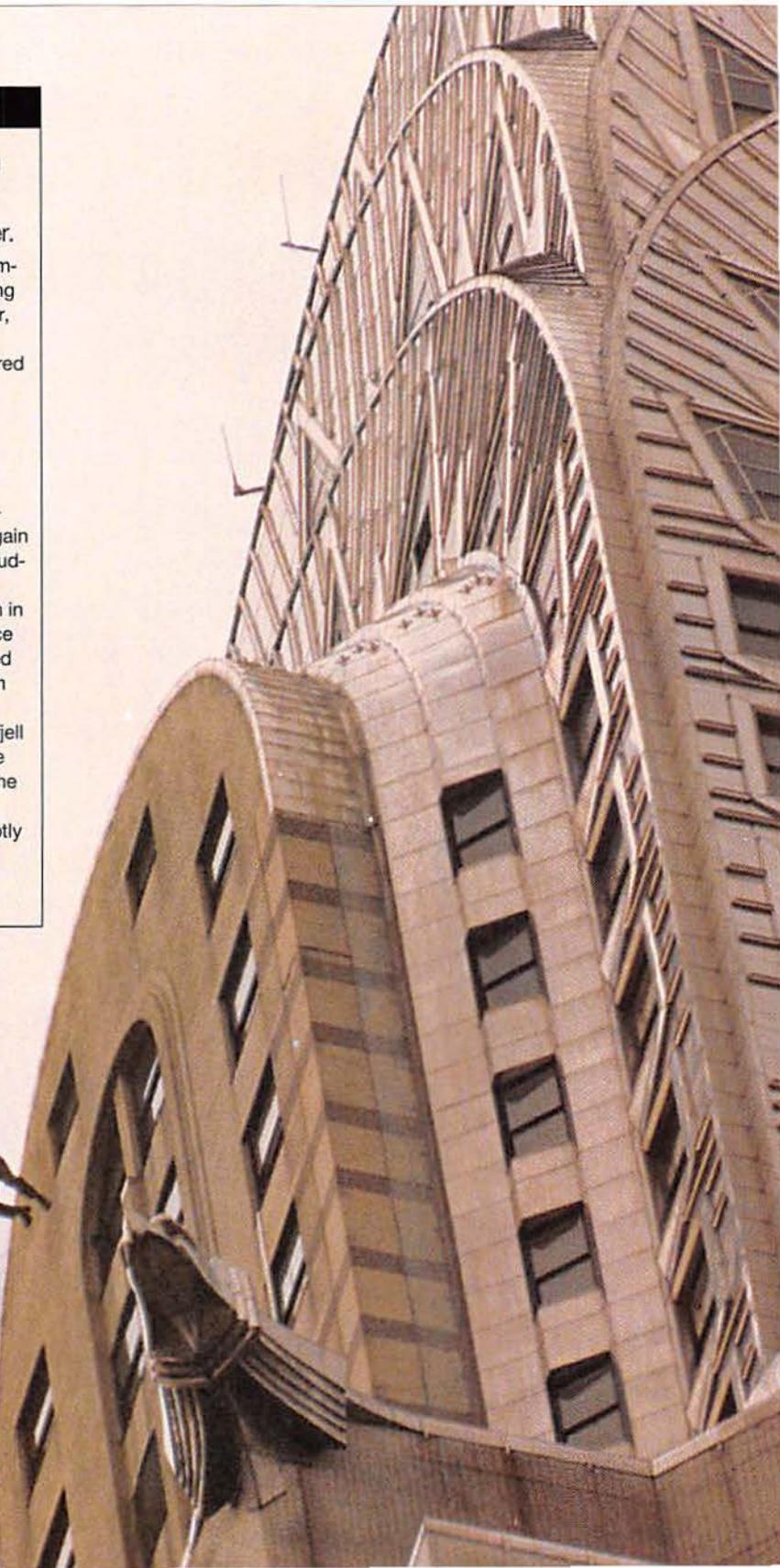
Until his death, this nutty Norwegian was a sly diver.

You can always spot a tourist by the way he wears his parachute while plunging from a skyscraper. Take, for example, Thor Alex Kappfjell, a Norwegian off-shore oil worker who had BASE-jumped off more than 200 mountains and buildings around the world. In 1998 the Norseman decided he would hurl himself off New York City's tallest buildings. First he leaped from the Empire State's 86th-floor observation deck, landed on Fifth Avenue, packed up his chute, and hailed a cab. Three days later he rappelled down the side of the Chrysler Building on a fire hose and jumped off one of the steel eagle-head sculptures jutting from the 61st story. By now Kappfjell had become a notorious public figure, and when he brazenly

announced his plan to complete his trifecta by jumping off the World Trade Center, New York's levelheaded Mayor Rudy Giuliani assured the press that the cops would be waiting. Five months later Kappfjell donned a disguise and sneaked onto the World Trade Center's 1,377-foot-high observation deck. Again he took the plunge and eluded police but inexplicably checked into a hotel room in the city for the night. Police quickly found him, arrested him, and charged him with three counts of reckless endangerment. But Kappfjell was no dummy: Before he could be brought to trial, he hightailed it back to Norway...where he promptly slammed into a cliff while jumping and died.

—Ky Henderson

"Wait—it's not a crash! It's a 'correction.'"



MAXIMUS

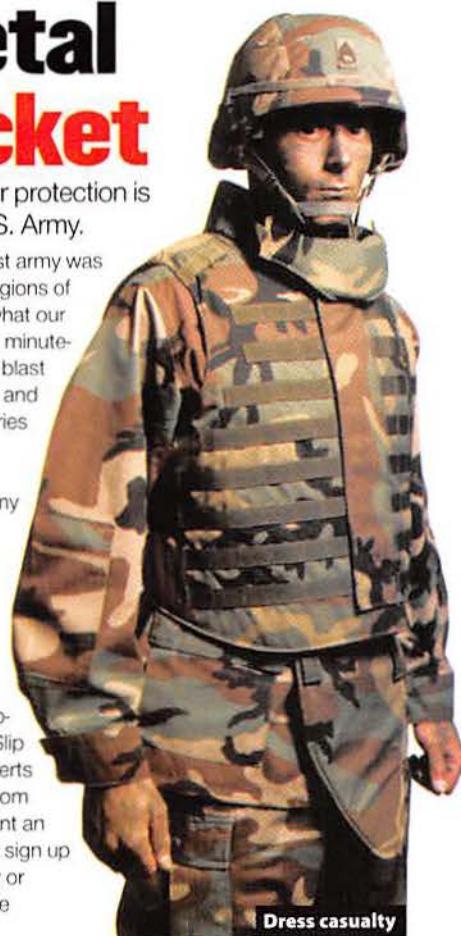


VESTED INTERESTS

Full Metal Jacket

No one likes to hear their protection is faulty—especially the U.S. Army.

Back when our nation's first army was defending the country from legions of superintelligent apes (that's what our history book says, anyway), a minute-man's only defense against a blast of musket fire was a frilly coat and a flask of whiskey. Two centuries later, the technology has improved dramatically. Just recently the United States Army unveiled the Interceptor, the latest in bulletproof-vest design. The Interceptor weighs in at a mere 16.4 pounds, nearly 10 pounds less than its predecessor. The Kevlar outer vest shields a would-be corpse from shrapnel and 9 mm pistol rounds. Slip the Small Arms Protective Inserts underneath and you're safe from rifle and machine-gun fire. Want an Interceptor of your own? Just sign up for service with the U.S. Army or Marines. Detachable codpiece included.—Louis Ramirez



Dress casualty

IT FIGURES

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.



Our favorite green vegetable

Appearances of the term "Vienna sausages" in this issue	2
Editors hit by a car while field-testing "Buzz o' the Month"	1
Editors locked out on fire escape while sneaking a cigarette	1
Minutes elapsed before the staff relented and let her back in	15
Models interviewed during this month's open casting call	17
Models' phone numbers obtained by the editorial staff	0
Submarines broken during photo shoots	1
Pictures of their own feces sent in by our readers	1
Editors who quit to write a book about a trial in New Mexico	1
Length, in minutes, of that trial	20
Editors who passed out at Hiroki's birthday party	3
Percentage who puked after waking up	66.6

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Lexx Appeal

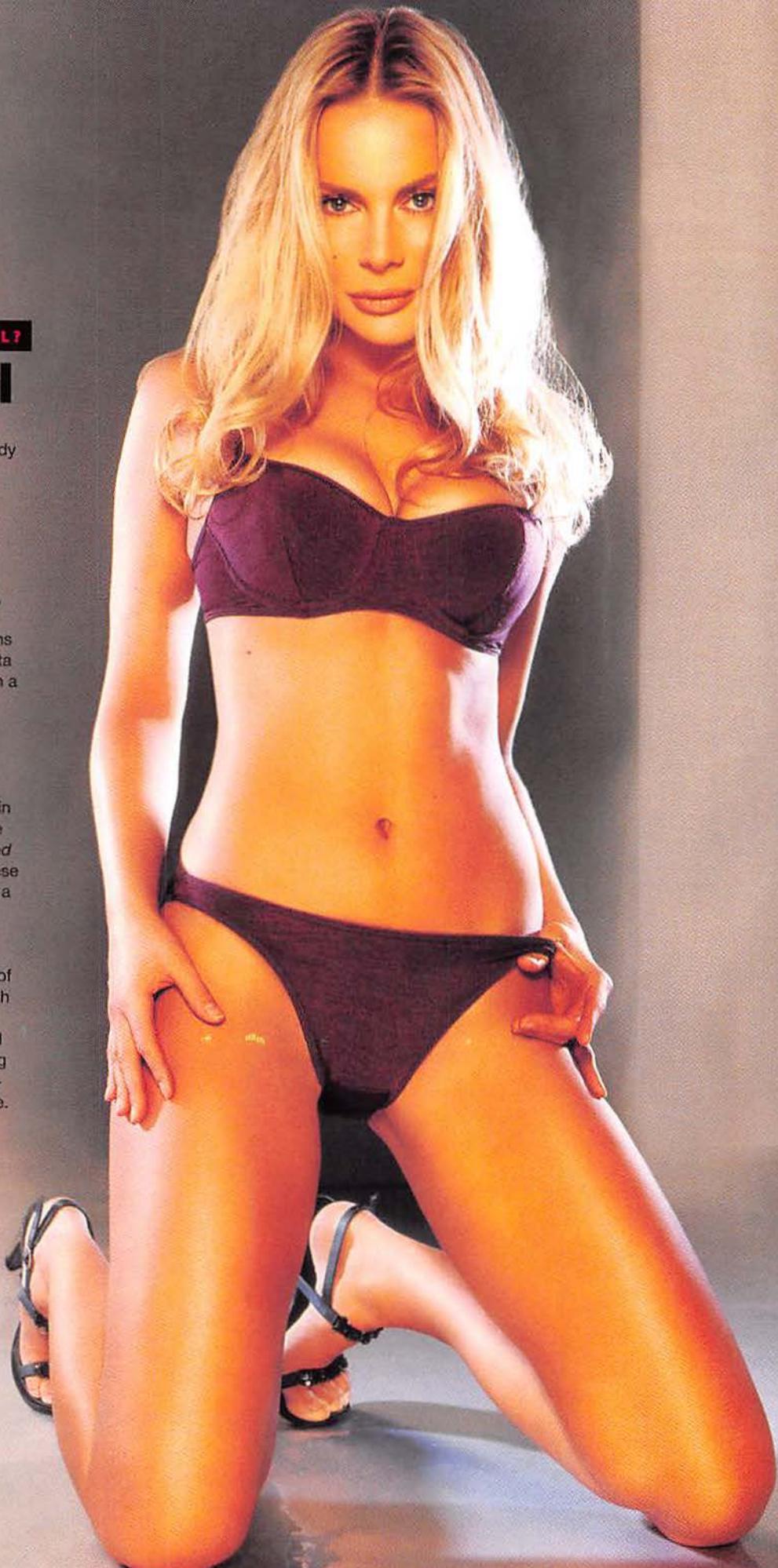
Real name: Xenia Seeberg

Better known as: The heavenly body most worth watching on the Sci-Fi Channel's *Lexx*

Her story: Smart is sexy. Don't believe us? Xenia Seeberg has degrees in Latin and philosophy, and...well, just look at her! On *Lexx* the German-born actress plays Xev, an interstellar love slave who can "make love in all forms and variations if needed," she explains. That's gotta make a gal popular. Xenia sang with a Düsseldorf opera company before landing her first dramatic television role, on the popular German soap *Forbidden Love*. "It's not what you think," she's quick to point out. "It doesn't mean quite the same thing in German." (Nor, apparently, does the title of her other soap opera, *Beloved Nurses*.) Xenia just can't escape these misunderstandings. "Now *Lexx* has a reputation for being such a sexy

show," she marvels. "And I honestly think much of that has to do with the audience's imagination." And absolutely nothing to do with an irresistible star. Nope. Not a thing.

—John Walsh



This Just In!

If someone else printed it, it must be true.

Though all these stories seem too good to be true, three of them were reported in reputable news outlets. Try to spot the one we made up.

1. A federal judge granted an alleged mobster's request to be told whether the Drug Enforcement Administration had implanted a tracking device in his ass. For years Vincent Marino (alias Gigi Portalla) believed that the bug was installed surreptitiously during surgery to remove a bullet from his buttocks. In a statement the DEA denied the charge, adding, "We cannot speak, however, for any extraterrestrial beings."

2. A farmer in India is in custody after killing a police officer with his rancid breath. While attempting to arrest Raji Bhattacharya of Bhopal, the officer smelled the curry on the farmer's breath and died from an asthma attack. Bhattacharya is charged with manslaughter.

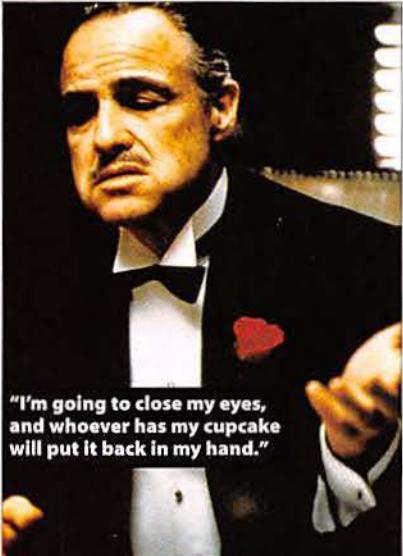
3. With video games and *Pokémon* toys eroding Crayola's market share, the crayon manufacturer has decided to fight back. The company will phase out obscure colors like Burnt Sienna, Periwinkle, and Maize and replace them with such in-your-face names as Orange Spew, Gopher Guts Green, and Freshly Picked Booger Yellow. "Kids aren't bothered by these names," commented a spokesman. "They think they're fun."



We once feared Japan

4. A search is on for the bastard children of the late Screamin' Jay Hawkins. The blues singer, who recorded the original version of "I Put a Spell on You," is believed to have sired as many as 57 children before he died in February. The singer's offspring have even set up a Web site, www.jayskids.com, where potential half-siblings can sign up and be verified.

—J. LAMBERT



"I'm going to close my eyes, and whoever has my cupcake will put it back in my hand."



"In this country, it is tradition for the coach to shower with the team."

FOUL FILMS**Fields of Screams**

Put these baseball movies back...back...back...back...back on the shelf.

The Babe Ruth Story (1948) The casting of William Bendix as The Bambino was sacrilegious; he may have had a gut like Babe Ruth, but he threw and hit like Dr. Ruth. And you're sure to vomit your hot dogs and whiskey when you see a kid in a wheelchair stand up and walk after Babe says hello to him. You know a movie's bad when you're hoping a disabled kid gets shot by a sniper.

The Bad News Bears Go to Japan (1978) Little Jackie Earle Haley gets a bad case of yellow fever in one of the most painful-to-watch on-screen romances ever, and the always minty Tony Curtis dresses to distress in this second and final sequel. Curtis plays a talent agent who takes the Bears to Tokyo, but he's out of luck, as no one involved in this film displays any talent whatsoever.



"Let's masturbate!"

Ed (1996) Matt LeBlanc is a pitcher who's finally getting his big break on a minor-league team. His roommate—and third baseman—is a chimp. Wackiness ensues, as when LeBlanc talks to the chimp through the bathroom door and is answered with farts.

Major League II (1994) The studio executive who green-lighted this monstrosity should have been sent to the minors. Despite the presence of Bob Uecker, *II* is even worse than its own sequel, which couldn't land a star bigger than Scott Bakula.

The Fable of the Kid Who Shifted His Ideals to Golf and Finally Became a Baseball Fan and Took the Only Known Cure (1916) This one's about a kid who...oh, screw it. Could a film with this title be anything but horrendous?—Ky Henderson

STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS WAYS**For God and Country**

Heed Johnny Cash's words and keep from falling into a ring of fire.

Forget Charlton Heston. When God talks to us (and not to brag, but that's fairly often), he sounds like Johnny Cash. Don't believe us? O ye of little faith! The Franklin Holy Bible will have you quaking in your leather boots. Use the Chiclet-size keys to search for a favorite passage, click the speech icon, and, *mirabile dictu*, The Man in Black will read it to you, his road-weary whiskey growl rolling through *thee's* and *thou's* like



Holy Ghost
in the machine

thunder over the prairie. Other handy features are Learn-A-Verse, which teaches you new Scripture every time you switch it on, and a spell correction for believers who are rich in spirit but poor in the ABC's. Render unto Franklin \$119.95, plus shipping and handling, at www.franklin.com.

Just don't listen to this thing while driving all night through the desert as you're coming down from some really speedy acid. That's scary. Or so we've been told.—John Walsh



"God's not in. Leave a message."



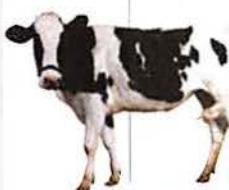
Paging Dr. Heimlich!

BONES TO PICK

Where's the Beef?

Be the hit of the barbecue with five new variations on the original red meat.

Beef is as central to the Fourth of July experience as apple pie, deafening explosions, and severed digits. But as more and more men choose not to die of heart attacks at age 42, beef has been forced to share its "what's for dinner" status with such vaguely socialist foods as vegetables, fish, and pasta. Now the stalwart men and women of the National Cattlemen's Beef Association are doing their best to combat this trend with a slew of exciting "beef innovations." Coming soon to a meat counter or junior high school cafeteria near you: Frank Fries, all-beef hot dogs that have been sliced, dipped in corn-bread batter, and deep-fried. Don't fear the wrath of an Old Testament god? Try the Frank Fry's decidedly unkoshher stepsister, the Cheeseburger Fry. And speaking of unkoshher, there's Veal Bacon: Sure, it's got only half the calories and fat of pork bacon, but at least it's still made from the carcasses of baby animals. When you're ready to eat with utensils, take a fork and knife to the Boneless Beef Fillet. But don't confuse it with the cattle industry's Great Red Hope, the mighty Rotiss-a-Roast. The roast is prepared like rotisserie chicken, only instead of rows of succulent birds broiling in the oven, you'll be seeing large brown lumps. Mmm: appetizing!—Bryan Walsh



IT CAME FROM THE THIRD GRADE #17

How Em-bare-ass-ing!

Wait till he finds out you've been stringing him along.



SETUP: Wear a blazer and run a three-foot piece of white thread through the shoulder seam so only a short bit sticks out. Tie the waistband from a pair of tighty-whities to the other end, and keep it hidden underneath the blazer.



EXECUTION: Walk conspicuously around the office wearing the blazer. Inevitably at some point during your leisurely stroll, you'll be stopped by an eagle-eyed nimrod whose life will cease to have meaning unless you let him remove the loose thread.



WHY IT WORKS: Your pants will pull...and pull...and pull, until the thread snaps and the waistband falls to the floor. Yell out, "Asshole! You just unraveled my underwear!" If you're feeling especially bold, you may now drop trou to prove your point.

PEEP SHOW

Room with a View

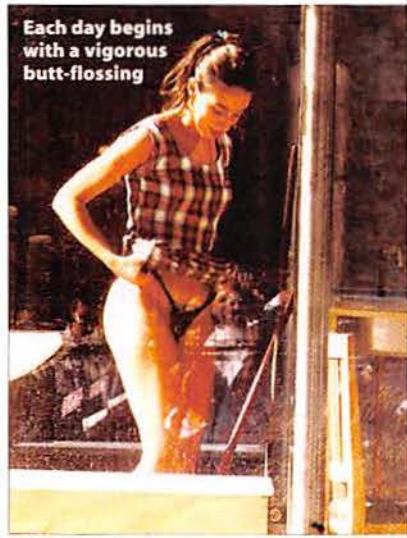
People who live in glass houses should get naked!

Lucky for us and the entire city of Santiago, Chile, Daniela Tobar happens to be a knockout. In January the 21-year-old actress began *Nautilus*, a bit of performance art that consisted of her traipsing around in a glass house in the center of Santiago. Tobar went about all her daily activities in the transparent 15-by-15-foot structure, eating, sleeping, dressing, undressing, showering, and performing bodily functions in full view of hundreds of people who congregated outside.

To no one's surprise, the see-through domicile was immediately the cause of controversy. Located across from a church, the X-rated expo was deemed offensive by some citizens, and the project's creators were charged by local authorities with indecent exposure and constituting an outrage to public decency.

Nautilus is only one of several shocking art installations that have popped up around Chile recently, among them an eight-ton statue of a penis. The Arts and Culture Development Fund sponsored these projects and defended the \$23,000 *Nautilus* installation by describing it as an experiment that tested the limitations of "what is public and what is private." But don't go booking a flight to Chile yet. The experiment ended after only a week, when Tobar was forced to cut her stay short for her own safety. It seems some obsessive fans attacked a similar-looking woman on the street and tried to pull off her clothes. But organizers say the glass house may be occupied again sometime, which raises the question: What's Pam Anderson up to this summer?—Kelly Graf

Each day begins with a vigorous butt-flossing



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mass merchandise stores.



SPACE ACADEMY II

Out to Launch

Saying "It ain't rocket science" doesn't carry as much weight as it used to.

It may have put men on the moon with slide rules and duct tape, invented the space shuttle, and blessed the world with Tang, but nowadays NASA would be hard-pressed to parallel-park your Dodge minivan. Here's how easily its recent problems—not to mention the astronomical costs it passed on to us taxpayers—could have been avoided.—Shane Mooney

ATLANTIS SPACE SHUTTLE March 15, 2000

NASA screwup: Botched assembly of shuttle engine, delaying launch. **Basic error:** For the second time in three months, a defective seal that was supposed to end up in the trash was installed in a main engine. **Cost to taxpayers:** NASA ain't talking, but it is a friggin' space engine, after all.



INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION March 7, 2000

NASA screwup: Misplaced one oxygen and one nitrogen tank built for the space station. Tanks never turned up in office lost and found. **Basic error:** As it turned out, overeager custodial staff "accidentally" threw the tanks away when cleaning out the plant. **Cost to taxpayers:** \$750,000



MARS POLAR LANDER December 1999

NASA screwup: The lander touched down on a steep slope and tumbled comically, à la Peter Sellers, into a Martian abyss. **Basic error:** NASA inadvertently chose a one-mile-deep, six-mile-wide canyon as the landing site for the unit. **Cost to taxpayers:** \$165 million



DISCOVERY SPACE SHUTTLE November 4, 1999

NASA screwup: Produced "potentially problematic" shuttle engine, which couldn't be repaired and had to be replaced from scratch. **Basic error:** A half-inch-long drill bit had broken off and fallen into nearby cooling tubes. Poor little drill bit. **Cost to taxpayers:** Again, couldn't be too much; it's only an engine!



HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE April 25, 1990

NASA screwup: Improper assembly of the telescope's reflective null corrector led to blurry, unreadable images. **Basic error:** Designers, possibly in a hurry to get home in time for *Twin Peaks*, incorrectly copied the corrector's design off the drawing board. **Cost to taxpayers:** \$1.5 billion

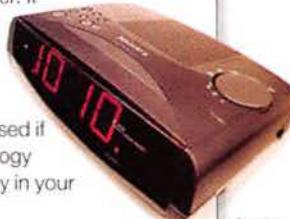


WHO'S PARANOID?

High Infidelity

If you sleep around, be ready when she snoops around.

CIA technology may have brought us the Marion Barry surveillance tapes, but now that it's being adapted for home use, it's no laughing matter. If you're the type who likes to complement his main meal with the occasional side dish, don't be surprised if some of this technology pops up mysteriously in your apartment.



Some-where in the world, it's cocktail hour. Cheers!

Cause for alarm

Spook Tech's nightstand timepiece (\$345, 877-464-4SPY) may have all the features you'd expect, like AM/FM radio and, y'know, a clock, but its primary selling point is a built-in mini spy cam and transmitter. The receiver plugs into a VCR and can record secret footage of you in flagrante delicto from up to 1,500 feet away.

SOLUTION: Smash every alarm clock you own, and tell your girlfriend you've been commanded to destroy all technology before the Rapture comes.

Full of sheet

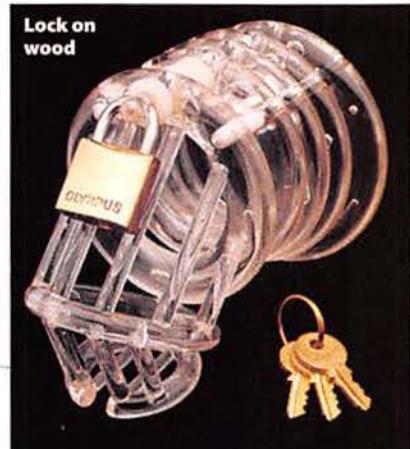
Made in Japan, the Safe Detective Agency's Semen Check Spray Kit (\$300, 011-81-6-677-92192) tests for semen long after the dirty deed's been done. Spray solution A on stains in sheets, couch, or dining room tablecloth, allow it to dry, then spray solution B on the same area. If the curious spot turns blue, well, you're nailed.

SOLUTION: Ritually burn your bedsheets every week. Besides, aren't you tired of sleeping on pictures of Yoda?

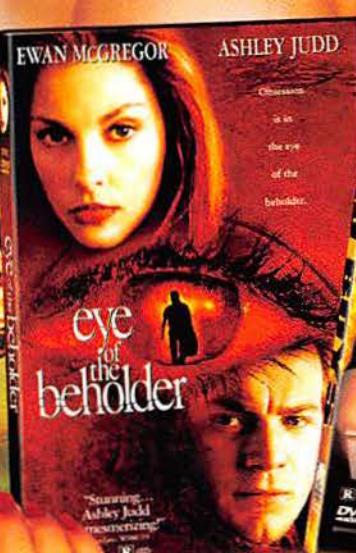
Solitary confinement

The CB-2000 male chastity belt (\$149.95, 702-565-1999) is the final frontier in infidelity protection. The clear polycarbonate "muzzle" slides onto the offending johnson, possibly in your sleep, and secures with a lock, preventing "manual stimulation and sexual intercourse." You've been warned.

SOLUTION: Get a new girlfriend. And a good locksmith.—Laurina Gibbs



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COLUMBIA TRISTAR



HOME VIDEO



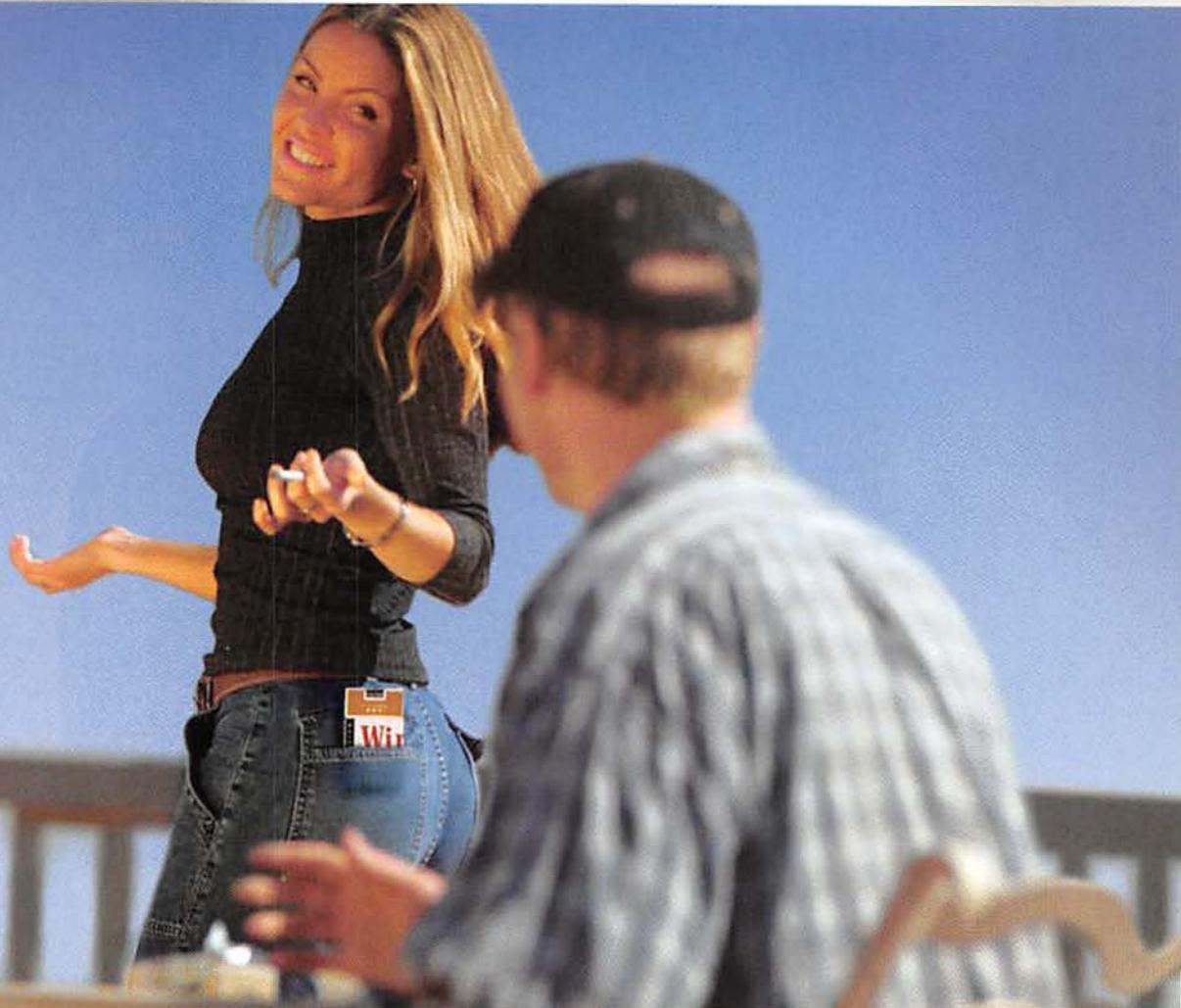
You could win one of 2000 Prizes A Day—Everyday, All Year!
See package for details.
Mercy and Eye of the Beholder are not eligible for 2000 Prizes A Day.

No additives in our tobacco
does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

Winston Lights Box

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



OF COURSE THEY'RE REAL,
THEY'RE WINSTONS.



NO ADDITIVES. NO SHEET. NO BULL.

100%
FIRST-CUT,
IT'S FOR
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No additives.
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sheet tobacco
made from scraps.

Because
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tobacco naturally
tastes better.

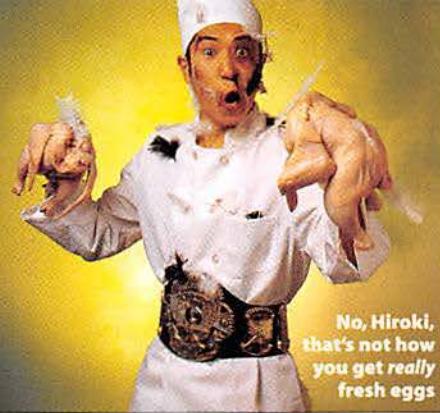


LEAVE THE BULL BEHIND.

HIROKI IS HUNGRY!

Fowl Play

Our Japanese art
assistant and
taste tester feels
like chicken
tonight.



No, Hiroki,
that's not how
you get really
fresh eggs



Pepperidge Farm Flaky Crust Pot Pie

We paid \$3.59 Calories 450 Fat 26g Cooking time 11 min.
Comments: Read the back of the box carefully—Pepperidge Farm considers half a pie a whole serving, which means you're looking at a whopping 900 calories per pie. Still, the tender crust might be worth a coronary.

Hiroki says: "Yeah! Hiroki can't stop eating!"



Goya Chicken Croquettes

We paid \$2.29 Calories 280 Fat 12g Cooking time 3 min.
Comments: Exactly which part of the chicken is the croquette? That was the question on our minds as we chowed down on a dish so gumlike, it gave our taste tester flashbacks.

Hiroki says: "As a child—Saturday afternoon—I eat this. I ate so much, I puke it. Same smell. ¡Ay caramba!"



Banquet Southern Fried Chicken

We paid \$4.39 Calories 280 Fat 18g Cooking time 6 min.
Comments: This chicken was so heavily breaded that eating it was like chewing spicy gum. But beneath the seven layers of skin, the meat was actually succulent and juicy.

Hiroki says: "Everybody knows looks like...[trails off] This is not skin. No skin! Scum."



Murry's Chicken Strips

We paid \$3.74 Calories 280 Fat 4g Cooking time 2 min.
Comments: The paper towel we cooked these on became transparent from all the grease it had soaked up. As we sank our teeth into the gray, flavorless strips, that paper towel was looking mighty appetizing all of a sudden.

Hiroki says: "Looks like worm. Gelatin stick."



Empire Kosher Unrendered Chicken Fat

We paid \$1.49 Calories 14 Fat 120g Cooking time 10 min.
Comments: We convinced Hiroki he was about to enjoy a bowl of soup. But when the piping-hot fat melted our plastic spoon, we couldn't go through with it. Even we have limits.

Hiroki says [watching spoon melt]: "Ooh-ooh-ooh! Like electric shock! My tongue is going to be tempura."



HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

Get More Head!

Look like Mr. Clean while keeping your scalp spick-and-span.

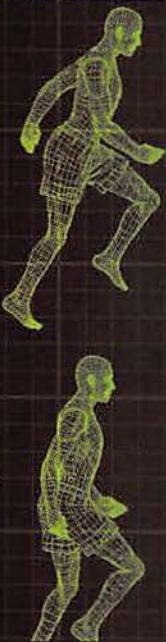
Step one in dealing with hair loss: Accept the fact that it ain't coming back. Step two: Mow that scalp down to a dignified chrome-dome. But who's coordinated enough to cut away the remainder of his mane without slicing through skin? That's why entrepreneur Todd Greene developed the HeadBlade, a razor that's just for shaving heads. Whereas traditional blades can turn your head into a battlefield of cuts and scrapes, HeadBlade's three-finger ergonomic handle gives users more control. It takes standard Gillette Atra and Schick Ultrex cartridges and sells for only \$15. Now you're ready for step three: Acquire an extensive collection of hats. Check out www.headblade.com or call (877) 427-2067.—Alex Porter



HOT WIRED

Body Shop

We have the technology:
Scientists are on their way to
building the first bionic man.



40
20
0

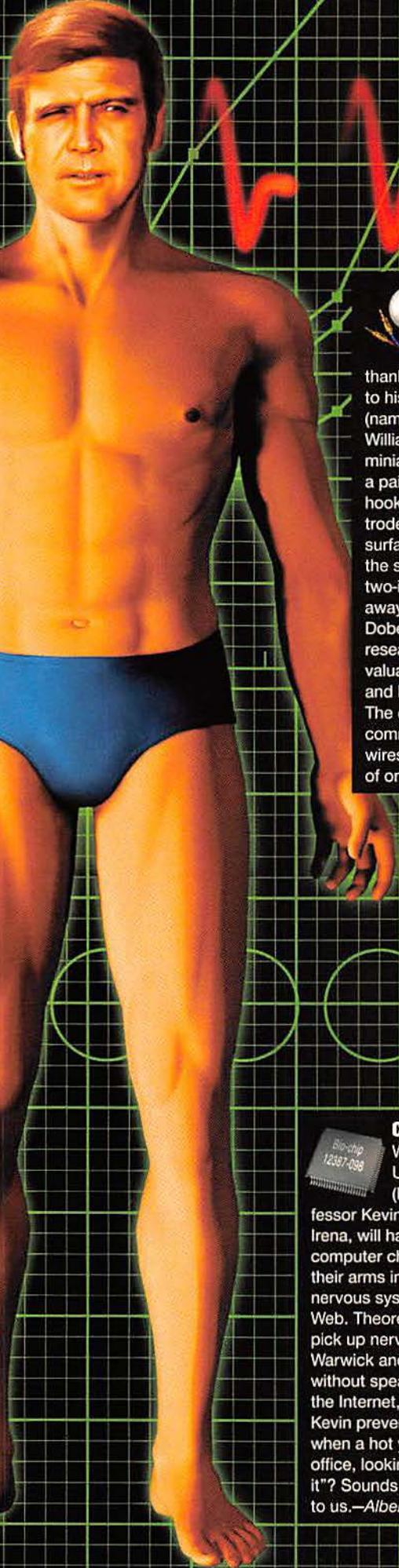
HARD CELL

 University of California at Berkeley professor Boris Rubinsky has created the first bionic computer chip: a human cell placed inside a silicon chip that's the width of a human hair (though not quite as easy to shampoo). The chip will battle diseases by injecting genes into individual cells. "It's not something you can put in people and make them jump like Michael Jordan," says Mauro Ferrari, editor of the journal *Biomedical Microdevices*. That's OK—that's what steroids are for.



THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS

A "thought translation" device created by German psychologist Niels Birbaumer has enabled paralyzed patient Hans-Peter Salzmann to communicate for the first time in eight years. Birbaumer's device reads brain waves through electrodes attached to the skull, enabling Salzmann to spell words by making a cursor point to letters displayed on a computer screen. Still no news yet on plans for a machine that will allow Hans-Peter to fulfill the promise of his first name.



VISION QUEST

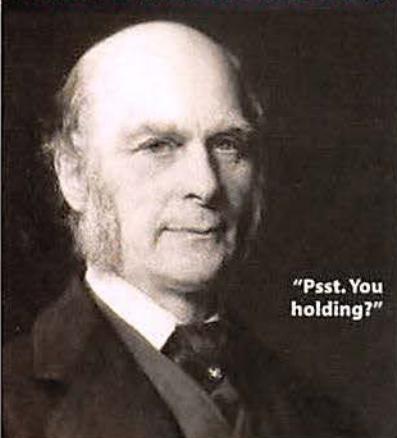
 A 62-year-old blind man known as Jerry can see,

thanks to a camera connected to his brain. The Dobelle Eye (named after developer Dr. William Dobelle) consists of a miniature camera mounted on a pair of sunglasses and hooked to a system of 68 electrodes that are wired to the surface of the brain through the skull. Jerry can make out two-inch letters from five feet away and is justifying Dr. Dobelle's lifetime of scientific research by performing such valuable tasks as watching TV and logging on to the Internet. The eye will soon be available commercially, skull-penetrating wires and all, for the low price of only \$48,000. Apply now!

CHIP IN YOUR SHOULDER

 Within the next year, University of Reading (England) cybernetics professor Kevin Warwick and his wife, Irena, will have postage-stamp-size computer chips surgically implanted in their arms in hopes of linking their nervous systems together via the Web. Theoretically the new chips will pick up nerve impulses, enabling Warwick and his wife to communicate without speaking—"telepathy through the Internet," as he says. So how will Kevin prevent Irena from finding out when a hot young coed walks into his office, looking for a little "extra credit"? Sounds like a program for divorce to us.—Albert Baime

Illustration: Steve Cross; following page, photograph: Saitoshi (police cards)



"Psst. You holding?"

Weird Science

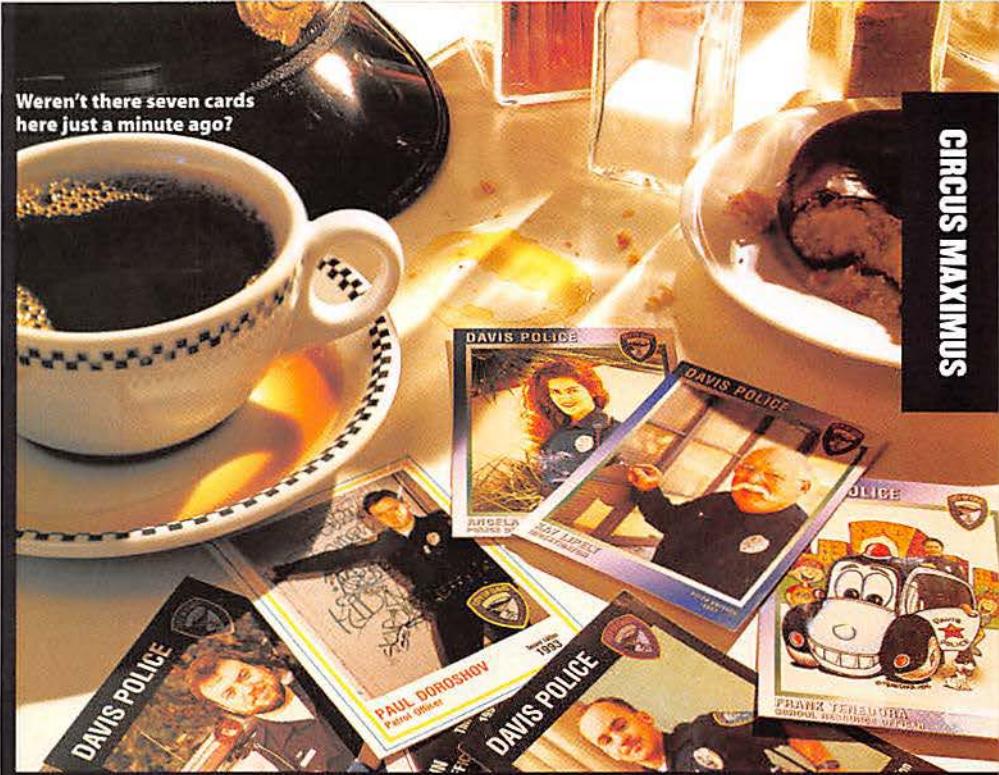
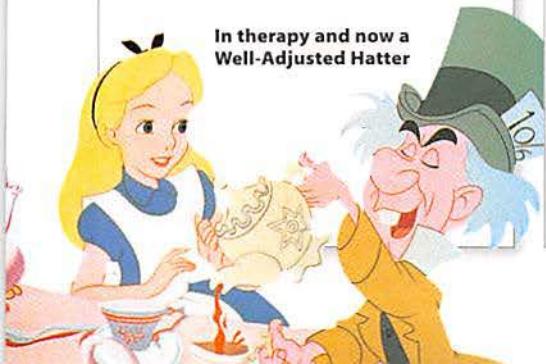
Saluting the qualities that make a man great, we look back to 1850.

Though science has yielded such fascinating discoveries as atomic power, cloning, and microwavable strudel, scientists themselves are usually about as exciting as the Wisconsin Cheese Carvers' Festival. It wasn't always this way: Intrepid scholars once traveled to the ends of the earth, ever in search of data to support their useless, offensive theories. Sir Francis Galton was one such pioneer.

A cousin of Charles Darwin, Galton was born near Birmingham, England, in 1822. He studied medicine—which in the 19th century meant learning how to tend leeches—but became restless and left Britain to explore the world. In 1850 Galton traveled to southwest Africa, where he devoted his time to writing an analytical paper on "the measurement of black African ladies' bottoms." While studying the Ovampe tribe, he was "accidentally" married to the king's daughter. When his blushing bride showed up on her wedding night covered in "reed ochre and butter," Galton realized it was time to split.

Safe at home, Galton decided to test every known drug, in alphabetical order, on himself (he stopped in the c's when he reached castor oil). He then published studies on the exact length of rope needed to hang a man without decapitating him, and on the statistical efficacy of prayer (he concluded that it didn't work). His greatest achievement was his map of the "European Belt of Ugly Women," which started in Germany and ended, not surprisingly, in Britain.—Bryan Walsh

In therapy and now a Well-Adjusted Hatter



CARD 'EM!

To Serve and Collect

These days even kids can have an entire police department in their pocket.

The children of Davis, California, are, like, so over Pokémon. No, they haven't discovered the joys of sniffing glue—yet; they're getting their kicks from collecting Davis police trading cards. Since 1992 the Davis police force has distributed the cards to middle school students to show them the kinder, gentler side of law enforcement and to teach them that police officers aren't automatons that can cause your life to end in a hail of bullets; they're human beings. "Our job is our job," says lieutenant Steven Pierce. "We are still people, and this is an opportunity for kids to learn not to be afraid of us. This is to say, 'Hey, we're people, too.'" Yes...people who are authorized to carry night sticks and handcuffs.



What, you'd rather see his ass?

Flip the friendly photographs over to discover fun and interesting facts about the boys in blue. We learn that Mark Hermann, a field training officer who works the beat with his pig hand puppet, Officer Bacon, enjoys "restoring vintage Ford Mustangs, glass etch art, snow skiing, hunting, camping, and hiking." "Your happiness is the key to your success," advises investigator Kay Lipelt, with no trace of irony. "Your smile can leave a lasting print on a stranger." These card collectibles have even transformed some officers into minor celebrities; the heavily armed Special Operations Squad was the hit of the 1995 set, and vertically challenged patrol officer Thomas Waltz was highly sought after in 1994. Now, how many Waltzes will you trade us for a 1983 Carl Yastrzemski?

—Jaime Lowe

RANK AND FILE

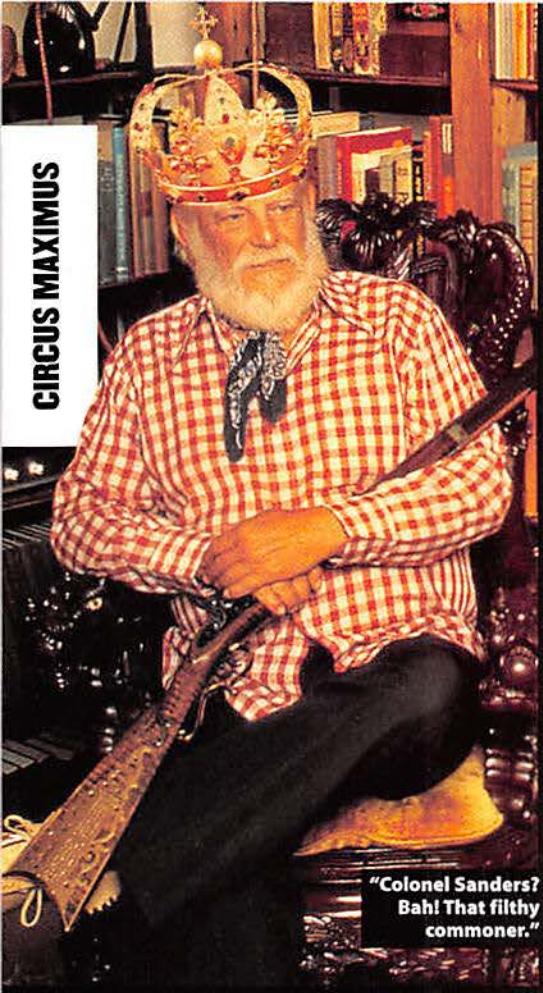
Odor out of Chaos

If you think your computer stinks now, a new add-on really makes it smell.

As if that gym bag under your desk weren't enough, now your computer can cause a stench. DigiScents Inc.'s new iSmell peripheral (about the size and shape of an electric pencil sharpener) exudes scents on command. Open an image or file programmed with a special "scent track" and the software sends a message to the iSmell, triggering any of the 128 scent wells in its Scent Palate cartridge. In the future, companies will be able to add scent tracks to



"Hey Franz, are you done with my loofah?"



Hey, King Me!

When an empty title like *Esquire* just isn't good enough.

If you've ever fantasized about declaring yourself the Duke of Earl, the Duke of Hazzard or the Lord of the Dance (and if so, why?), well, tough luck: Those titles have already been claimed by men who earned them with their blood, sweat, and stunning choreography. But don't despair, o seeker of status. If you've got 12 grand to burn and are willing to settle for any old barony or lordship, London's Manorial Auctioneers offer you the opportunity to buy your way into high society. Once every two to three months, the British "social society" auctions off medieval titles that have fallen into disuse, as well as new honors the royal family creates when it has to generate some quick cash. The fund-raising strategy is nothing new for the British monarchy, according to Manorial Society of Great Britain chairman Robert Smith; historically, the crown has invented titles whenever it needed money to buy itself another ivory

back scratcher (we suspect this is how the tyrannical Burger King acquired his royal throne). At this month's auction, more than 25 meaningless accolades, including Lord Loddon Inglis, Lord Marhamchurch, and the highly coveted Lord Walton on the Wolds, will all go on the block for an expected £8,000 (approximately \$12,500) each. And that's chump change—in 1996 some sucker, er, patron coughed up £161,000 (about \$257,000) for the lordship of Wimbledon. For your princely sum, you'll get a certificate of authenticity and...uh...that's about it. Sadly,

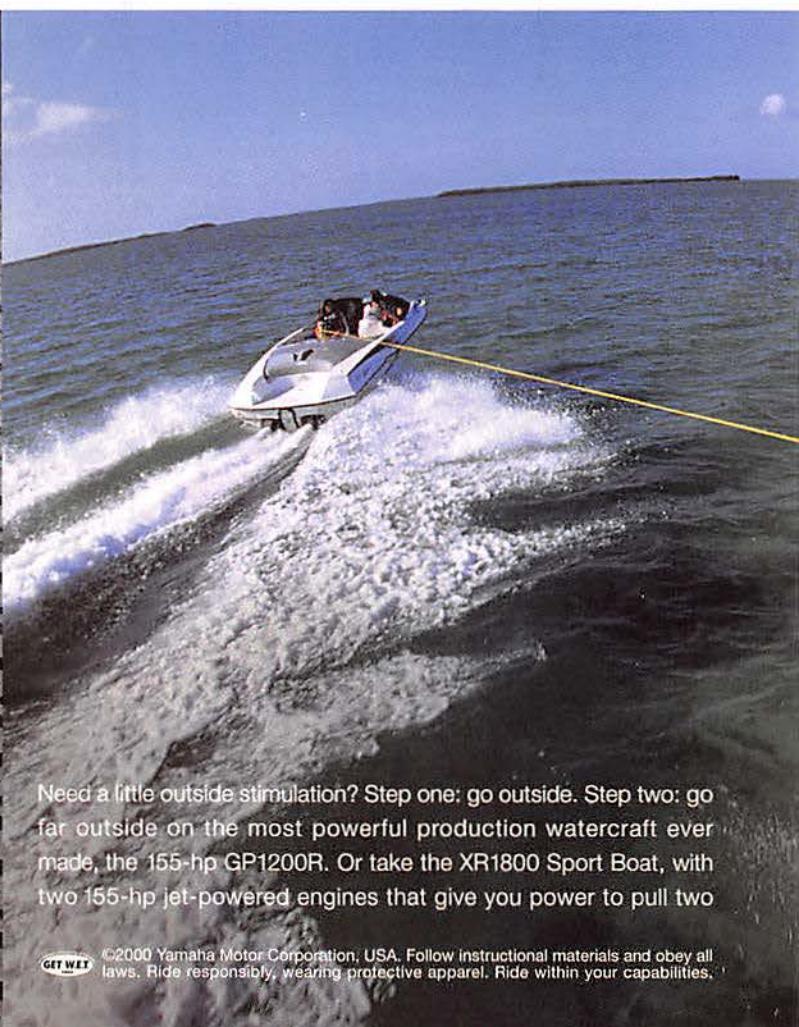
as Smith willingly concedes, your new title doesn't earn you any special privileges, like a manor house, voting rights, concubines, or after-hours access to the House of Lords' super-secret Chamber of Biscuits. But if used correctly on your next trip to England, it may get you better theater tickets or hotel rooms. Let's see Baron Munchausen try to top that!—Jaime Lowe



His title is largely ceremonial



XR1800
310 hp
twin engine
5 person



Need a little outside stimulation? Step one: go outside. Step two: go far outside on the most powerful production watercraft ever made, the 155-hp GP1200R. Or take the XR1800 Sport Boat, with two 155-hp jet-powered engines that give you power to pull two

ACTIVITY CORNER

Bodies of Evidence

Hey, kids! Connect the dots to reveal a picture of these two teen celebs in a compromising position.



Illustration: James Silvani

Action. Excitement. Adventure.

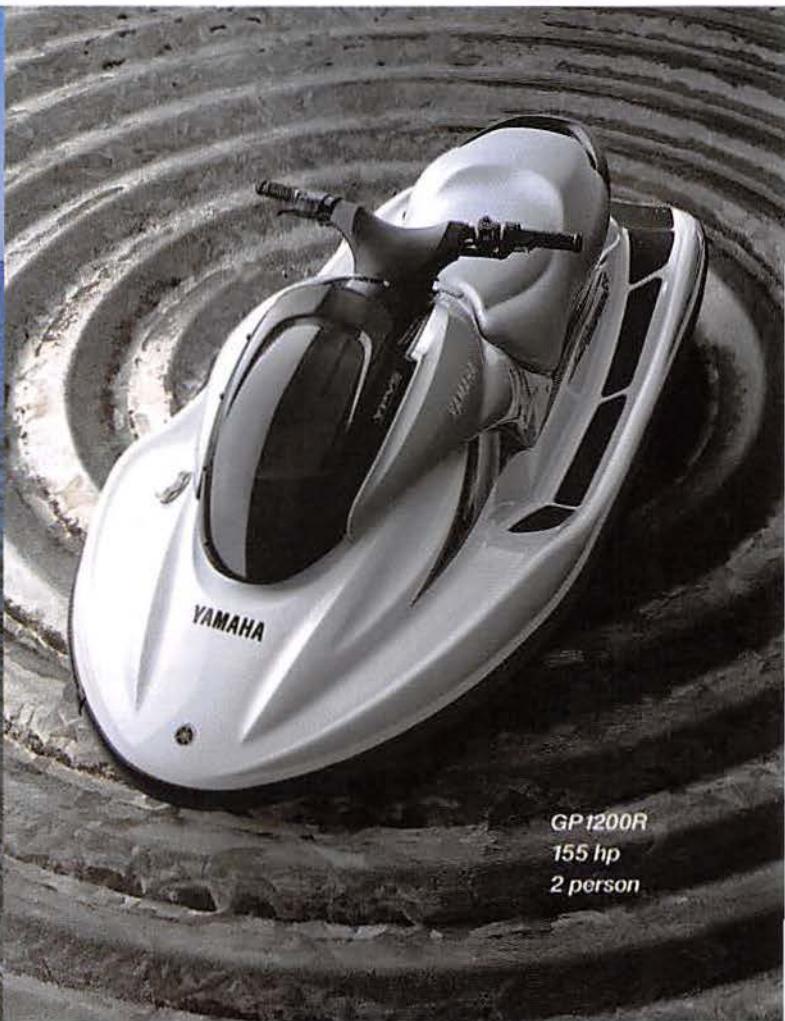
What, you mean you don't get enough of that at work?



waterskiers all weekend long, until somebody comes and pulls you back to work. Call 1-800-88-YAMAHA for a dealer, or visit yamaha-motor.com.

YAMAHA
WATERCRAFT
SOLID THINKING FOR A LIQUID WORLD

allowing time and distance for maneuvers, and respect others around you. Don't drink and drive. Visit www.yamaha-motor.com to learn how we're helping protect the environment.



GP 1200R
155 hp
2 person

CIRCUS MAXIMUS



BUZZ O' THE MONTH

Red Alert

At last, a Russian product worth standing in line for.

What do you do when your economy, philosophy, and political agenda all fall hopelessly apart? Well, comrade, you summon what little pride you have left and sell vodka, of course! Imported straight from the motherland, Red Army Vodka, "the uncommon vodka for the common good," is based on an old recipe developed for the Russian military and kept secret from Americans until now. (Is it coincidence that Boris Yeltsin recently stumbled out of office?) Sure, the missile-shaped bottle will inspire

many a hey-man-we're-all-getting-bombed joke, but don't let the gimmicky packaging dissuade you. Russians, as you may have heard, know their vodka, and though Red Army goes down smooth, it packs a kick that could wake Lenin. After taking three or four swigs, you'll understand why those nutty Russkies write their r's and n's backward. And while it's too late for the hapless Communists, we guarantee that by the time the bottle is empty, your party will be united.—Alec O'Meara



"Can you
match
this color
for the
drapes?"



THE MAXIM PHRASE BOOK

Vive la France!

Useful translations for the man who's really going places.

Handy phrase: "Why does my cheese stink like a monkey's ass?"

In French it's: "Pourquoi est-ce que mon fromage pue comme le cul d'un singe?"

Handy phrase: "Now where is my luggage? How incompetent you are!"

In French it's: "Et mes bagages, où sont-ils? Mais tu es vraiment nul!"

Handy phrase: "Wipe that sneer off your face and get me some ketchup."

In French it's: "Efface ce ricanement de ta gueule et cherche-moi le ketchup!"

Handy phrase: "How can I join the French army? I have my own white flag."

In French it's: "Comment est-ce que je

peux m'inscrire dans l'armée française? J'ai mon propre drapeau blanc."

Handy phrase: "None of the drugstores here seem to sell soap."

In French it's: "Aucune de pharmacies ici ne semble vendre du savon."

Handy phrase: "Yes, I have a cigarette, but not for you, you pasty leech."

In French it's: "Oui, j'ai une clope, mais pas pour toi, espèce d'ectoplasme!"

Handy phrase: "Shave your bushy armpits and maybe I will come back to bed, honey."

In French it's: "Rase tes aisselles dégoûtantes et peut-être je reviendrai au lit, mon chou-chou."—Courtney Maum

NEW ZOO REVIEW

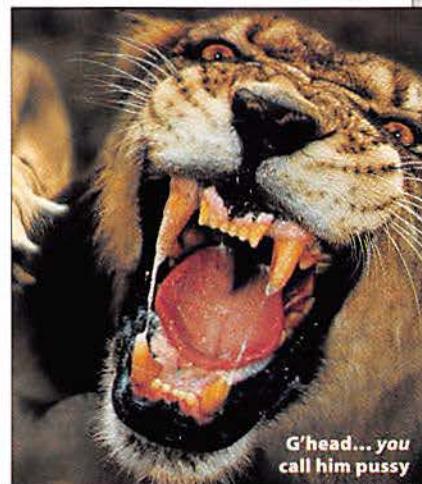
Animal Crackers

Living in war-torn Afghanistan is tough. Particularly if you're a bear.

A black bear limps around in his concrete cage, the victim of a gunshot. Marjan the lion slumps in his dirt pen, blinded by a grenade and inconsolable since his mate died from hypothermia and neglect last winter. This is the Kabul zoo, where, for the four-cent admission, you can witness the horrors of war and ask yourself, *Why is this zoo still open, and why isn't someone demanding better care for these critters?* Of course, you'll have to answer those questions yourself, as three years ago the head zookeeper was found floating in a pool with his throat cut.

It wasn't always like this. Opened in 1972, the zoo was once the pride of Afghanistan, home to about 100 species that thrived in spacious cages set along a winding river. It was also a renowned research center dedicated, ironically, to protecting and breeding the endangered fauna of central Asia. In 1993 rival bands of Islamic guerrillas turned Kabul into a war zone, and the zoo was on the front line. For three years rockets and artillery shells ripped apart cages and administrative buildings. The zoo became the soldiers' vacation spot of choice, and caged animals were butchered for sport.

Efforts to aid the zoo have been thwarted by Afghanistan's dismal international standing: After the U.N. imposed sanctions on the country last fall, protesters attacked Afghan U.N. offices, beat World Food Programme members, and targeted U.S. and U.N. buildings in adjacent Pakistan for bombing. Still, the Pakistan-based Society for Afghanistan Volunteer Environmentalists is trying to drum up support for the zoo. E-mail saves@brain.net.pk.—John D. Spalding



G'head... you
call him pussy

WANNA DATE?

The Maxim Calendar

You were already going to call in sick—may as well have an excuse.



July 1-4 Austin, Minnesota, celebrates its Spam Town USA Festival. Unfortunately, like its namesake, 60 percent of the festival is water and compressed air.



July 6 Actor and *Deliverance* star Ned Beatty turns 63 today. We can just imagine him opening his gifts with little squeals of delight.



July 7-14 Pamplona, Spain, wakes to its running of the bulls. Ernest Hemingway put it best in *The Sun Also Rises*, offering this advice: "Run."



July 8-9 Talkeetna, Alaska, holds its Moose Dropping Festival. A word to the wise: Don't stand in the street expecting a moose to fall into your arms.



July 17 Disneyland opened in 1955. By our calculations, visitors who lined up for Space Mountain that day should be getting on right...n-n-n-now.

July 21 Two years ago today, Mark Biancaniello wore 350,000 bees weighing 87½ pounds. As good an excuse as any to celebrate with the buzz of your choice.



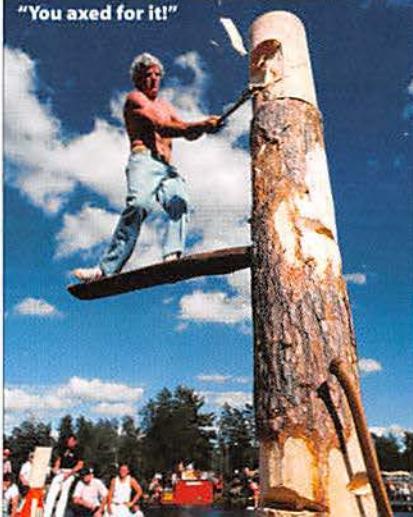
July 26 The FBI opened on this day in 1908. After nearly a century of practice, it can't tell us what George W. Bush was doing in the '70s.



July 28 In 1865 the American Dental Association banned the practice of shrinking gums with a welder's torch. Too bad your dentist never got the memo.

July 28-30 Hayward, Wisconsin, holds its annual Lumberjack World Championships. Be sure to get out of town well before the swimsuit competition.

"You axed for it!"



IN THE FLESH

Komodo My House

Say, what's for dinner? Why, you are, my deer!



1 *Tra-la! the deer thinks smugly. Surely I am the fleetest of foot.*



2 *But pride goeth before a fall! Enter the hungry Komodo lizard.*



3 *"What a tasty little allegory of hubris you are," the dragon cackles.*



4 *That's all for story time, children. And now to bed. Pleasant dreams!*

Death by Booga-booga!

Punishments that make the gas chamber look humane.



AFGHANISTAN

Since coming to power in 1997, the Taliban party has resorted to unorthodox capital punishments. On the basis of an obscure line of Islamic text, at least five felons have been executed by having a giant wall of bricks or mud pushed onto them.



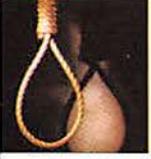
FLORIDA

Last July, when Allen Lee Davis became the first person executed in the state's new 2,300-volt electric chair, blood gushed from his nose. But Florida has not lost faith in Old Sparky, which back in 1997 made foot-long flames shoot out of Pedro Medina's head.



KAZAKHSTAN

This republic has emerged as the former Soviet satellite for gruesome punishments. Besides exercising your run-of-the-mill brutality, one prison starved its inmates until they were so mad with hunger that they killed a fellow felon and ate him.



LIBYA

Perennially wacky dictator Muammar Qaddafi has insisted that his nation televise its numerous public hangings. Recently a hangman was shown strenuously yanking on his victim's legs while the man thrashed on the rope, still alive.



PAKISTAN

This March in the city of Lahore, convicted serial killer Javed Iqbal was sentenced to be strangled to death in a public park. Just to be safe, his body was ordered to be cut into 100 pieces, which were then to be dropped into a vat of acid.



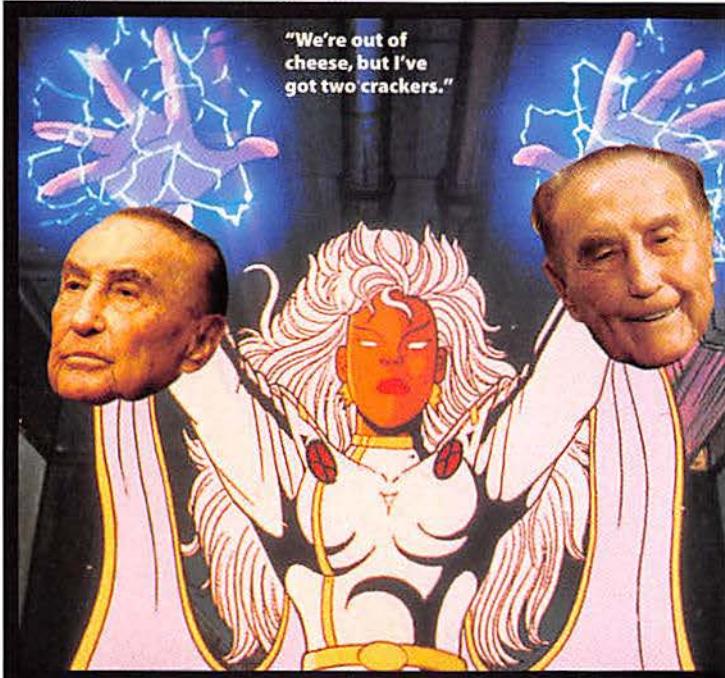
SINGAPORE

Caning is the least of your worries in this stern little Southeast Asian nation, where you'll be strung up faster than you can say "But that wasn't in the travel guide!" The country employs seven different excuses for killing you, including drug trafficking.



ZIMBABWE

This African nation hangs its crooks, with the occasional crucifixion thrown in for good measure. One fellow, screaming that he was innocent and begging for his life, tried to grab onto the hangman. So they beat him to death with a hammer.—Tom Gogola



HEAD-TO-HEAD

Storm vs. Strom

One's an uncanny superheroine in a summer blockbuster; the other's an undead senator who knows how to filibuster. But who's really full of hot air?

UNDER THE COSTUME

Smoking-hot actress Halle Berry

The heart of a hero, the guts of a fighter, and kidneys living on borrowed time

Edge: Storm

Controls the weather with supernatural abilities

God does whatever he asks, since Strom has seniority



Divine Power

God does whatever he asks, since Strom has seniority

Edge: Strom

His uncle, Vlad the Impaler

MENTOR

The avuncular Professor X

His uncle, Vlad the Impaler

Edge: Strom

Claustrophobia acts up when she's in a tight squeeze

Colon backs up when he eats too much cheese

Edge: Storm

Claustrophobia acts up when she's in a tight squeeze

Colon backs up when he eats too much cheese

HIDDEN WEAKNESS

Claustrophobia acts up when she's in a tight squeeze

Colon backs up when he eats too much cheese

ARCHENEMIES

Magneto and his followers in the Brotherhood of Evil Mutants

Jesse Jackson and the NAACP; stairs

Edge: Storm

To see mutants and humans reconcile their differences and live together in harmony

To regain control of his bladder function

PERSONAL ASPIRATION

To see mutants and humans reconcile their differences and live together in harmony

To regain control of his bladder function

Edge: Storm

Abusing her powers just to piss off Willard Scott

The time he and H.R. Pufnstuf defended the Alamo against invading Mongol hordes

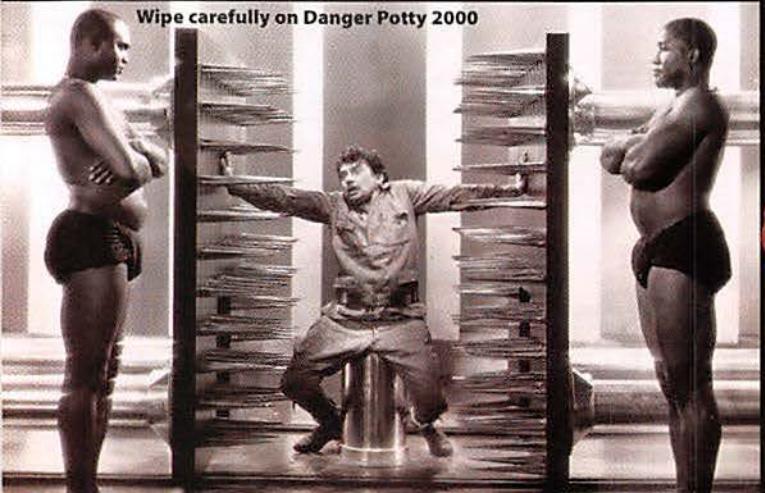
Edge: Storm

FONDEST MEMORY

The time he and H.R. Pufnstuf defended the Alamo against invading Mongol hordes

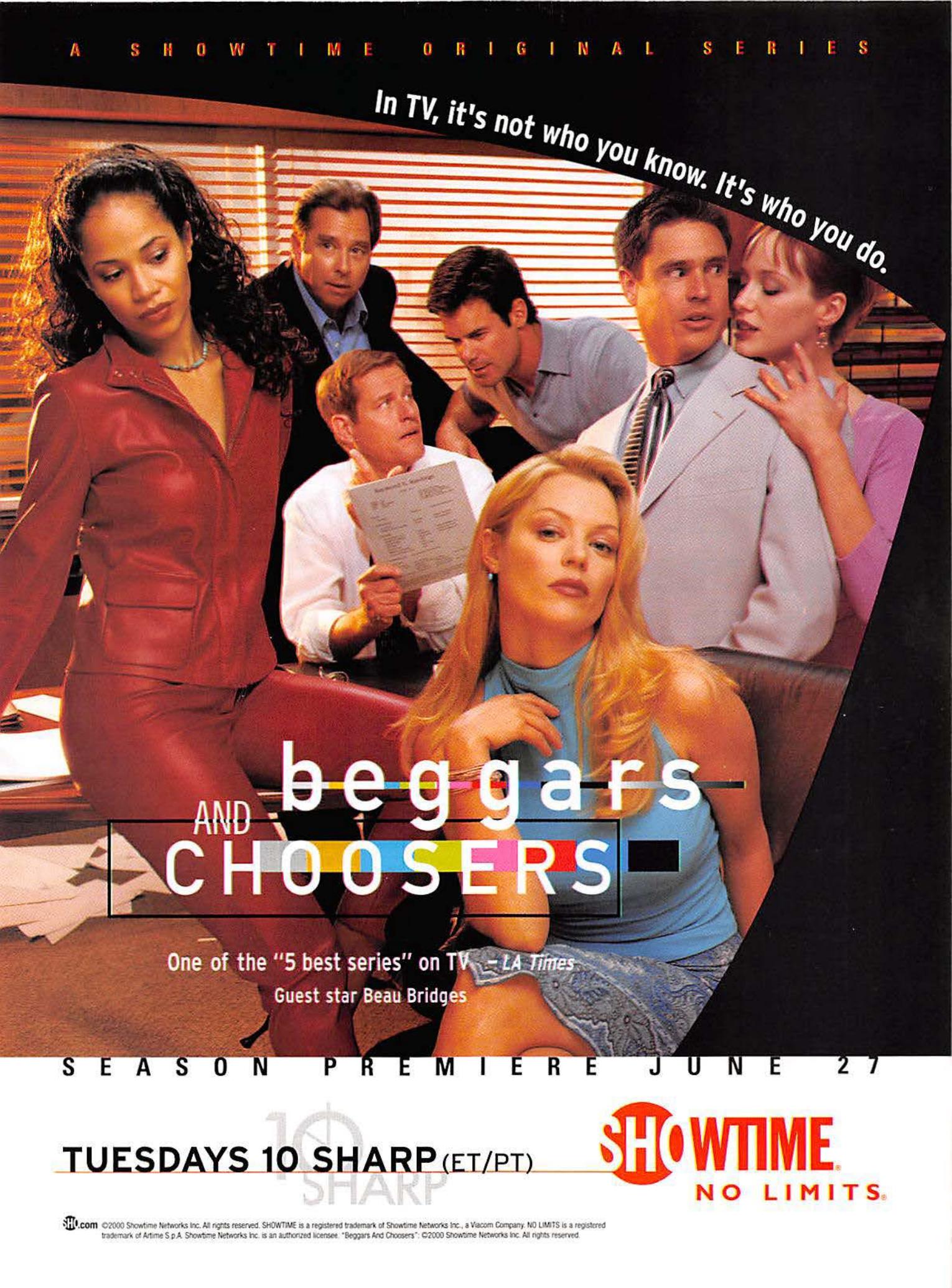
AND THE WINNER IS

By a score of 5-2, Storm kicks Strom's ass back to the Stone Age (his awkward teenage years).



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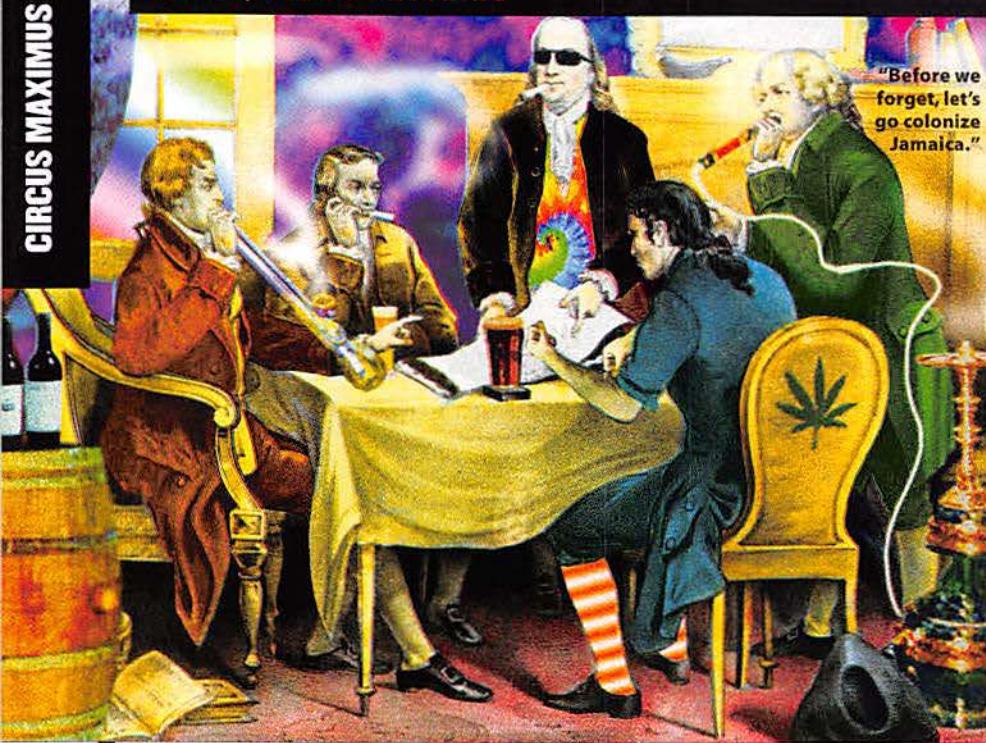
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G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Stick it in
your...hat

styles of continental Europe over those of their native land. (First rule of Macaroni Club: Don't talk about Macaroni Club.) Swishing around London in short coats, big wigs, and polka-dot stockings, they were universally loathed on both sides of the Atlantic—even the Germans hated 'em, and you know how hard it is to piss off the Germans. During the Revolutionary War, when soldiers waged battle by trading insults as well as bullets, the Brits would call their opponents "Yankee" (from a Dutch phrase meaning "cheese breath"), "doodle" (which meant they were morons), and "dandy" or "macaroni" (this last barb was by far the worst of them all). According to Richard Lederer, author of *The Word Circus* and *Crazy English*, "These words began as terms of derision for the colonists, but after the war they became terms of pride." Gosh, maybe all those guys who called you "douche bag" in high school really did like you.

Smart-ass Answers to Dumb-ass Questions

You were curious enough to ask; the least we could do was look it up.

Q: The Founding Fathers: Were they on drugs, or what?

A: After looking at the designs on the dollar bill, you might think so. Though none of them ever admitted to inhaling, rumors abound: that James Madison took opium, that George Washington smoked opium to numb the pain of his ill-fitting dentures, that Benjamin Franklin got hooked on laudanum when kidney stones made him feel as if he were pissing fire. Washington and Thomas Jefferson grew hemp, marijuana's leafy green cousin; they claimed they used it to make rope as well as the paper on which the Declaration of Independence was drafted. Some historians even credit a grain fungus called ergot—which contains the alkaloid lysergic acid, which is similar to LSD—with causing all sorts of historical

craziness, from the Salem witch hunts to the French Revolution to lunatics disguising themselves as Indians and throwing tea into Boston Harbor. Even if our forefathers never got hopped up on homemade crank, they certainly were a bunch of longhaired, freethinking radicals who thumbed their noses at authority. The lusty Ben Franklin summed up the spirit of the revolution by proclaiming, "Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy."



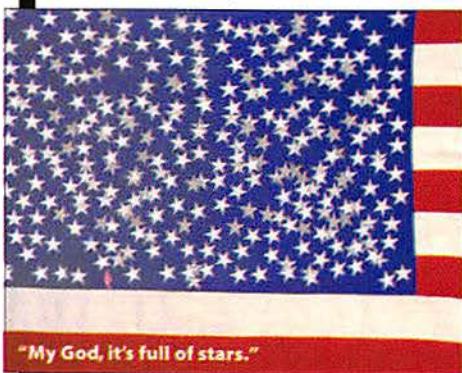
Q: In the song 'Yankee Doodle Dandy,' why would somebody stick a feather in his hat and call it 'macaroni'?

A: In England in the late 1700s, the term *macaroni* referred to the members of the Macaroni Club, a group of dandies who favored the

Q: We know Francis Scott Key wrote the lyrics to 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' but who wrote the music?

A: If history has taught us anything, it's that when we Americans see something we like that belongs to someone else, we steal it—even in the case of our national anthem. The voice-cracking tune was ripped off from "To Anacreon in Heaven," which was written in 1777 by John Stafford Smith for a British

drinking group called the Anacreontic Society. These lads after our own heart found a novel excuse for boozing: They claimed to be paying tribute to Anacreon, an obscure ancient Greek poet who wrote odes to love, lust, and drink (way more fun than that Socrates guy). As one of Smith's original verses went, "Voice, fiddle, and flute, no longer be mute, / I'll lend you my name and inspire you to boot." And boot they did. "The song is basically about sitting in a club and having a good time," explains Bill Studwell, author of *The National and Religious Song Reader*. "Club members would get loaded, belt out the song, then go off looking for wenches. That's why you can only sing the national anthem when you're really bombed." God bless America.



"My God, it's full of stars."

Q: How would the flag change if Puerto Rico became a state?

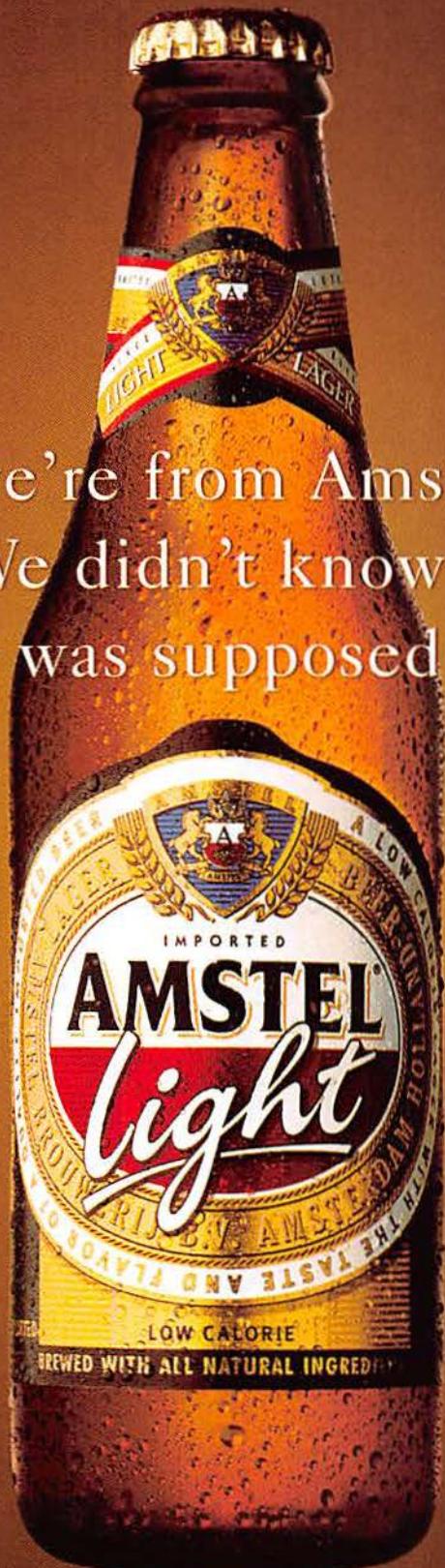
A: It's frightening to think that the same elected officials who can't balance Social Security's checkbook or figure out E-mail may one day be responsible for solving this mathematical quandary. The U.S. government won't officially unveil any new designs until the need arises, but flag experts already know how 51 stars would probably be arranged: in six alternating rows of nine stars and eight stars (the current design features nine alternating rows of six and five). Fifty-two states could be

accommodated with eight alternating rows of six and seven stars, 53 with seven rows of eight and seven. "You could fit 10,000 stars as long as they were very small," says Whitney Smith, director of the Flag Research Center in Winchester, Massachusetts. At least we'll be covered when we honor Puerto Rico, Canada, and Oprah Winfrey with statehood.

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?

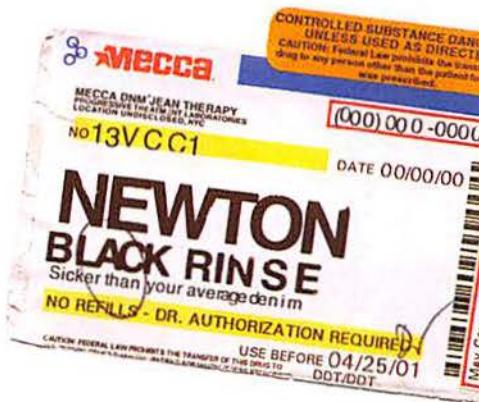
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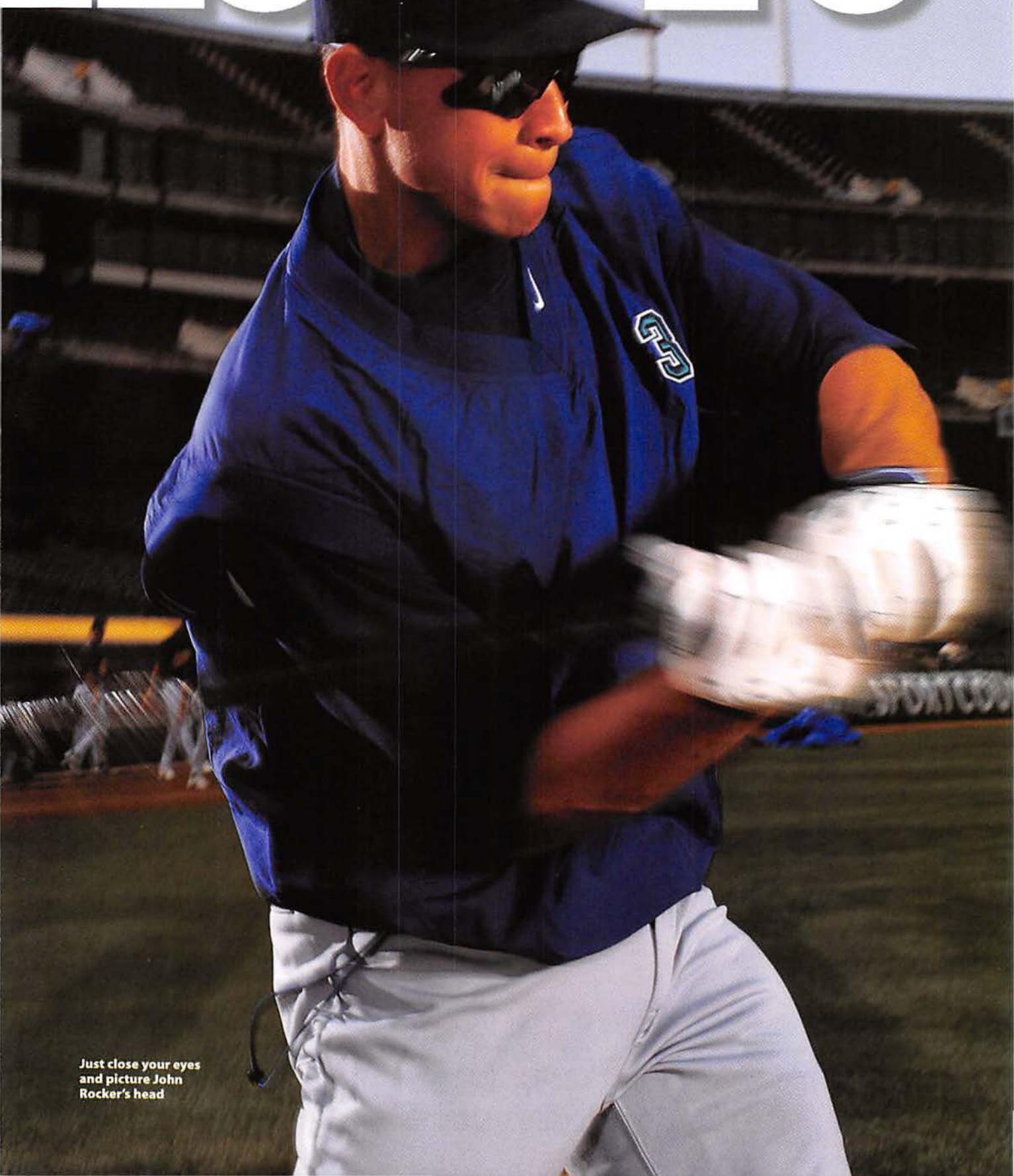
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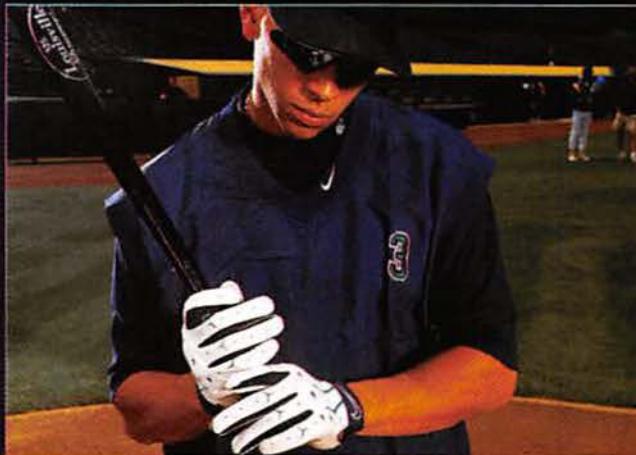
Just close your eyes
and picture John
Rocker's head

HOW TO

HIT LIKE ALEX RODRIGUEZ

Still whiffing at Wiffle ball? Let A-Rod show you how to swing for the fences.

As the saying goes, you've only got to hit one-for-three to get into the Hall of Fame. So who better than future Hall of Famer and Seattle Mariners shortstop Alex Rodriguez—who, at press time, was batting a ludicrous .360—to get you out of your hitting slump?



Step 1. Get comfortable

With balls whizzing toward you at 95 miles an hour, you've got no time to be tense. Purge every thought from your mind, relax your body, and breeze up to the plate. "It's really like I'm swimming or dreaming," Rodriguez says. Bend your knees and get balanced, but don't squeeze the life out of the bat. Rodriguez holds his with the last three fingers of each hand, his thumbs and forefingers barely touching the bat. "Really soft," he says, "as if a 10-year-old girl could come up behind me a second before the pitch is thrown and slip the bat away from my hands." You heard it here first, folks.



Step 2. See the pitch

Watch closely to see how the ball comes out of the pitcher's hand. If you see two fingertips a slight distance apart on top of the ball, a fastball's coming down the pike. If they're touching, expect a curve. If you miss the release, try to pick up on the ball's rotation: A fastball will show backspin, while a curve will turn toward you. (Oh, and you have about $2/10$ of a second to do this.) "Your eyes are muscles, and some days they're able to lift 100 pounds," says Rodriguez. "Other days they won't see it quite as early." If you wait any longer than that fraction of a second, you may as well keep 'em closed.



Step 3. Pull the trigger

Bring the bat back, flex, and strike ("like a snake," says Rodriguez), using your hips as well as your hands. "Like a golfer, your hips go back, the torque comes in, and whoosh!" Rodriguez says. Uppercuts may get oohs and aahs from the crowd, but Alex tries to swing down at fastballs to maintain a line-drive stroke. Stand square to the pitcher, aim straight up the middle, and for God's sake keep those hands soft. "If you squeeze just before contact," Rodriguez says, "the bat head will bounce an inch or two." And your calculated sweet spot will go sour.



Step 4. Stay loose

So you've made contact. Even though technically your job's done, don't pat yourself on the back just yet: Good follow-through mechanics can mean the difference between a bloop and a blast. Rotate your body smoothly, making sure your hips go through their full range of motion and your arms extend fully. Go ahead and let it all out: Rodriguez exhales on every swing, because holding his breath keeps him bottled up and tense. "I feel an illusion in my mind," he says, "like I'm blowing the ball out of the ballpark." If only it were that easy.—Alan Schwarz

HOW TO SPEAK TO PEOPLE, NOT MACHINES

Thank you for reading this. To continue in English, press 1 now.



Place a call to anyone these days and you're likely to spend hours languishing in voice-mail hell without ever speaking to the right person. But don't ditch your phone: You can bypass these roadblocks if you learn how to outsmart them.

Punch 'em out

Hit 0 the instant you hear Muzak. "Most voice-mail systems will send you straight to an operator," says Gioia Ambrette, president of voice-mail provider Newcastle Communications. They'll do the same if you simply ignore the automated prompts altogether.

Parry the secretary

You've gotten past a cold, mindless machine; what about getting a cold, mindless secretary to put you through to the big cheese? "They can't control the system," says Letitia Baldridge, author of *The New Complete Guide to Executive Manners*. "But if you're patient, it will calm them down and make them do their job better." Identify yourself and say where you're from to give your call authority ("This is Bob Cratchit from Scrooge and Marley...").

Massage your message

If you leave a message, it's time to suck it up. "If you're kind and forgiving," says Baldridge, "that will get results. Be brief, be pleasant, and don't let your bad attitude show." If you sound a bit more human than a Manson disciple, someone inside the automated labyrinth may be human enough to call you right back.—Molly Ginty



HOW TO

SURVIVE A MOSH PIT

It's a fist-swingin', blood-spittin', head-crackin' good time.

Dez Fafara and his band Coal Chamber have seen it all on their grueling tour schedule. "We were in San Antonio when I saw this kid come out of the pit with a smashed, bloody nose, trying to get my attention. For some reason he seemed really proud." Here are a few tips to keep your pride out of the emergency room.

1. Don't stop

It's just too tough to swim against the current. "If you stop in the middle of a mosh pit," says Dez, "you're going down. Keep those arms and legs moving, and watch your face." Fallen and can't get up? Raise your hand. Chances are good someone will yank you to your feet. If you knock someone down or if someone near you is knocked down, "help them up," Dez pleads. "It's all about having a good time." That's what physical violence is all about: having a good time.



America's future

2. Know the crowd

"Moshing styles vary from place to place," Dez notes. The Left Coast likes to push and shove, while Easterners prefer punching and wild arm movements. You'd do best to fit in.

3. No loose ends

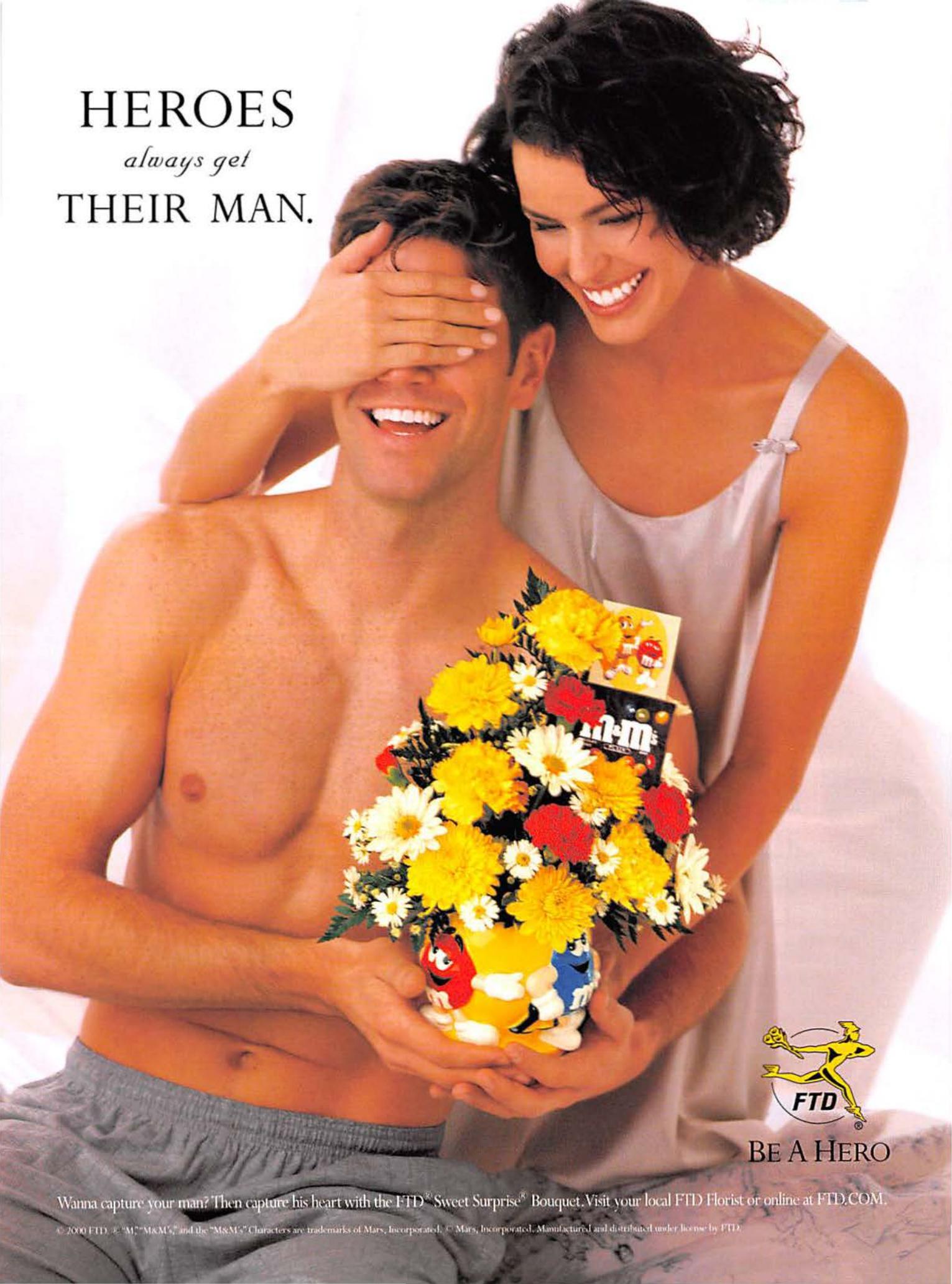
If you've got braces, jewelry, or loose clothes, you've got trouble. "I can't even begin to tell you how many piercings I've seen get ripped out," says Dez. Long hair?

Beware. "I saw a guy's dreadlock get unintentionally ripped out when he was getting passed over the crowd."

4. Run like the wind

If you're among the few and proud to surf onto the stage, look before you leap. The barricade between stage and screaming fans is wider than you think. "I see kids all the time go flying through the air and land on their backs on the floor," Dez says. "You really need to take a good running jump." Any other tips? "I personally drink a lot of wine and smoke a lot of weed before joining a mosh pit," says Dez. "It keeps the body loose and you can take a lot of punches." Then again, if you're sipping Chardonnay at a metal concert, "a lot of punches" is getting off easy.—Tim Clark

HEROES
always get
THEIR MAN.



BE A HERO

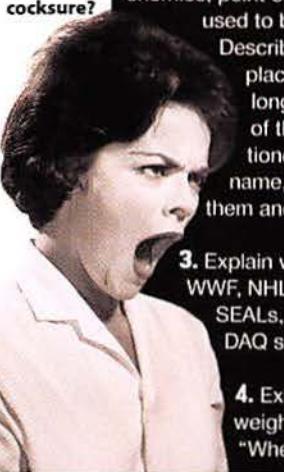
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MAKE HER SHUT UP AND GO TO SLEEP

The best weapon you've got against her pointless yappin'...is your own pointless yappin'.

Who says
women
can't be
cocksure?



1. Recite dialogue from *Caddyshack*.
2. Show her your high school yearbook and point out your friends, point out your enemies, point out your enemies who used to be your friends, etc. Describe an incident that took place on a Saturday night long ago and involved a few of the people you've mentioned. Refer to them by first name, and act as if she knows them and cares.
3. Explain what MLB, NCAA, NBA, WWF, NHL, NFC, AFC, Navy SEALs, *radar*, *scuba*, and NASDAQ stand for.
4. Exhaustively describe your weightlifting history (e.g., "When I was 14, I could only

bench the bar—but now I'm huge. I can bench two plates on each side. And I've done even better on the decline bench...").

5. Show her your baseball card collection and describe to her the monetary as well as the spiritual value of a Wade Boggs rookie card. Explain the various functions of the protective plastic sheath and those of other storage options you may someday employ.
6. Tell her a "really funny" story about something that happened to you—one you've told her before. As you relate it, pause several times to crack up at your own hilarious insights. Halfway through, go back and start again, telling it in exactly the same way with exactly the same inflections.
7. Pop *Larry Bird: A Basketball Legend* into the VCR. Keep shouting, "He's the greatest white man ever to play the game!"
8. Tell her your great screenplay idea.
9. Show her how you can make the players on your hockey video game "bleed."
10. Tell her about a problem you're having with your boss. Begin with "I'd really like your advice...." then forget you said that and continue to deconstruct the situation down to its minutiae until you figure out the solution on your own.
11. Talk about the episode of *The Dukes of Hazzard* that made you want to move to Hazzard County and get a car like the *General Lee*. Explain how Cooter went on to become a congressman and how his eventual loss to Newt Gingrich was the beginning of the downfall of American politics.
12. If all else fails, talk about music or golf.

—Ariel Leve

Photographs: Michael Krauss (page 1)

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HOW TO

Mob vengeance comes to the toy box



HOW TO

BREAK A HORSE

Turn that bucking bronco into a mild-mannered mare.

Thirty years ago, a cowboy broke his horse by hopping into the saddle and holding on until the beast quit bucking. But modern trainers have found this to be a poor method. "If you get rough with her or try to do things too fast, she just gets scared," explains Steve Kukowski, veteran horse trainer with the Longhorn World Championship Rodeo. And a scared ride is the last thing you want.

Show her you respect her

Professionals like to begin with two-year-old horses: They're old enough to have mellowed but not so old that they've developed bad habits. Before you try to ride, lead the horse around the corral, tugging the reins in the direction you want her to go. You want the filly to be well-trained before you ever climb on top.

Build up to it

It's important to be tender to build trust between you and the horse. Stroke her for a few minutes, then step away. When you come back, she'll be looking forward to seeing you. According to Kukowski, "they love to be rubbed on the neck and on their withers underneath the front of the saddle." Don't we all. When you've built up enough trust, slowly lift the saddle onto her back and strap it on.

Take it slow

Above all, be patient. "Some horses act like they've been saddled forever," Kukowski warns, "but others need to be worked on three or four times." If your filly balks when you try to step into the stirrup, simply back off and stroke her again. With a little effort and time, you'll soon be riding that filly like an old cowhand. Buying her flowers the next day is optional, of course.

—Jon Right

"We're not going anywhere until my nails dry, cowboy."



"So you're telling me not one of you broads knows how to make Rice Krispies Treats?"

HOW TO

INTERPRET YOUR DREAMS

Because sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. And sometimes it means you want to slaughter your boss.

One moment you're happily stranded on a desert island with a buxom blonde; the next you're being chased by an angry mob of Peter Lorre look-alikes wielding hideously large Vienna sausages. No wonder you wake up in the morning and think, *What was that all about?* Though the meanings of dreams largely vary with personal experience, the interpretations of certain symbols are universal. "Symbols in dreams are like symbols in literature and mythology," explains Dr. Morton J. Aronson, professor of psychiatry at Columbia University. "They are fixed characteristics of the human mind." Here are six of the most common themes, decoded for your convenience.

Caves

Anything that can be entered, including tunnels, doorways, bureau drawers, and especially mossy little caves, represents—duh—female genitalia. Your unconscious is trying to tell you what your buddies have been saying all along: You need more action, and not the kind you get from watching Jackie Chan.

Running

If you're being chased, you're running away from something that is unconquerable or avoiding a confrontation. It's time to tell your girlfriend that if the Kajagoogoo records have to go, she has to go, too.



Falling

A Wile E. Coyote-style drop off a cliff generally denotes instability in your life, but a free fall with no clear beginning or end represents a lack of connection to the world around you. It also means you should consider installing guardrails on your bunk bed.

Persistent nightmare in which you brutally murder all your coworkers

Don't worry: You're a sane and well-adjusted individual. Now get back to sorting the mail.—Jaime Lowe

"Oh, sure, just 'cause I'm an alien, you assume I want to probe your anus. Sheesh."

NEW

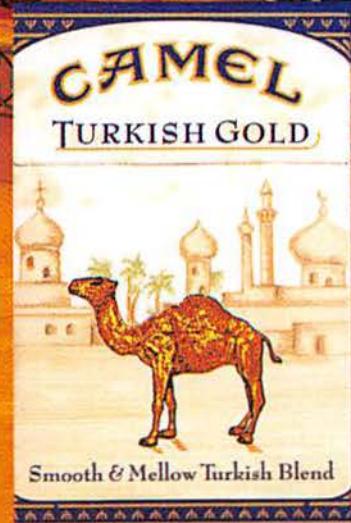
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**PLEASURE
TO
BURN**

Weasel Your Way Back into Her Life

You dumped her—and now you want her back...but without the begging-and-bartering bit. These eight simple steps will bring her crawling back to you. By Leslie Yazel



My friend Todd can't remember why he dumped his girlfriend two months ago. He says he thinks it had something to do with freedom. But since the breakup, his life has devolved into dates that start with shallow conversation and end with him crawling into bed...alone. "Monica laughed at my jokes and lives in lacy thong underwear—and I threw it all away," he moans. "What should I do?"

First let me tell you guys what *not* to do: Don't dial a woman drunk at 2 A.M. to beg her to take you back—unless you won't mind kissing her bethonged bottom for

the next six months. Take it from me: If you beg your way back, your woman will always have the upper hand in your relationship and will see you as her whipping boy. So put down the phone and follow an eight-step strategy that'll leave your *cojones* intact.

1. Do reconnaissance on her.

Women go through five distinct post-breakup emotional stages, and to begin your master manipulation, you want to catch her in the right one. Shake the hell out of her girlfriend grapevine and find out if she's in the throes of:

Stage one: depression (she's staying in Friday nights and

watching *Boy Meets World*;

Stage two: anger (she's toasting to your gruesome demise);

Stage three: revenge (she's shagging your friends. Sorry);

Stage four: nostalgia (she keeps listening to "your song," one you never knew you *had*); or

Stage five: weepy vulnerability (she's realizing that life with you was better than it is without you). If you've already missed stage one, you can safely reenter during stage four or five.

2. Broadcast your regret.

Let her know that you know you've screwed up—but without prostrating yourself like a pathetic, puppy-eyed Ross Geller. Keep your voice soldierly and matter-of-fact (think Harrison Ford in *Force 10 from Navarone*) as you say things like "I know I fucked up, and I'm sorry. But I've learned from it." Ideally you can just say them to those who know her; rest assured that the message will quickly reach her and her box of Puffs Plus. But if you must tell her face to face, absorb her wrath while nodding quietly. Don't point the finger back at her or you'll probably *get* the finger and blow the whole plan.

3. Reminisce about old times.

From now on you are one happy dude. See, she's spent the past few weeks trying to remember all your jerk tendencies and attempting to convince herself she's better off without you. Reverse the process by reminding her of all the good times you've had. Repeat until her sneer turns into a smile. Warning: Do not mistake her

Make sure she sees you talking to the best-looking woman in the joint.

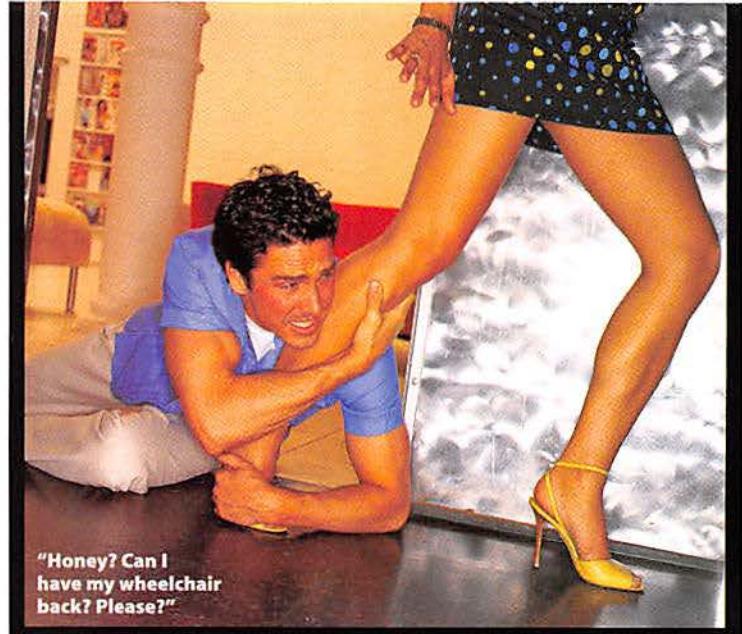
smile for forgiveness and suggest she take you back. If you just lay more groundwork now, she may be the one crawling back to you.

4. Do the fun, cool things she always wanted to do.

Remember how she was always bugging you to go with her to museums, foreign-film festivals, and other cultural crapola? To console herself, she's remembering you as a NATO (no action, talk only) guy. Prove her wrong by arranging a trip with a bunch of friends and E-mailing her about it. Example: "Hey, remember how we always talked about going to Jazz Fest? Well, I went! It was so cool—you should definitely go." Your action-man act will have her salivating.

5. Talk to a pretty woman.

It's time to use your most powerful weapon: jealousy. Start frequenting her haunts, and make sure she sees you with the best-looking woman in the joint (even if you're just asking this person what time it is). The mere sight of a beautiful woman speaking to you will make her jealousy meter hit TILT because it shows you're doing just fine without her. But



don't get frisky. Remember, you want to trigger the I-want-the-toy-that-she-has instinct, not the he's-a-bigger-asshole-than-I-remembered one.

6. Send her an E-mail that shows how well you know her. Whip up a note that mentions something that's unique to her, like the day her favorite band is coming to town, and say, "I thought of you when I saw this." It reminds her of how well you know her—and of what a pain in the ass it's going to be breaking in a new boyfriend.

7. Toss out the carrot.

It's time to execute the first part of a two-part move. The next time you run into her, say something like "Hey, we should go for coffee sometime and catch up." Keep it casual and *smile*; otherwise she may think you want to

tell her you're engaged or that you have an STD. Then...

8. Go out on the friend date.

Call her and set up that date for coffee or an after-work drink (slow down—dinner is the *next* date) and suggest you meet there (no pressure). Because she'll be a little on edge, make each gesture count: Help her off with her coat, open the door for her, and pay for her drink. After an hour of catching up and laughing, she'll be wondering why you ever broke up in the first place!

This is where you nod slowly and say you're having "a really, really good time" and suggest dinner the following week. If she accepts, you're going to have one grateful girlfriend on your hands—one who's eager to make up for lost bedroom time. But I doubt you need an eight-step plan to handle that. **M**

GAME OVER

In the game of Seduction: The Sequel, these thoughtless gestures will only make her hammer another nail into your relationship's coffin.

■ **DON'T** sleep with her friends. You'll never get her back if she knows you boinked her college roommate, whose breasts are bigger than hers.

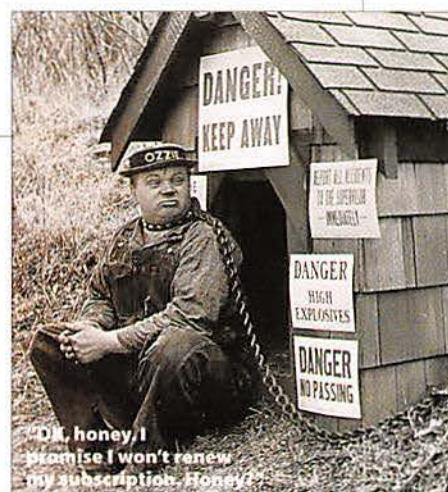
■ **DON'T** call her and say, "Hey, just wanted to see how you're doing." It sounds harmless, but after breaking her heart, you're adding insult to injury. It's like burning her house down and then asking, "Hey, want a quarter?"

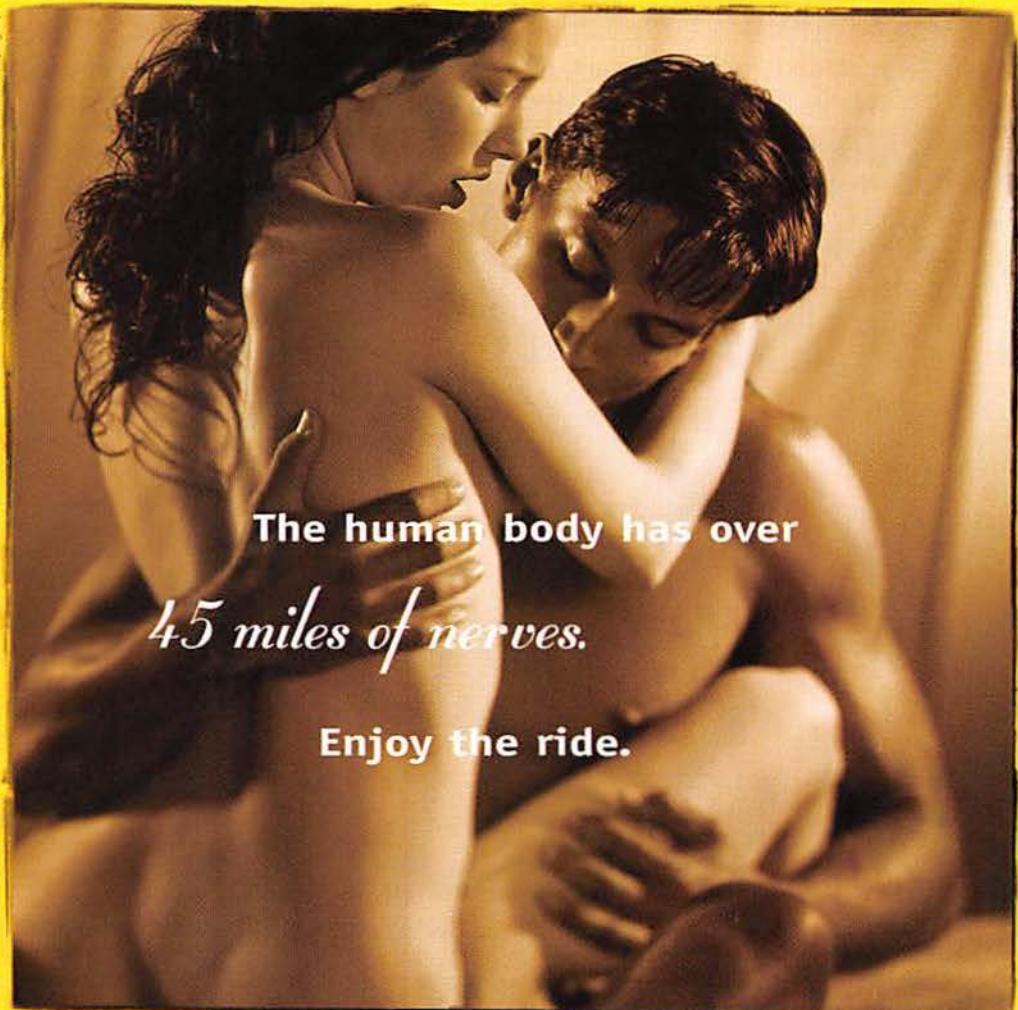
■ **DON'T** ask for your stuff back right away. Yes, it's a sure way to see her, but to her it means you're a selfish bastard who cares more about his Johnny Cash CD boxed set than about her.

■ **DON'T** admit more than once that you were a jerk. Women are masters of self-blame, so she's probably half convinced herself that she drove you away; try to keep it like that.

■ **DON'T** get jealous if she goes out with another guy. If you don't erupt in envy, it'll throw her off balance and make her want you even more ("What, doesn't he still love me?").

■ **DON'T** act like the breakup never happened. Just kiss her sweet patootie for a while (12 to 36 hours is sufficient) and prepare to experience the mother of all make-up sex. —L.Y.





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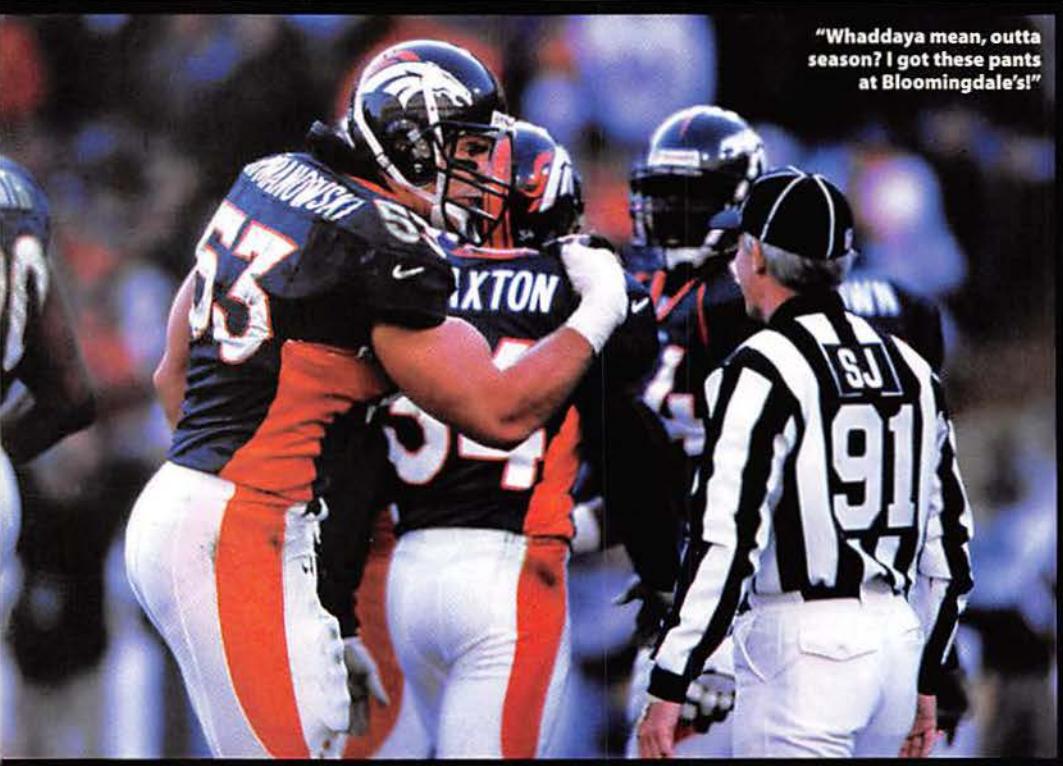
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All-American Bastards

We asked readers, beat writers, and a few pain-in-the-ass fanatical fans to select the most despised men in sports. Meet the lucky winners. By Allen St. John



In sports there are the guys you love—the guys who always come through in the clutch. There are the guys you love to hate, who come through in the clutch for the other team. There are the guys you hate to love—usually the pretty boys who make the most money. Then there are the guys you just plain friggin' hate. Despise. Detest. Revile. We're talking about the bastards who inspire the kind of universal loathing normally reserved for war criminals, IRS auditors, and Kathie Lee Gifford. Piss on 'em if they were on fire? Hell, most sports fans would roast marshmallows.

Since we get tired of being so upbeat and positive all the time, we decided the time was right to compile the definitive hall of infamy. We asked readers to log on to our Web site and vote on the most loathsome guys playing the field—the very nastiest ballplayers, coaches, front-office schmucks, and owners. Then we gathered the trillions of votes you sent us, tossed in our own, along with the opinions of all the sportswriters and experts we could muster, and tallied up the big losers. Without further ado, here are the most detested, and detestable, figures in sports.

FOOTBALL: BILL ROMANOWSKI

In a meaningless preseason game in '97, Broncos linebacker Bill Romanowski came in hard and shattered Carolina QB Kerry Collins' jaw like a glass at a Jewish wedding. Collins missed half the season. But hey, it was just another day at the office for Romo—the NFL's dirtiest player.

Not buying it? Later that season, Romanowski spit in 49ers wideout J.J. Stokes' face, an act that some of Romo's own teammates suggested was racially motivated. Last year he was fined, on five occasions, a total of \$42,500 for unsportsmanlike conduct, including throwing a ball at Jets linebacker Brian Cox's crotch and cheap-shooting Chiefs tight end Tony Gonzalez twice. (When Gonzalez confronted him, Romo reportedly replied, "Hey, I've got a lot of money.") At least Romo makes bad behavior a family affair; his wife was indicted on conspiracy drug charges as part of a scheme to illegally obtain prescription stimulants for him.

Backup: Ryan Leaf

BASEBALL: ALBERT BELLE

Last season former Indians pitcher Jason Grimsley came clean on an event that stands as one of the most bizarre stories ever to grace the sports pages. Back in '94, with then teammate Albert Belle facing suspension for using a corked bat during a game, Grimsley was chosen for a *Die Hard*-style assignment: He slithered through a Comiskey Park vent shaft into the umpires' room to swap Belle's bogus bat for a legal one. After Grimsley left the team, he risked suspension himself by telling the tale of how he saved the biggest ass in baseball. Fans, sportswriters, and players all had the same reaction: He should've let Belle burn.

Albert Belle is easy to hate. Let's see...he was once suspended for six games without pay for hitting a fan in the chest with a ball because the fan was heckling him about his drinking. He was arrested after allegedly roughing up his girlfriend and ripping her phone out of the wall when she tried to call the cops. He played Road Warrior by chasing some trick-or-treating teenagers off his property in an SUV on Halloween. He took a bat to Kenny Lofton's CD player, and then to a thermostat, when the Cleveland Indians' locker room got too loud and warm for his taste. He is infamous for harassing reporters; most notable is the time he hurled a five-minute fuck-you bomb at NBC's

Hannah Storm before a World Series game. And then there's the way he treated the Cleveland fans who stood behind him as he compiled this rap sheet. "He backstabbed the fans. That's what inspired the hatred here," says Kenny Roda, host on Cleveland Sports Radio. "They supported him, and when he left he called them village idiots." Hey, it takes one to know one. **Backup:** John Rocker

"Christ! He's even uglier from down here!"

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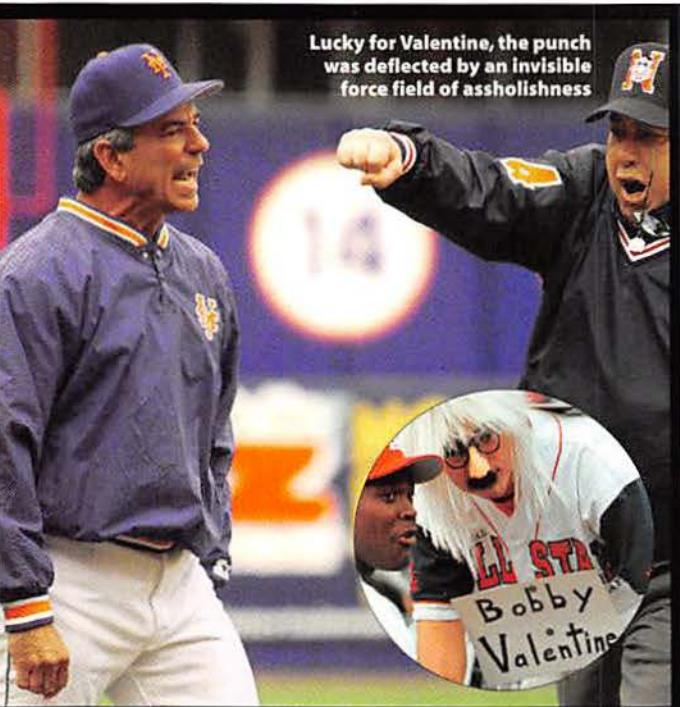
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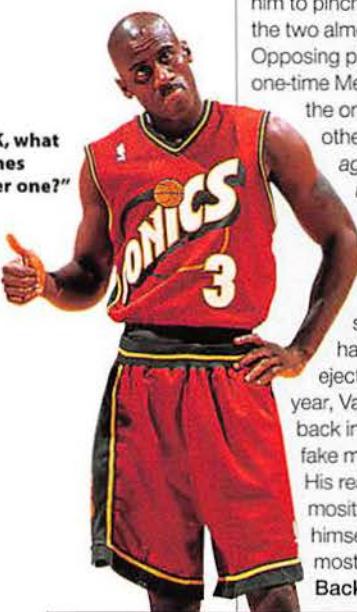
MANAGER: BOBBY VALENTINE

Remember that kid in school who knew every answer, won every student government election, and kissed every teacher's ass—at least until you flushed him headfirst down a toilet? Put that Mr. Know-it-all in some tight pinstriped double knits and you've got New York Mets manager Bobby Valentine. The media hates him. (His hometown paper, the *New York Post*, recently ran the headline "Why wait? Can the phony now!") His players hate him. (Bobby Bonilla refused when Valentine told him to pinch-hit in June of last year; the two almost came to blows.) Opposing players hate him. (Said one-time Met Brian McRae: "We're

the only team that knows the other players hate our manager more than they hate us.") Opposing managers hate him. (Cubs skipper Don Baylor refused to shake his hand during this season's opening series in Japan). Umpires hate him. (After getting ejected from a game last year, Valentine tried to sneak back into the dugout, wearing a fake mustache and glasses.) His reaction to universal animosity? He likes to introduce himself as follows: "Hi, I'm the most hated man in baseball."

Backup: Phil Jackson

"OK, what comes after one?"



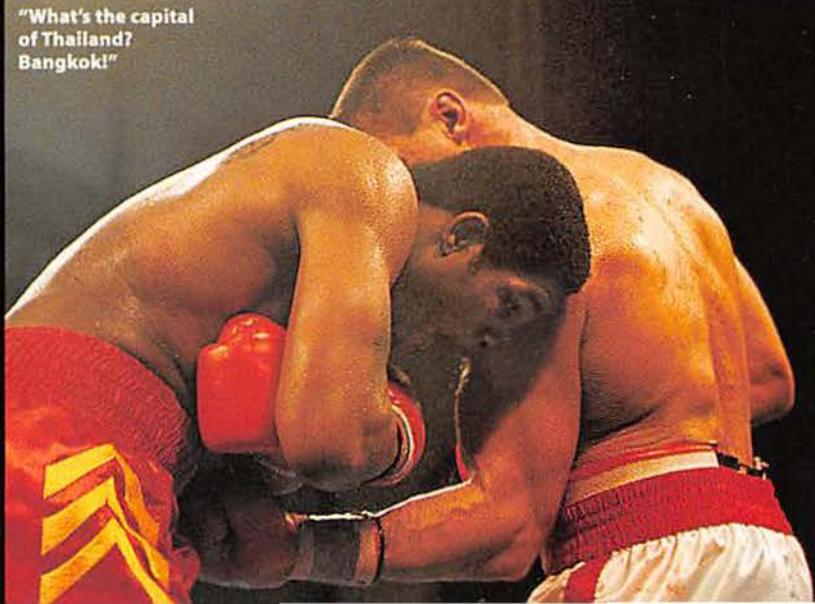
BASKETBALL: VERNON MAXWELL

If Seattle Supersonic Vernon Maxwell ever asks you to go to the weight room, run away. Fast. Don't take our word for it, just ask Carl Herrera or Gary Payton. When Maxwell was with the Houston Rockets in 1994, he once swung a free weight at Herrera, who needed 30 stitches to close the gash in his head. Mad Max reprised that scene during practice this season in Seattle, brandishing iron against Gary Payton, who picked up a chair in self-defense. Horace Grant, who rushed in to break up the scuffle, suffered a shoulder injury in the fray. Hey, way to take one for the team!

You might say that impulse control is not Vernon Maxwell's specialty. In 1995 he was hit with one of the biggest fines in NBA history—\$20,000—for going into the stands in Portland and punching out a 35-year-old home-products salesman. That same year he was arrested for allegedly waving a loaded pistol at a motorist who honked at his Porsche. And while Maxwell scored the most points in the history of the University of Florida, don't look for him in the record books. Due to a series of shifty drug-, money-, and alcohol-related offenses, the NCAA doesn't recognize a single basket he scored in his last two college seasons. Norm Sloan, the Gators' coach at the time, is no fan either. Sloan still suspects that Maxwell fixed a game after his star player failed to score a single basket in the second half of a two-point loss to the University of Tennessee. "It's amazing that no one has killed him or he hasn't ended up in prison," says Rich Lord, host of *Sports Talk* on KILT-AM in Houston. "I'm sure his mother is very proud."

Backup: Karl Malone

"What's the capital of Thailand? Bangkok!"



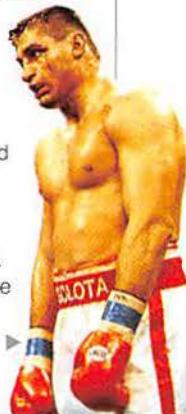
BOXING: ANDREW GOLOTA

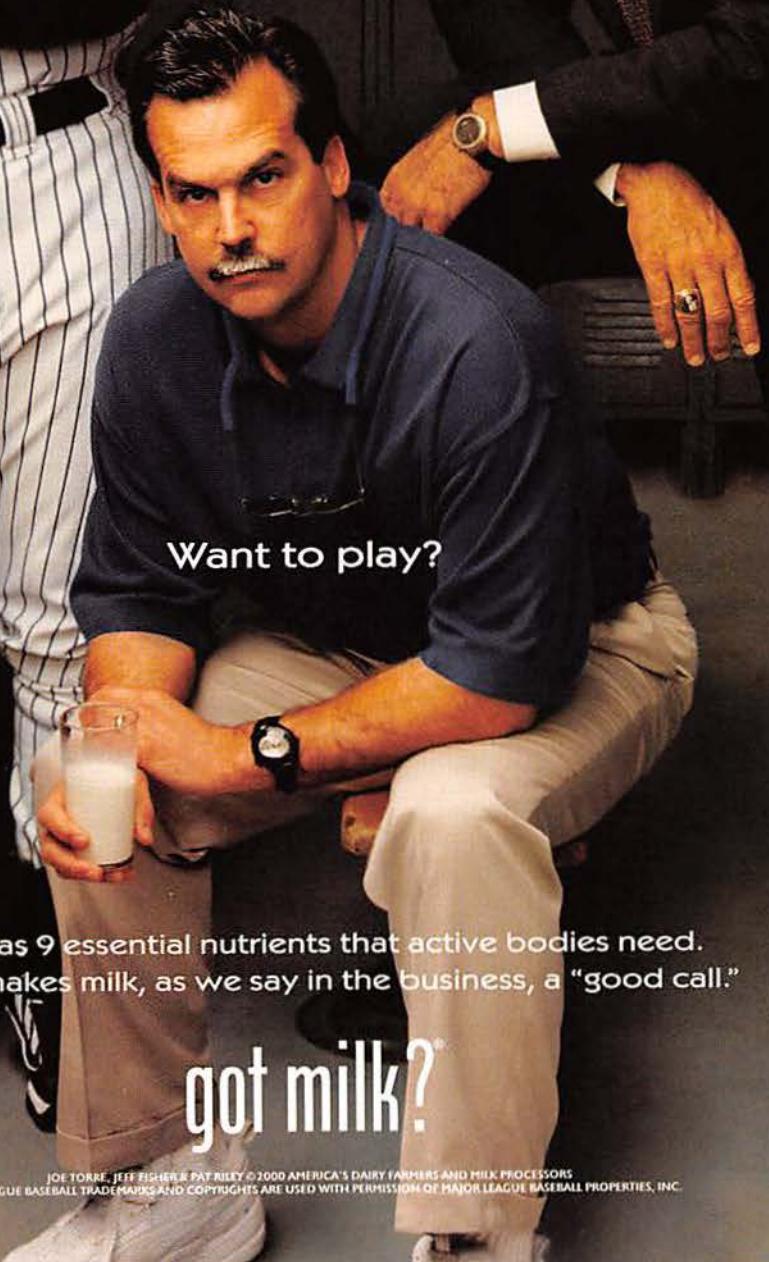
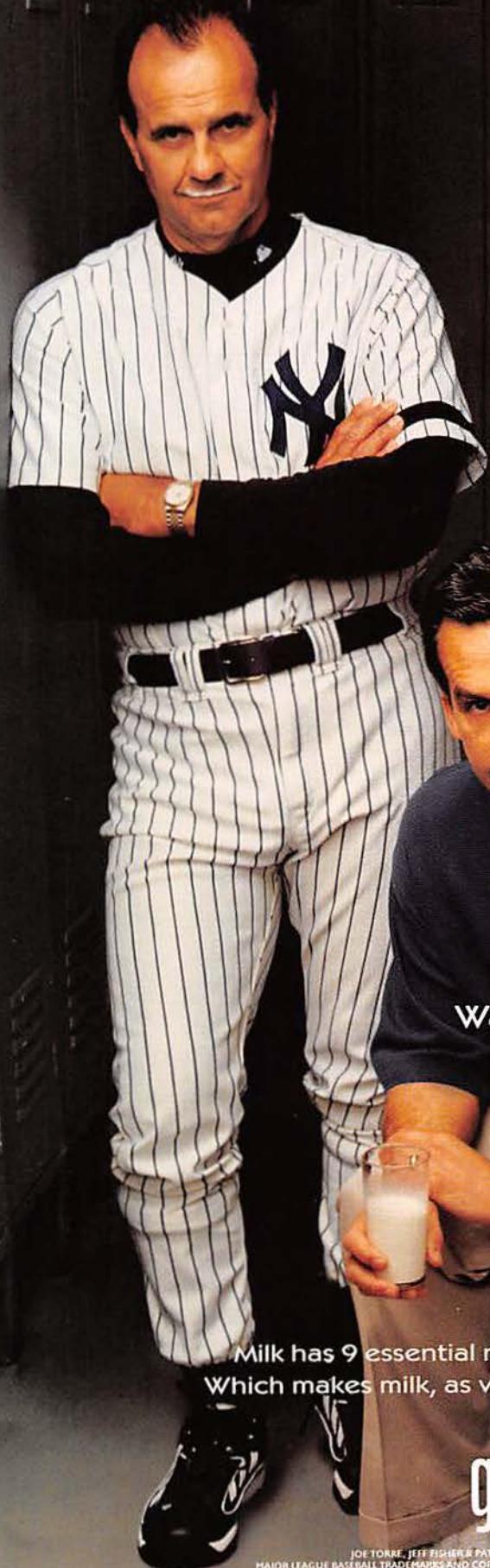
He calls it a nervous habit. Lennox Lewis calls it a fetish. But here's the bottom line: To step into the ring with the Polish heavyweight Andrew Golota is to paint a large bull's-eye around your family jewels. Golota's low blows aren't about desperation—they're strategy. On two separate occasions, the Olympic bronze medalist was beating Riddick Bowe handily—ahead on all scorecards—before he started landing crushing nut shots that got him disqualified. An added attraction: The first Bowe bout ended in a riot in Madison Square Garden, as Riddick's supporters opened up Golota's head with a walkie-talkie. "The whole place felt like Wembley Stadium after a bad soccer call," says David Critchell, a *New York Times* reporter who was ringside. "There were sixteen arrests and plenty of injuries. It was terrifying, and the whole thing was Golota's fault."

"He's pathetic," says Bert Sugar, editor of *Fight Game* magazine. "He's just a sorry case." But Golota is no one-trick pony. He once bit an opponent on the neck during a nationally televised fight, and head butted at least one other. And his dirty fighting isn't confined to the ring; he fled to the United States from Poland back in 1988 to escape assault charges stemming from a bar fight. Hey, we'd shell it out to see him fight Iron Mike.

Backup: Riddick Bowe

"Testicles? Where? Lemme at 'em!"





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THE MOST HATED MAN IN SPORTS: DON KING

As loathsome as our other contestants are, at least they never killed anyone. (We think.) Boxing promoter Don King did—twice. In 1954 he popped a fellow hood during an attempted robbery of one of King's gambling dens; it was ruled justifiable homicide. Then in 1966 he pistol-whipped and stomped a loan shark to death; after a tête-à-tête between his lawyer and the judge, charges were reduced to manslaughter. But it wasn't until he was released from prison in 1971 that he *really* started rocking the boat, when he almost single-handedly took a sport in which guys try to beat each other unconscious and brought it to new levels of depravity.

"He's fucked up people's lives; he fucked up the sport," says Bert Sugar. "He's the prototypical hustler. After you shake hands with him, you count your rings, and then you count your fingers." George Foreman calls him the Saddam Hussein of boxing. Mike Tyson, who claims King stole \$45 million from him, is suing him for fraud. The Justice Department is also investigating the controversial draw last year between Evander Holyfield and Lennox Lewis, although to this point King has been as much of a Teflon Don as Michael Corleone. But never say Don King's not persuasive. Larry Holmes recalls that when he was considering leaving King for a rival promoter, King threatened to break his legs. He wasn't kidding. Actually, come to think of it, we're just fooling about this whole "most hated" thing, Mr. King. You can take a joke, um, can't you? ■



"Can't...lift...
hands...rings...
too...heavy."

OWNER: JERRY JONES

He smirks. He wears gold chains. He makes you wanna take a shower every time the sideline cam pans to his face. He's Jerry Jones, the self-proclaimed mastermind behind the gun-totin', crack-smoking, ho-bangin' Dallas Cowboys. But what Jones did to *really* piss folks off was strictly business. He made an end-run around the league's revenue-sharing policy by signing independent endorsement contracts with Nike and AT&T. Then he used the extra millions to lure players from other clubs with huge signing bonuses, which bypassed the league's salary cap.

"The other owners hated him so much that they decided it was payback time," says Allen Barra, sports columnist for *The Wall Street Journal*. "No one team could outbid the Cowboys. But between them, they could buy off one player here and one player there, and pretty soon Jerry Jones is watching the Super Bowl on TV." Not at our house, he's not.

Backup: Jerry Reinsdorf

HOCKEY: BRYAN MARCHMENT

San Jose defenseman Bryan Marchment has destroyed so many knees, you'd think he's getting kickbacks from the American Society of Orthopedic Surgeons. "He's become famous for intentionally hurting people," says Mike Gibb of *The Hockey News*. "There's no doubt that he's trying to take someone out of the game."

Marchment has made a specialty of stalking the opponent's star player and applying a check that makes the knee ligaments snap like bikini straps in a porno. He's served suspensions for giving crippling knee injuries to three players, the most notorious of which involved the Dallas Stars' best player, Joe Nieuwendyk, during a '98 playoff game (Nieuwendyk missed all of the next season). He served another suspension for calling Vancouver's African-American left winger, Donald Brashear, "a big monkey." Marchment is Public Enemy Number One, boasts his own teammate, goalie Steve Shields. Where's the FBI when you need 'em? Backup: Marty McSorley

ROLE MODELS

Guys we're supposed to hate—but don't.

- **Marv Albert:** Even in a pink teddy and singing "Cabaret," Marv's the best play-by-play man of all time.
- **Darryl Strawberry:** The Straw excelled between the white lines, outside the white lines and bent over the white lines, but there's never been a prettier swing.
- **John Daly:** His 12 steps start at the barstool and end at the urinal. "I like drinking. It's in my blood."
- **Mike Tyson:** He is a convicted rapist. That is very, very bad. He bit off a man's ear. That's entertainment.
- **Charles Barkley:** His one regret after throwing a 5'2" weakling through a barroom window: "I regret we were on the first floor." —Alex Straus



Marchment fears
none but the man
called Boitano

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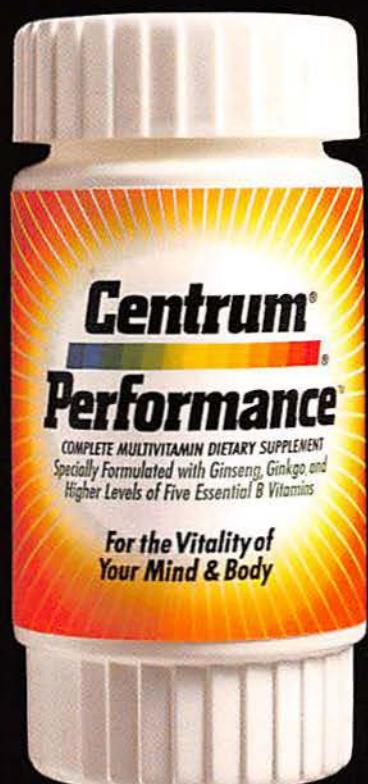
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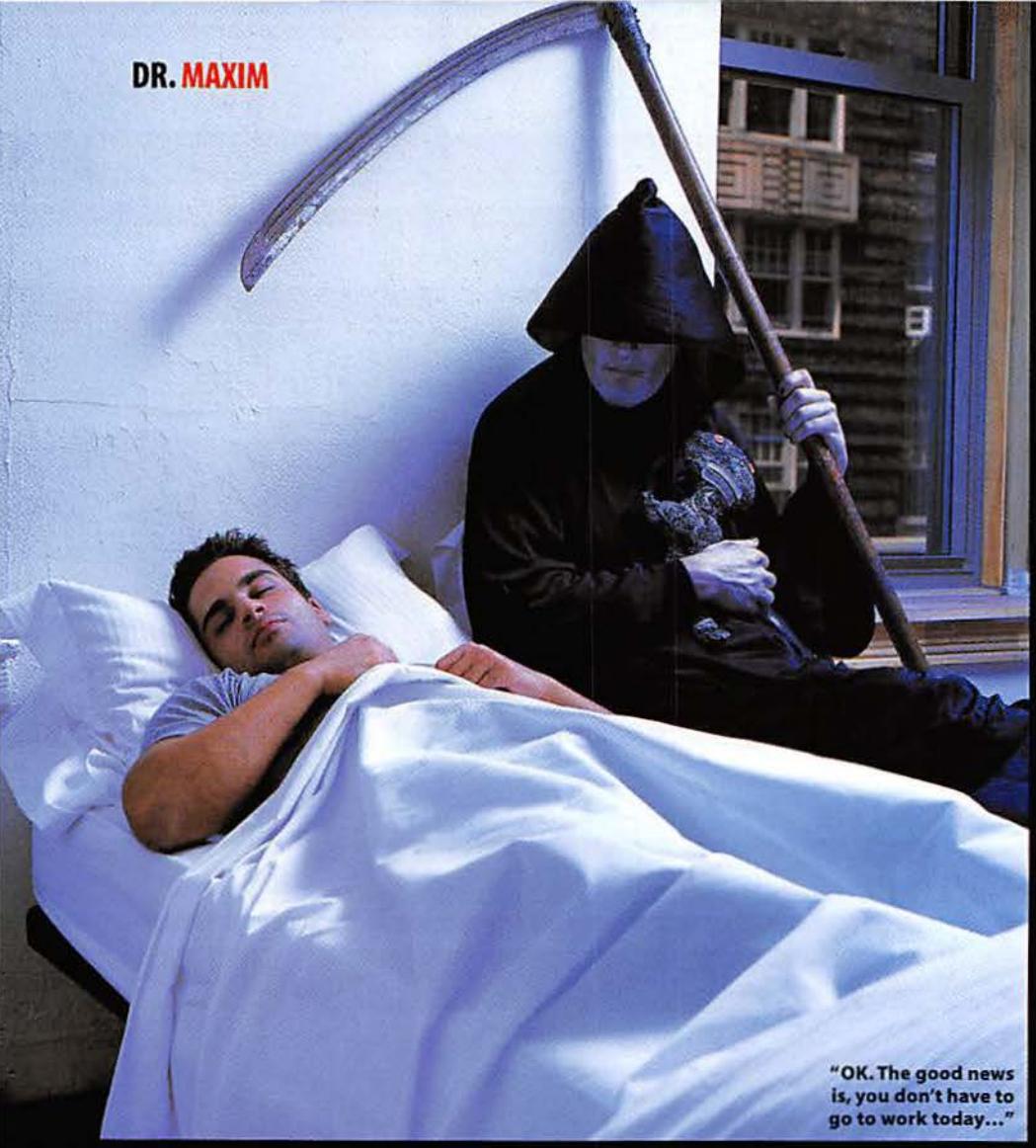
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"OK. The good news is, you don't have to go to work today..."

Am I Dead Yet?

Is your lifestyle killing you? Run these five quick health checks to make sure you're not dead. By Molly M. Ginty

Your alarm goes off. You stumble out of bed and look in the mirror, where you see a man with Bill Murray's complexion, eyeballs like pinwheels, and cotton candy sprouting in his armpits. Was it those nine shots of tequila? Or the nine beers you washed them down with? All you know is that you haven't exactly made healthy living a priority, and maybe it's time to assess the damage.

Then again, do you really have time to go to a doctor to get rectally violated, charged a month's pay, then told to take a friggin' vitamin? Neither do we. So we called some MDs and collected

five checkups you can do every morning. Strap on the rubber gloves and let's see if you're still a viable life form.

Attack your heart

Start by taking your pulse. To get an accurate reading, check it first thing in the morning (before the coffee), says Dr. Alfred M. Dashe, author of *The Man's Health Sourcebook*. Hold the index and middle fingers of your right hand against your left wrist, just below your palm. Count the beats for 15 seconds, then multiply by four.

Scoring: 51–65: Binge drinking has mysteriously given you the

constitution of an Olympic athlete. 66–90: Try getting exercise by chasing women around your barstool. More than 90: Your arteries may be clogged like the plumbing at Graceland. If your pulse is especially fast (tachycardia), slow (bradycardia), or irregular (arrhythmia), call your doc. If you can't detect a pulse, start scribbling your will. Quickly.

Do-it-yourself urinalysis

Stagger to the bathroom and bid adieu to last night's beer. If you feel like you're pissing acid, you may have a urinary tract infection or gonorrhea (see a doc). If your pee comes out in spurts, your prostate may be swollen (see a doc). If your urine splashing sounds like the guitar solo on Aerosmith's "Pump," you may be psycho (shrink time).

Once you're done, check out the color. If it's clear, you're in the clear. "Beets could make your urine orange, while coffee could turn it brown," says Dudley Seth Danoff, a urologist at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles. "Other colors could mean trouble." Follow our color key. **Dark yellow:** You may be eating too much salt, or maybe you're dehydrated. **Cloudy white:** You may have kidney stones or a bladder infection. **Any red blood:** You may have anything from herpes to bruised kidneys to prostate trouble. Before you move on, give yourself a dick-over, looking for any open sores or uninvited insects.

The poop scoop

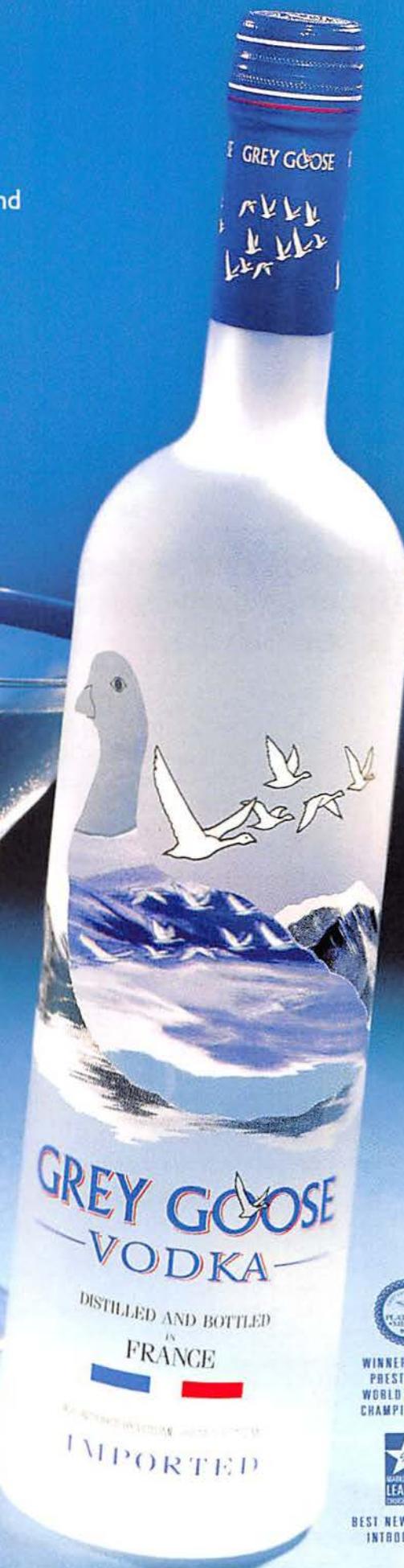
Now have a go at number two. A healthy bowel movement is dark brown and torpedo-shaped. Other types may signal problems. If your stool floats, there may be too much fat in your diet. If it's very light brown, there may be too much of the healthy bacteria that line your colon. If it's whitish, bile may not be finding its way to your intestine—►

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93 Stolichnaya Gold Vodka	Russia
92 Staraya Moskva Premium	Russia
91 Van Hoo Vodka	Belgium
91 Stolichnaya Vodka	Russia
90 Tanqueray Sterling Vodka	England
90 Rain 1995 Harvest Vodka	USA
89 Ketel One Vodka	Holland
88 Wyborowa Vodka	Poland
87 Kremlyovskaya Vodka	Russia
86 Finlandia Vodka of Finland	Finland
86 Alps French Vodka	France
85 Sky Vodka	USA
82 Original Polish Vodka	Poland
82 Glenmore Special	USA
82 Fleischmann's Royal Vodka	USA
81 Mr. Boston Vodka	USA
80 Pole Star Vodka	Poland
80 Luksusowa Potato Vodka	Poland
80 Absolut Vodka	Sweden
78 Cardinal Vodka	Holland
78 Barton Vodka	USA
78 Barclay's Vodka	USA
78 Amazon Vodka	Brazil
76 Skol Vodka	USA
74 Smirnoff Vodka	USA
74 Crystal Palace Vodka	USA
74 Belvedere	Poland
72 Schenley	USA
69 Mr. Boston's Riva Vodka	USA



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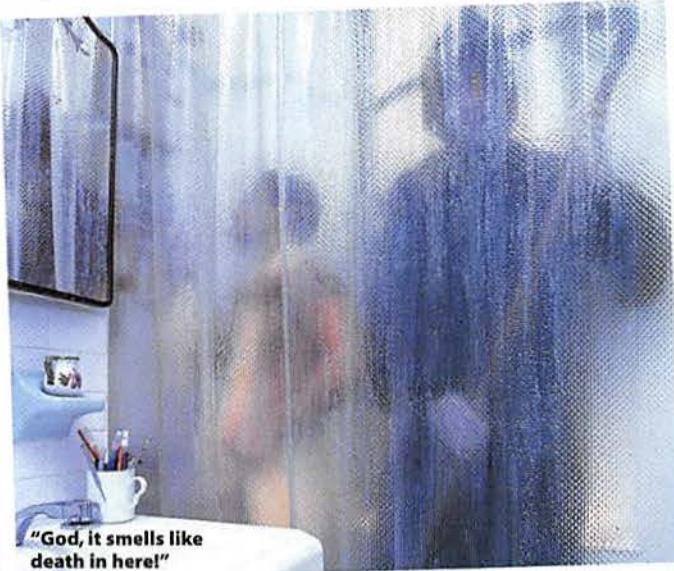
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Inspect your epidermis. Ignoring early cancer signs is how Bob Marley died.

symptom of gallstones or liver disease. If your stool is tinged with red, you have blood in your colon, which may mean anything from hemorrhoids to cancer. If it's charcoal-colored, you may be bleeding higher up in your intestine—a possible ulcer. Don't sweat the runs unless they last more than three days.

Bust your balls

Stumble into the shower and grope around below your gut. Now that your scrotum is warm and fully extended, it's time to

check for testicular cancer, the number one cancer found in men under 35. Lather up, then roll each feller 'tween your thumb and first two fingers. "They should feel like two hard-boiled eggs without the shell—smooth, firm, and not tender," says Dr. Danoff.

You may discover some harmless lumps—pimples, moles, or the soft bump where an epididymis protrudes from each testicle. Larger bumps could signal a cyst in an epididymis or in a sebaceous gland, or even a varicocele (a group of varicose veins that feels like a bag of worms). If you find any tender spots or mysterious lumps—or discover that your balls are missing—call a doc or join the Vienna Boys Choir.



Get the skinny

Dry off and inspect your skin, all 18 square feet of it. "Melanoma is the fastest-growing cancer, and it can hit people in their 20s and 30s," says Barry Goldman, a New York dermatologist.

Look *everywhere* for the following: raised translucent growths (possible basal cell carcinoma), dark moles that have irregular borders (possible melanoma), and itchy red sores that never heal (possible squamous cell carcinoma). When you're done, sit down and have a cup of coffee. If you've passed these tests, congrats—you're in fine health (bottoms up!). If not, don't panic. You're probably taking the wrong vitamins. Sober up and go see your doc. M

FEELING BLUE?

Screw the aspirin: If you wake up with these symptoms, you've already croaked.

■ **You don't have a hard-on:** "More than 90% of men under 40 wake up with a piss hard-on because the pressure created by a full bladder prevents blood from draining out of the penis," says urologist Dudley Seth Danoff. When you're dead your bladder goes kaput, and so does your morning erection.

■ **You're feeling as stiff as a board:** "Five to six hours after death, the chemicals in your body start reacting in a way that causes your muscles to stiffen," says Tisha Dupras, a professor of forensic anthropology at the University of Central Florida. "Someone will be able to pick you up just like they would a piece of plywood."

■ **You resemble a loaf of marbled rye:** Because your heart isn't pumping blood, you no longer have that healthy pink glow. "Eventually you'll start to turn a mottled purple and red and look as if you're marbleized," says Dupras. "Your lips and fingers will turn blue. If you're lying on your back, your blood will settle in your backside, making your face and front side drain pale."

■ **You feel rotten:** After you're dead for 24 hours, your organs begin to decompose, releasing methane and carbon dioxide and causing your abdomen to bloat. Meanwhile your skin starts slipping off its underlying muscles. "You'll give off a very distinctive

odor," says Dupras, "sort of like a rotting pig."

■ **You've lost interest in just about everything:** If you're dead you won't give a damn about your plans for this evening or the weekend. "You won't be able to smell, speak, or hear," says Seth Feltheimer, a general internist at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. "You will look at the girls in *Maxim* and nothing will happen."



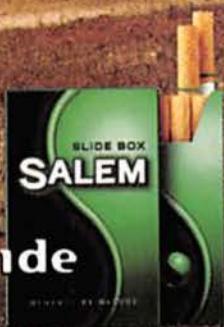
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Breaking out.



Step Inside

WE WANT ANSWERS!

Jason Biggs

He porked a warm, flaky pastry in *American Pie*. We decided to give the horny everyman his just desserts.

How sick are you of lame jokes about baked goods?

Oh, man, I'll be at a restaurant and some guy will totally crack himself up by saying, "Hey, did you order the pie for dessert?" They expect me to confuse with laughter, like, "Wow, no one's ever said that before." At the same time I understand, because he can tell his buddies, "I met the *American Pie* guy today, and guess what I said to him." It's something I'd say to me if I weren't me.

What's the strangest thing a woman has whispered in your ear since the movie hit big?

A girl came up to me in a crowded bar and actually said, "I'd love to be your apple pie tonight." I wish I'd said something cool back to her, like "Well, OK, you got any ice cream?" but frankly, I was too stunned.

Speaking of tasty treats, what most freaked you about the scene where you danced like a complete spaz in your boxers for Shannon Elizabeth?

I was 25 pounds heavier then, and at first I was, like, "Shit, I should at least do some push-ups before the scene." But the way I looked then was right for the character. The movie gave me an excuse to make a total jackass of myself in front of a beautiful woman. I mean, I can do that even when I'm not getting paid for it.

How has your life changed since *American Pie*?

I got totally spoiled being in a hit movie my first time out. The best thing was going home to New Jersey around Thanksgiving last year and walking into this bar where everybody from high school was hanging out. Some of them were the kids who threw basketballs in my face in gym class, and they

'A girl came up to me in a bar and said she wanted to be my apple pie. I wish I'd said something cool, but I was stunned.'

still didn't give a shit who I was. But some others were saying to my friends, "I can't believe you know the guy from *American Pie*." I'd be lying if I said it didn't feel really good.

Did you get a lot of shit for being in plays and commercials when you were a kid?

I was taunted by older guys for going to auditions and taking singing lessons and stuff, because apparently that meant I was gay. But I somehow knew that it would all work out one day and I'd end up being interviewed for *Maxim*. [Laughs]

Did you hold down many non-acting jobs?

Let's see, I worked in a kitchen on Saturday nights at a VFW hall in Jersey, I was a "sandwich artist" at Subway briefly, and I delivered flowers from the back seat of my car, spilling water and soil all over everything. I was never lucky enough to get the "housewife invite," though.

Housewife invite?

Yeah, there was always the hope that some hot, lonely housewife would want to show a 17-year-old delivery boy a little excitement in the bedroom. But I never got lucky—unless you count getting a lousy buck tip.

Who do you hang out with in Hollywood?

Only the big-time players, man—guys who've done \$100 million movies, because that's me now. No riff raff. [Laughs] No, most of my best friends aren't in the entertainment industry. They keep me in line.

So once the movie paychecks did start rolling in, what did you splurge on?

The money you make in this business is scary, but as my old man always said, "the only important things in life are to have a plate on the table, clothes on your back, and a roof over your head." That said, I ran out and bought a Toyota 4Runner SUV, a badass mountain bike, and a cool snowboard—you know, doing my best to wreck the environment.

You don't seem like a real cut-doesry-type guy.

I'm more of a big-city guy, but I wanted to get off my lazy ass and take advantage of the great weather in California, since I live here now. Of course I dislocated my shoulder on the first day of snowboarding season. I put my arm down to turn through some trees, and it just caught in the snow—emergency room, morphine injections, the whole deal. It's all about the morphine. And this is my second dislocated shoulder, after falling on some stairs a few years ago. I go to therapy three times a week, but it still pops out. The other day I was just waving to somebody from my car window and—pop!

Your disability doesn't seem to have hurt your rep as a sexual conquistador around town.

Where do you hear this? I'm floored. I don't think of myself as a ladies' man, so I always go with the attitude of "Make 'em laugh." Just because you have fun with a woman doesn't mean the sex will be the opposite of that. A lot of times they don't expect a goofy guy to also, um, get the job done in the bedroom, so it's even sweeter.

Mena Suvari was in *American Pie*, and now you're both in a new movie, *The Loser*. Did you give her any crap when she got married recently?

I love Mena so much. Sure, he's older than her and they haven't known each other long, but I believe in everyone doing their own thing. *Loser* is good because Mena and I have amazing chemistry on-screen. It's not hard being on the set with Mena Suvari.

Which other actress do you want to conduct chemistry experiments with?

Boy, I'd have to say Julianne Moore. She's one of the most amazing actresses, and just beautiful and sexy. There's something about her. Wow. I definitely dig older women. ☺

Interview by Steven Rebold. Photograph by Davis Factor for ART miX. *The Loser* opens in theaters nationwide July 21.

Milton Berle spontaneously
combusted, and this is all
we were able to save



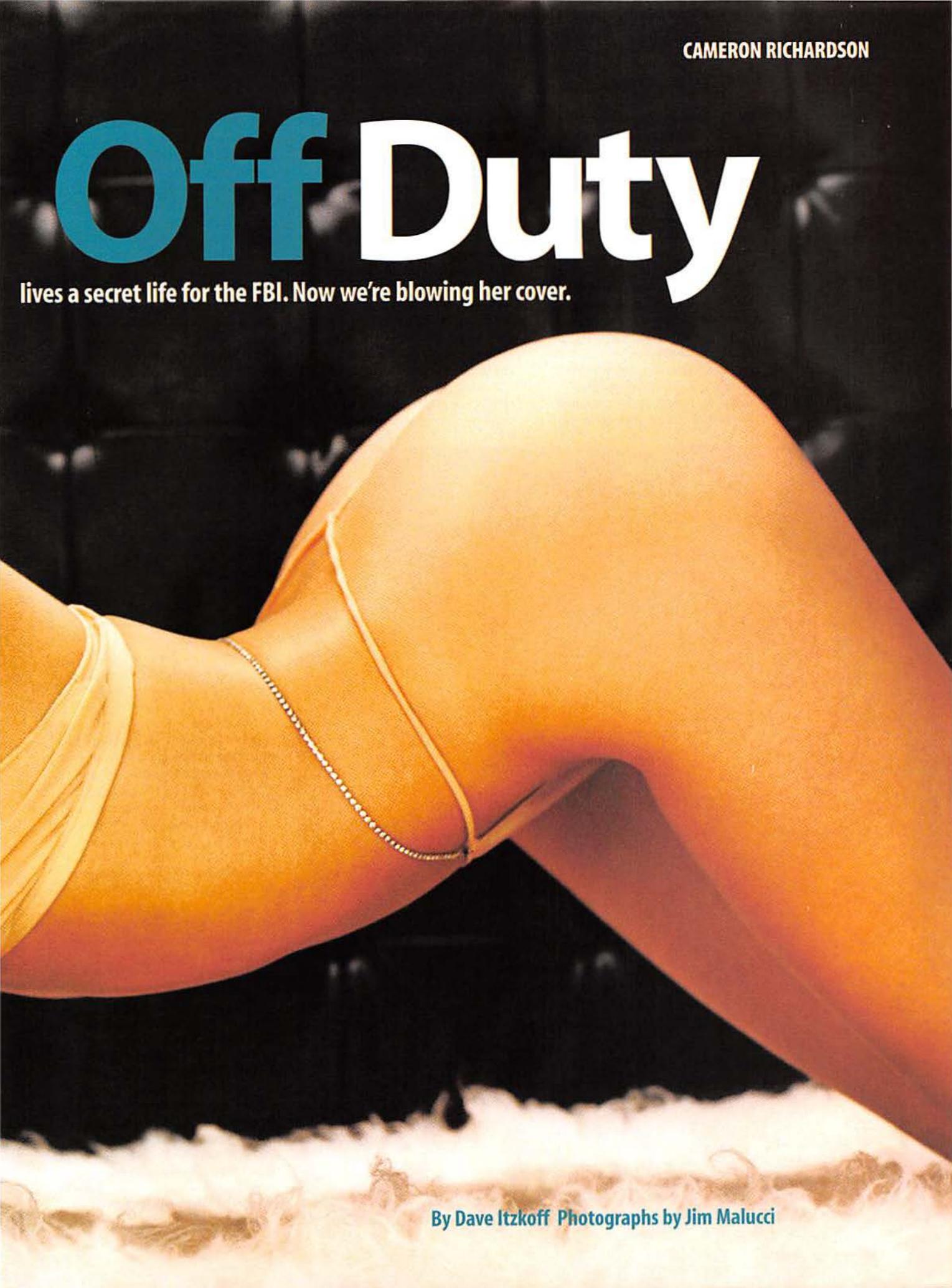


On TV, Cameron Richardson

CAMERON RICHARDSON

Off Duty

lives a secret life for the FBI. Now we're blowing her cover.



By Dave Itzkoff Photographs by Jim Malucci

CAMERON RICHARDSON

Youth can be so cruel. Hard to believe, but there was once a time when certain insensitive people—let's call them children—thought Cameron Richardson was ugly. Long before the stunning 20-year-old star of the USA Network's crime drama series *Cover Me* had a modeling contract or graced the cover of the *Maxim Hot 100*, she was mercilessly teased for her svelte frame and improbably pouty lips. "They used to call me Cam-bones," she says, "because I was so skinny."

We can only guess that there weren't many kids like Cameron sharing her trailer park in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. "I was total trailer trash, babe," she laughs. "I can't remember any real tornadoes, although there

were a couple of times when we had to tie our bicycles to trees to keep them from blowing away." When not dodging natural disasters, she would watch her father, an avid hunter, gut deer. Once she even attempted to duplicate his technique on her stuffed animal collection, or at least on their tags. "I wasn't supposed to touch my dad's knives, and I ended up cutting my whole hand open," she remembers. "I thought I was going to get in trouble, so I hid the knife, but I was bleeding everywhere. Finally my dad was, like, 'Dammit, kiddo, what'd you do?' I had to get stitches and everything."

In second grade Cameron high-tailed it out of Cajun country with her mom, winding up in suburban New

Jersey. By the time she turned 15, she was regularly donning lipstick and platform shoes for glitzy weekend escapades in nearby Manhattan. "I didn't dye my hair purple or anything, but I'd go to clubs and not bother to come back home until Monday," she readily confesses. "My mom would ground me for three months, and then I'd just do it all again. I guess I drove her crazy."

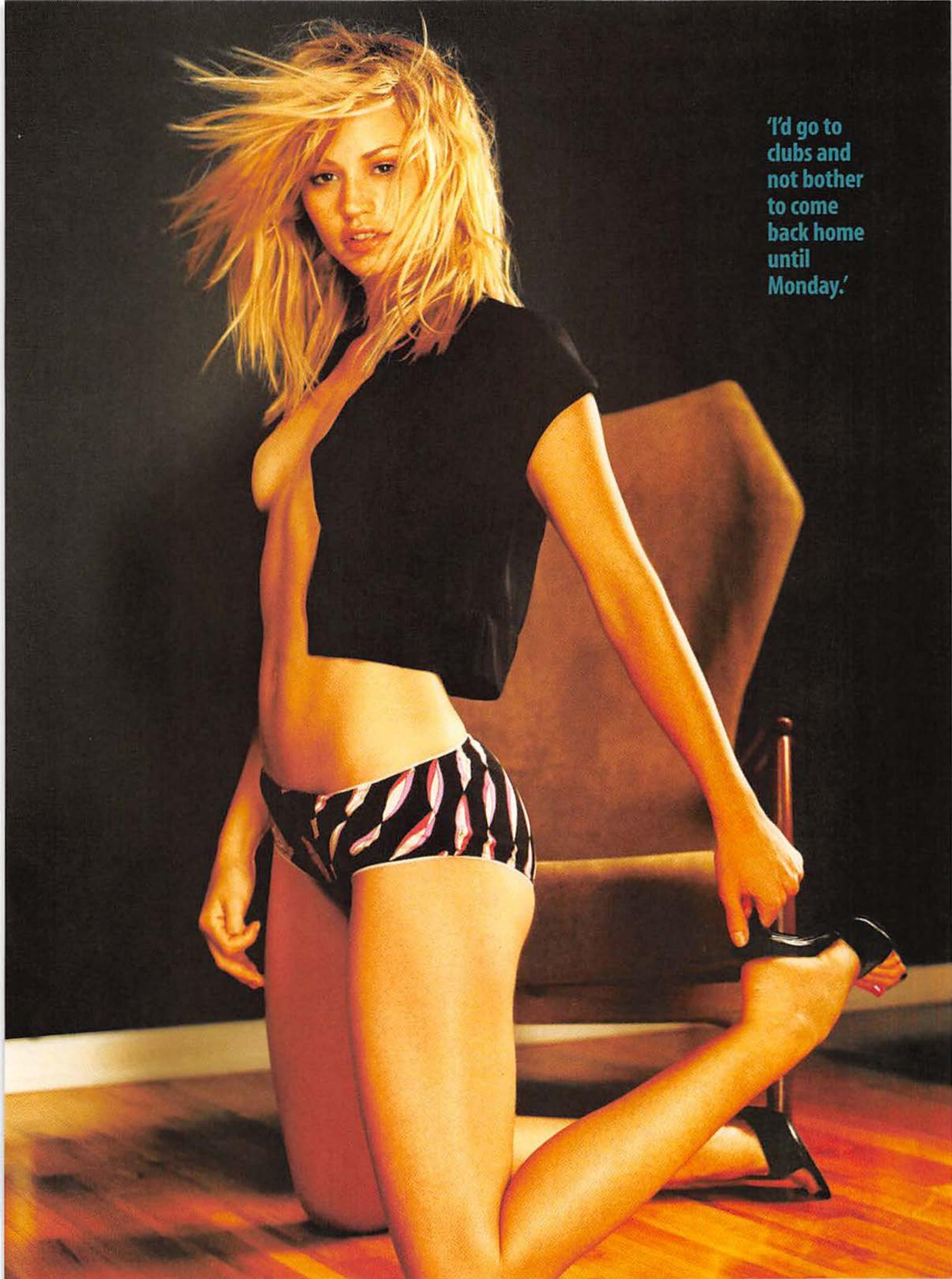
Despite the fact that people she met on the club scene were urging the budding beauty to give modeling a shot, Cameron actually stooped to hiring a prom date. "No one wanted to take me," she insists. "So I got a friend of mine who attended another school to go with me. I paid for the whole thing, including his tux. And then he took someone else to his prom."

Eventually, Cameron did take a shot at modeling, and success came quickly: Campaigns for Kenneth Cole and the Gap were followed by a stint in Japan, where her employers seemed awed by the 5'8" model's unusual looks. "They would talk with my manager in Japanese, and I'd be thinking, *What are they saying?* He'd tell me, 'Oh, they think you're cute.' But I knew they were saying something else, because they'd always laugh. Finally, when my trip was over, my manager hands me this little lighter with a cartoon duck on it. He told me they were saying that I looked like Donald Duck the whole time."

Now she can be seen every Sunday night on *Cover Me: Based on the True Life of an FBI Family*, playing Celeste Arno, the oldest daughter of an undercover agent who enlists his family's help to keep his crime-busting a secret. It's Cameron's first acting gig (which she won with her first-ever audition), so she's relieved the part isn't too much of a departure from her own life. "I feel like the part is tailor-made for me," she says. "Celeste is just like me when I was 16." Does that mean she used to seduce the sons of Mafia kingpins and worry about being felt up by dates because they were searching for a wire? "OK," she admits. "So it's a bit of a stretch."

While she's still adjusting to a medium that requires her to keep her clothes on, Cameron isn't ashamed of the modeling efforts that first got her exposure. "I can be shy, but I'm not shy with my body," she explains. "Everyone is naked under their clothes—so what? They're just titties. I think a woman's body is beautiful, so why not share it? Still, I don't see myself as this sex object. I'm just a regular girl who likes to go snowboarding and picks her nose like anybody else. I just like to dive into things and take risks." ■





'I'd go to clubs and not bother to come back home until Monday.'



**'I can be shy,
but I'm not shy
with my body.
Everyone's
naked under
their clothes.'**



Five Letters

One Meaning

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Lights Box, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Box, 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. For more product information, visit our website at www.brownandwilliamson.com

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

CAMERON RICHARDSON

'I'm just a regular girl who likes to go snowboarding and picks her nose.'





Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

In 1871, Lucky discovered the secret to making a great-tasting cigarette.

"IT'S TOASTED"

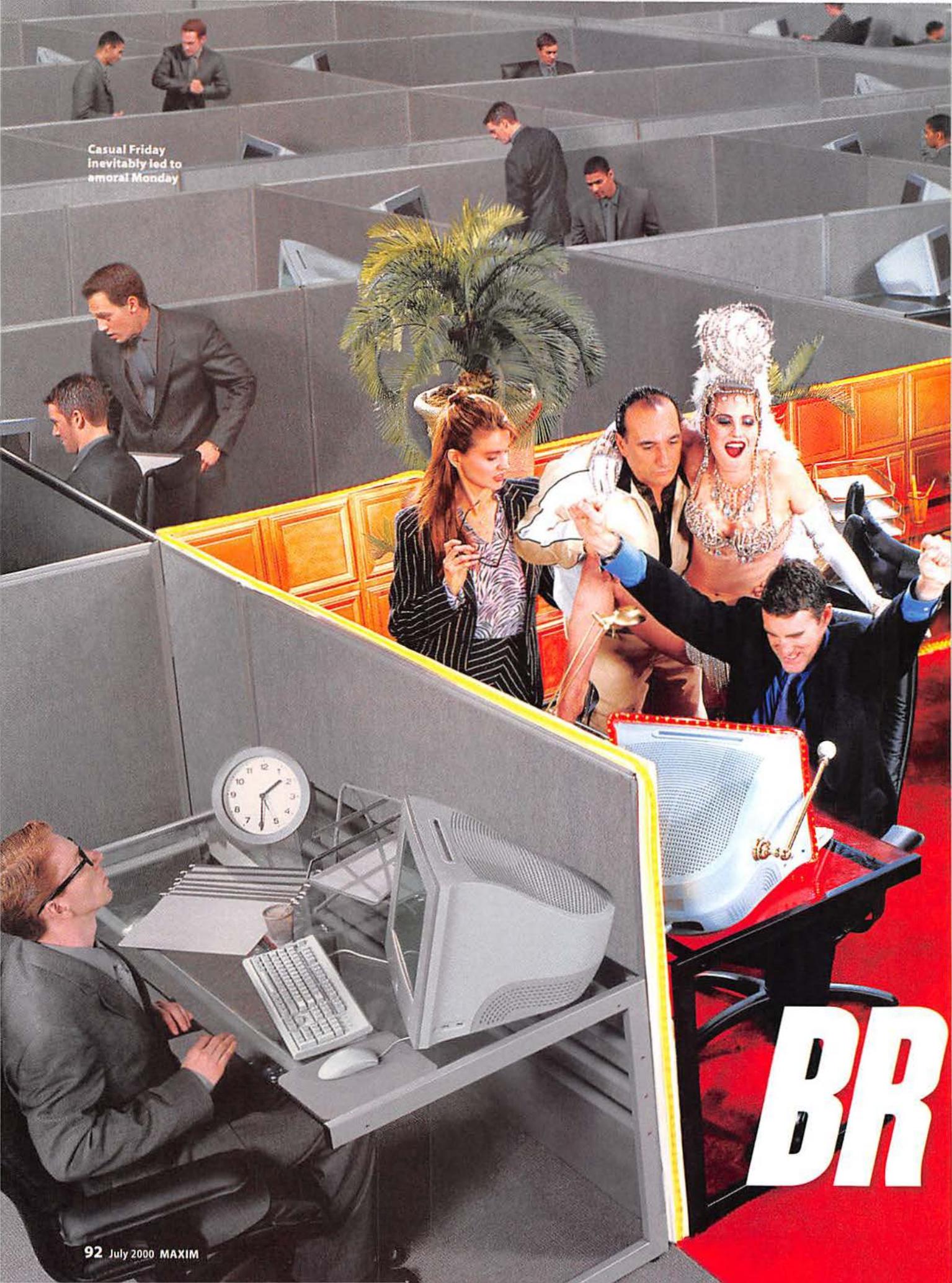


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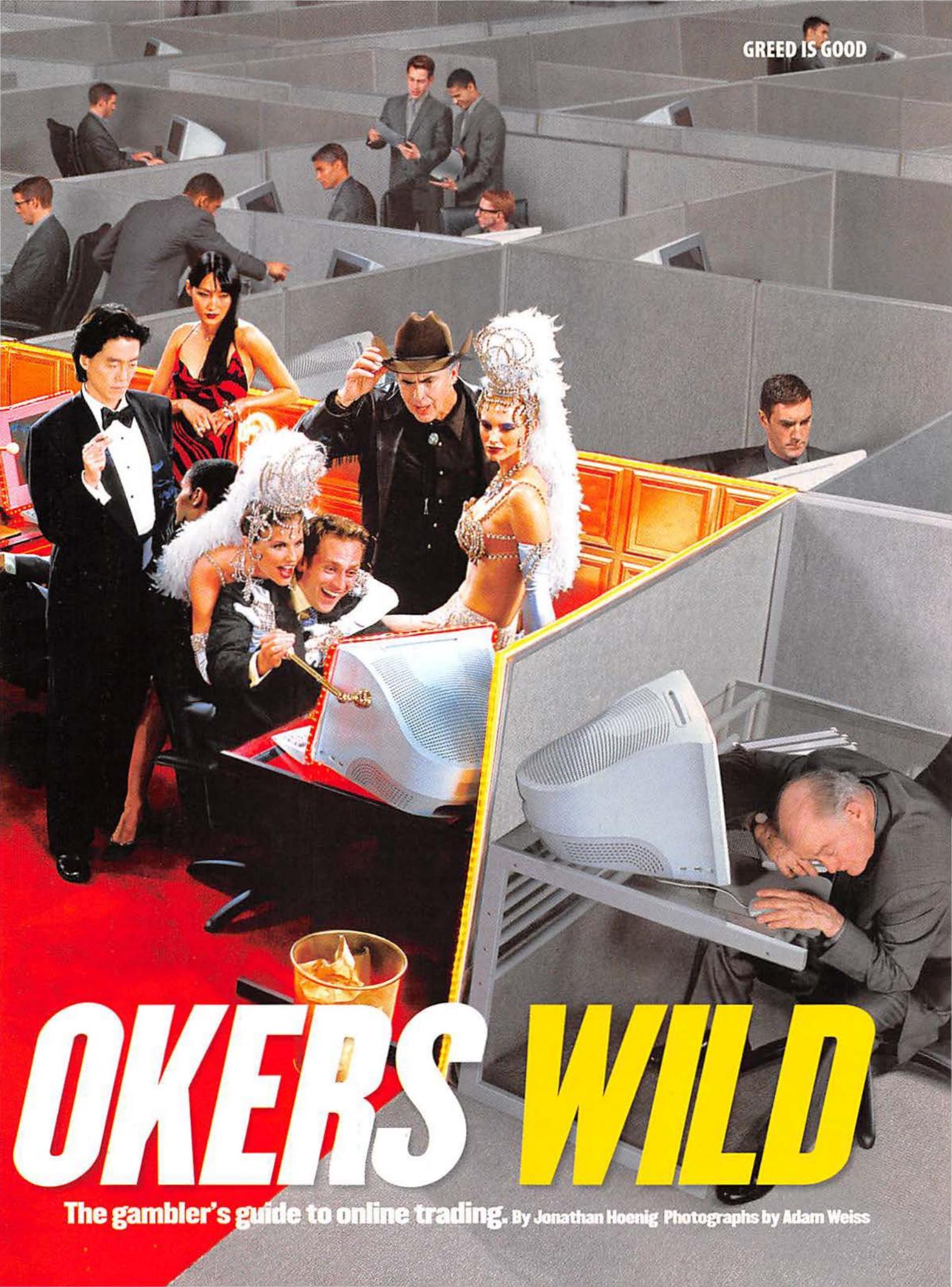
Lights Box, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Box, 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. For more product information, visit our website at www.brownandwilliamson.com

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Casual Friday
inevitably led to
a moral Monday



GREED IS GOOD



OKERS WILD

The gambler's guide to online trading. By Jonathan Hoenig Photographs by Adam Weiss

Now if we had our way, scantily clad nymphets in togas would greet traders at the doors of the New York Stock Exchange. Out on the trading floor, SEC officials would hand out free vodka-and-tonics, while off in a dark wing beneath an electronic ticker, a rhinestoned Tony Bennett would croon to all the lucky stiffs who sold Qualcomm at 200.

After all, more and more of the 10 million Americans who now use the Internet and online brokerages to build their nest eggs are also taking a bit of play money out of their paychecks and using e-trading to bring Vegas (babyl) straight onto their computer screens.

"The only substantive difference between online trading and gambling is that when you're losing a fortune on the Web, you don't have a hottie in a low-cut dress egg you on...but I think some of the trading sites are working on that," says Andy Borowitz, author of *The Trillionaire Next Door* (HarperCollins).

With a modem, some guts, and a willingness to lose a few bills in the pursuit of fun, playing the market can be as enjoyable as shooting craps. Best of all, with some know-how you can actually beat the house odds. To help you get into the game, we've asked some market wizards—the Wall Street equivalent of cardsharks—to lay out the basics.

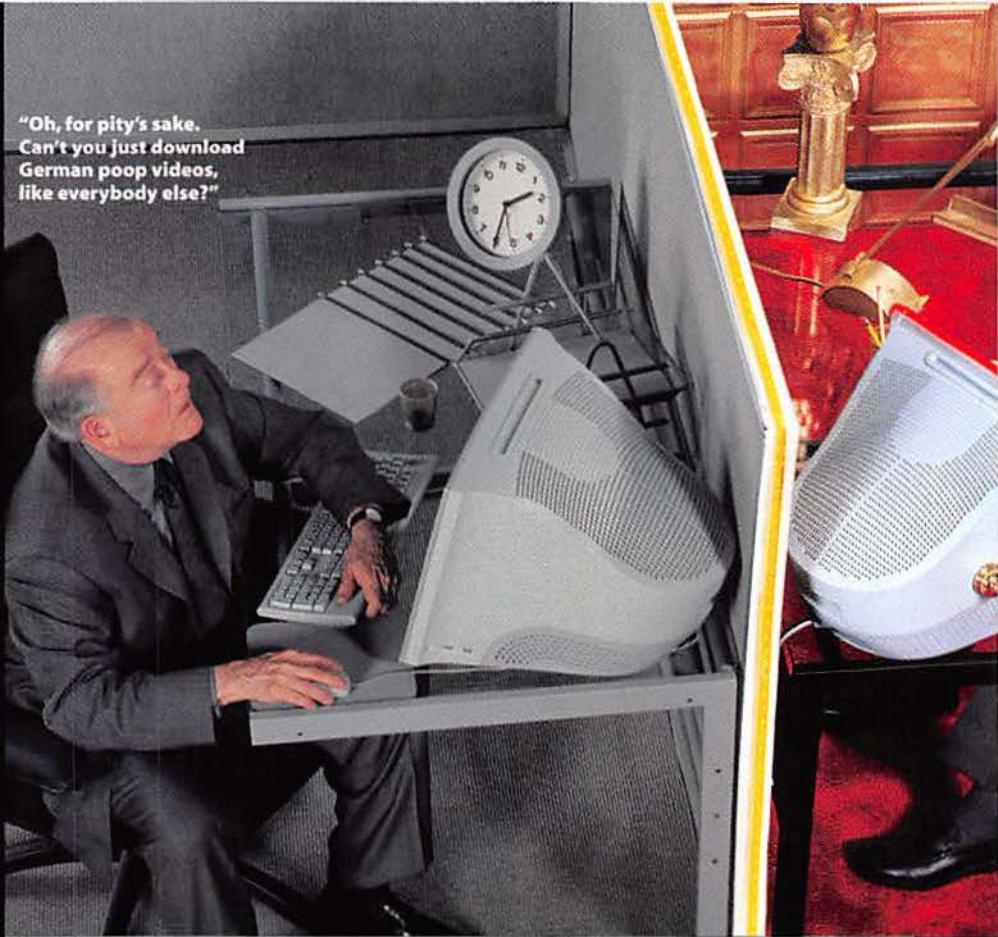
Use the right crib sheets

Brokerages fall over themselves to give customers research reports from the influential, high-rolling investment banks of the world. They offer these services because the more research they equip you with, the more likely you are to pull the trigger, netting them a commission and putting your precious chips on the line. But here's the dirty little secret you won't see on *Moneyline*: When it comes to mastering the market, none of that crap really matters. Most of what Wall Street calls research has already been factored into a stock's current price.

"Research is good for helping develop a pool of stocks to trade," says Bill Noble, chief strategist at MarketHistory.com. "But from there it's

Jonathan Hoenig is portfolio manager at Capitalist Pig, a Chicago hedge fund, and the author of *Greed Is Good* (HarperCollins).

"Oh, for pity's sake.
Can't you just download
German poop videos,
like everybody else?"



PICK A GOOD CASINO

There are more than 150 e-brokerages where you can trade stocks. The best ones save you bread by executing your trades quickly while charging low fees. You'll also want a dot-com that offers real-time quotes and tutorials. To get an idea of which brokerages rank the highest according to industry standards, log on to

www.investorguide.com. The site lists the top 14 operations, along with links to more detailed breakdowns of who's the fastest, cheapest, and friendliest. Don't spend weeks shopping around; just pick a casino that's fast and doesn't ask for your left testicle as a deposit and your right one as a commission.

Wait for the right price, buy, and let it ride.

all about timing and technical analysis." Put another way: Research is past history and ultimately has no real-time bearing on the next 20 minutes of a stock's life. So don't let a trade become an investment because some stale book report rates it a buy.

Beginners should use free sites like www.decisionpoint.com. More advanced players will want to check out www.Cog.com, which offers high rollers a top platform replete with trading toys that will make their nipples hard.

through the roof? An excellent indicator is an issue's 200-day moving average—the stock's average trading price over 200 days—which can be found on many free charting services, including Yahoo! It's not as accurate as your average idiot-savant brother, but when a stock ticks above its 200-day'er, it's a good bet it's on a major streak. Wait for the right price, buy, then let it ride.

Know when to hold 'em

If a trade's going your way and future indications look good, don't be in a rush to ring the cash register. For example, you could have bought Microsoft in December 1997 for 20 a share and sold it a year later for 40. "Not a bad trade, eh?" you might've boasted to the guys at the office, but a year after that, the office schlubs would have dined on your ego—at your early-retirement party—when Microsoft was at 120.

Come up with a plan and stick to it. If you decide to buy at 17 and sell at 60, don't chicken out at 40 or get greedy and let it ride past 60. To stay disciplined, consider setting a stop



Woo-woo! Siegfried & Roy tickets for everybody!



TUESDAYS 5:15P 5:45P 50¢ 90.2322 3¢ 934C

Few would ever know his pain



SHOPTALK

Maybe you don't trade like the pros, but here's some lingo to help you talk like a genuine Wall Street scumbag.

■ **Bottom fishing** Picking up a stock on the cheap after its price has been hammered by a particularly bad sell-off. Danger: There may be a very good reason everyone dumped the stock.

■ **DD** Short for "due diligence," or the research you need to do on a company before you buy or sell its stock. Do your DD on Cisco and join the proud 1 percent of stockholders who actually know what the company does—um, whatever the hell that is.

■ **Buck** A dollar to us average folks but a million in Wall Street jargon. Don't worry: Those little suspender-wearing butt nuggets will burn in hell for all eternity.

■ **Puke** Bite the bullet and sell off a losing position, even if the loss is substantial. As the saying goes, "When in doubt, puke it out."

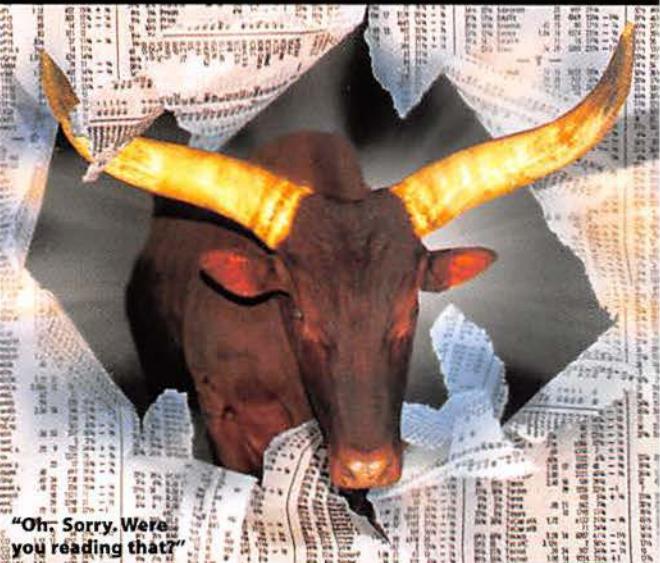
■ **Back up the truck** When a huge buyer comes in to scoop up large quantities of a stock. If you own the stock in question, it's time to search for money-grubbing Russian blondes.

■ **Punch the register** To take profits on a winning position by selling the stock. Not only does this pay the rent, it also boosts your ego, which is probably being dragged down by the rest of your life.

■ **Sleeping beauty** A company that has not yet been targeted for a takeover but has all the qualities needed to attract a raider: large amounts of cash or undervalued assets. Kinda like a hot chick in a bar with her third beer in one hand and Daddy's platinum card in the other.

■ **Teenie** One 16th of a dollar, the smallest unit by which a stock will be quoted: as in "95 and a teenie," which translates into 95 1/16.

■ **Woody** When the market has a strong and quick upward movement. Too bad most brokers are too whacked out on coke to experience the same.



order: an order to buy or sell at the market price once the security has traded at or through a certain price you pick. Just place the order, then let the market bring it to fruition.

Know when to fold 'em

You'll want to focus on cutting off your losing trades while letting your winners run. If the market's hot but your security takes a dive and stays there, odds are you picked a lemon. Don't let what's left of your dough rot on the vine; sell it and move on. As Gordon Gekko would say, "You win a few, you lose a few, but you keep on fighting."

Sucker's bets

If you liked the deal you got on a stock when it was at 20, you'll love it at 10, right? No way. Winning trades are usually winners from the start, so when you're wrong, don't chase a loser.

Section your stash

Just as you wouldn't stake all your chips on one hand, don't bet your entire stash on a single stock. Money management is key. For example, if you're starting with \$5,000, risk no more than \$500 a trade. It's like playing at a bunch of two-dollar tables as opposed to one with a \$20 minimum. At the end of the night, you won't be eligible for the *Rain Man* suite, but at least you'll prolong your

play since it's unlikely you'll be wrong 10 times in a row. But if you are, close the E*Trade account and get a drug habit. You'll save money.

Watch the insiders

Before a company's top brass can buy or sell stock, they're required to register their transactions with the SEC. The stay-at-home Soroses can check out these moves at [Insiderscores.com](http://www.insiderscores.com).

If senior managers are dumping a company's stock en masse, you'll probably want to pass on its purchase or sell if you own it. But if a bow-wow security is showing heavy insider buying, this may be a sign that its flea-ridden days are behind it, as insiders tend to load up on stock just before positive news pops the price.

It's also a good idea to watch the "outsiders"—the newsgroup junkies with no company affiliation who post their often delusional predictions on major financial message-board sites like www.SiliconInvestor.com to establish the vox populi. Outsider sentiment is a contrary indicator, so don't confuse board postings with real research.

Follow the big dogs

When a mutual fund or large institutional player makes a move—merger, buyout, IPO, whatever—you wanna know about it. That's why savvy stock jocks monitor SEC filings through sources like Edgar.com. Of particular interest is the SC 13D/G, an obscure-sounding filing that indicates if an individual or institution has acquired more than 5 percent of any particular stock. If the big money is moving into a stock, you'll want to get in on the momentum. Edgar.com has delayed reports for free; real-time updates will cost you.

Play the dead-cat bounce

When a company fails to meet earning projections, its stock can get pounded, often falling 20 to 30 percent in one day. Ironically, this can be the best time to step in and roll the dice, as nervous investors (a.k.a. pussies) have a tendency to overreact to short-term news.

A good example is Lucent Technology, which got seriously nailed in early January on an earnings shortfall. The stock dove to 50 from 73 in one day—a massive move, especially considering the company's blue chip status among institutional investors.

Needless to say, this was an overreaction, and LU bounced back substantially in subsequent weeks. ▶



Somewhere a stripper is crying



Two WISER
\$0.2522 GREED IS GOOD

OK, enough with the freakin' game shows



(or other security) for a specific price (the strike price) on or before a specified date (the expiration). A buy option is known as a call option; a sell option is known as a put option.

Let's say that in June, AOL is trading at \$70 a share and looks strong. You think it'll be at \$80 by August 1 and want to buy 100 shares, but—alas, sucker—you don't have seven freakin' grand, only \$200. But for \$200 you can buy a call option for 100 shares of AOL at \$70 a share on or before August 1. Come August, if AOL is indeed at \$80 (or higher), you can exercise that option, simultaneously buying those 100 shares for \$70 each and selling them for \$80 apiece, netting \$800.

You can make money on the downside as well, with put options, where basically you're hoping AOL tanks by August 1. The catch: When the expiration rolls around, if you haven't hit your mark, your option becomes worthless.

The best part is that the option itself can be sold for profit anytime before its expiration, because if AOL stock rises, so does the value of the option. By July 20, say, when AOL is at \$75, you can sell the option for \$400, making yourself a swift two Franklins.

Still confused? *Getting Started in Options* (John Wiley & Sons) is a terrific place to learn more, as is the Chicago Board Options Exchange Web site (www.cboe.com).

Good luck. We'll see ya on easy street. 

"God, I regret writing that song."

BEAT THE IPO

Brokerages offer their most important (richest) clients shares in IPOs (initial public offerings) before companies go public, but for those of us who don't frequent the Kennedy compound, these often volatile issues should be traded with extreme caution. Sure, the IPO may "price" at \$17, but the first trade (and your first opportunity to get in) can often be at three or four times that figure.

The women's Web site iVillage, for example, went public in March at \$24 a share. Its first trade was at 95 and it eventually hit 130, but the stock has since sunk to the teens.

If you want in on an IPO, wait for the inevitable pullback that occurs once the initial hype has worn off before buying. Once you've bought in, monitor all the action at www.ipolockup.com. If insiders start selling, so should you.

Start at the cheap table

You'll find that low-priced (\$2-\$10) stocks generally offer the most bang for your buck. For example, with \$1,000 you can buy 10 shares of a \$100 stock. The stock will have to move a big \$20 before you can grab a \$200 profit. But \$1000 will buy you 500 shares of a two-dollar "penny stock," which only needs to move 40¢ higher for the same gain. Penny stocks are among the most speculative. Stocks going for 60¢ a share trade there for a reason: They're

It's like craps, but with better odds.



(almost) worthless. A lot of penny traders exchange information at www.RagingBull.com.

Know your options

Playing options is like playing baccarat in Monte Carlo—fast-paced, risky, terrifying. You'll either lose big or win big—and if you don't know your shit...game over. Here's how it works: Instead of buying a stock outright for a much lower price (called the premium), you buy the right—or the "option"—to buy or sell that stock

SOMEWHAT USEFUL MOVIE QUOTES

Do you frequently find yourself becoming tongue-tied while in the middle of stressful high-finance transactions? No problem! Just heed the following words of Hollywood wisdom:

Glengarry Glen Ross

Motivation: "My name? Fuck you, that's my name! You know why, mister? Because you drove a Hyundai here tonight, and I drove an \$80,000 BMW."

Enthusiasm: "Only one thing counts in life: Get them to sign on the line that is dotted. You hear me, you fucking faggots?" —Alec Baldwin

Trading Places

Inspiration: "Think big, think positive, never show any sign of weakness, always go for the throat. Buy low and sell high. Fear? That's the other guy's problem." —Dan Aykroyd

Customer service: "Would you like me to prepare more hors d'oeuvres for the guests, sir?"

"Fuck them!" —Denholm Elliott, Eddie Murphy

Wall Street

Salary goals: "You see that building? I bought that building 10 years ago. My first real estate deal. Sold it two years later, made \$800,000 profit. It was better than sex. At the time I thought it was all the money in the world. Now it's a payday."

Time management: "Lunch, you gotta be kidding. Lunch is for wimps." —Michael Douglas

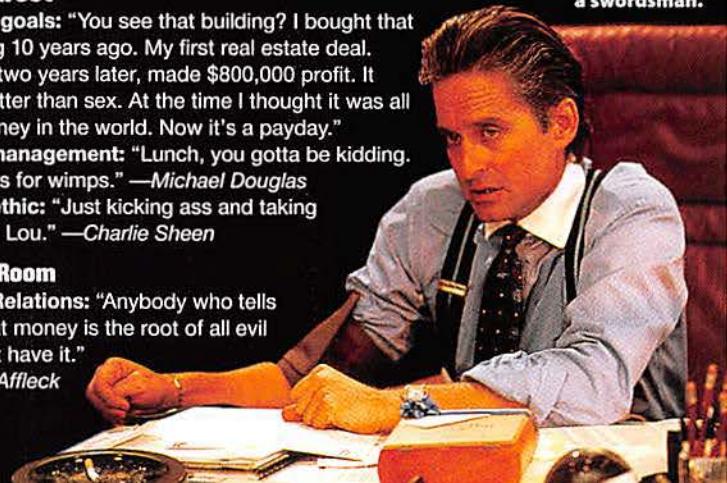
Work ethic: "Just kicking ass and taking names, Lou." —Charlie Sheen

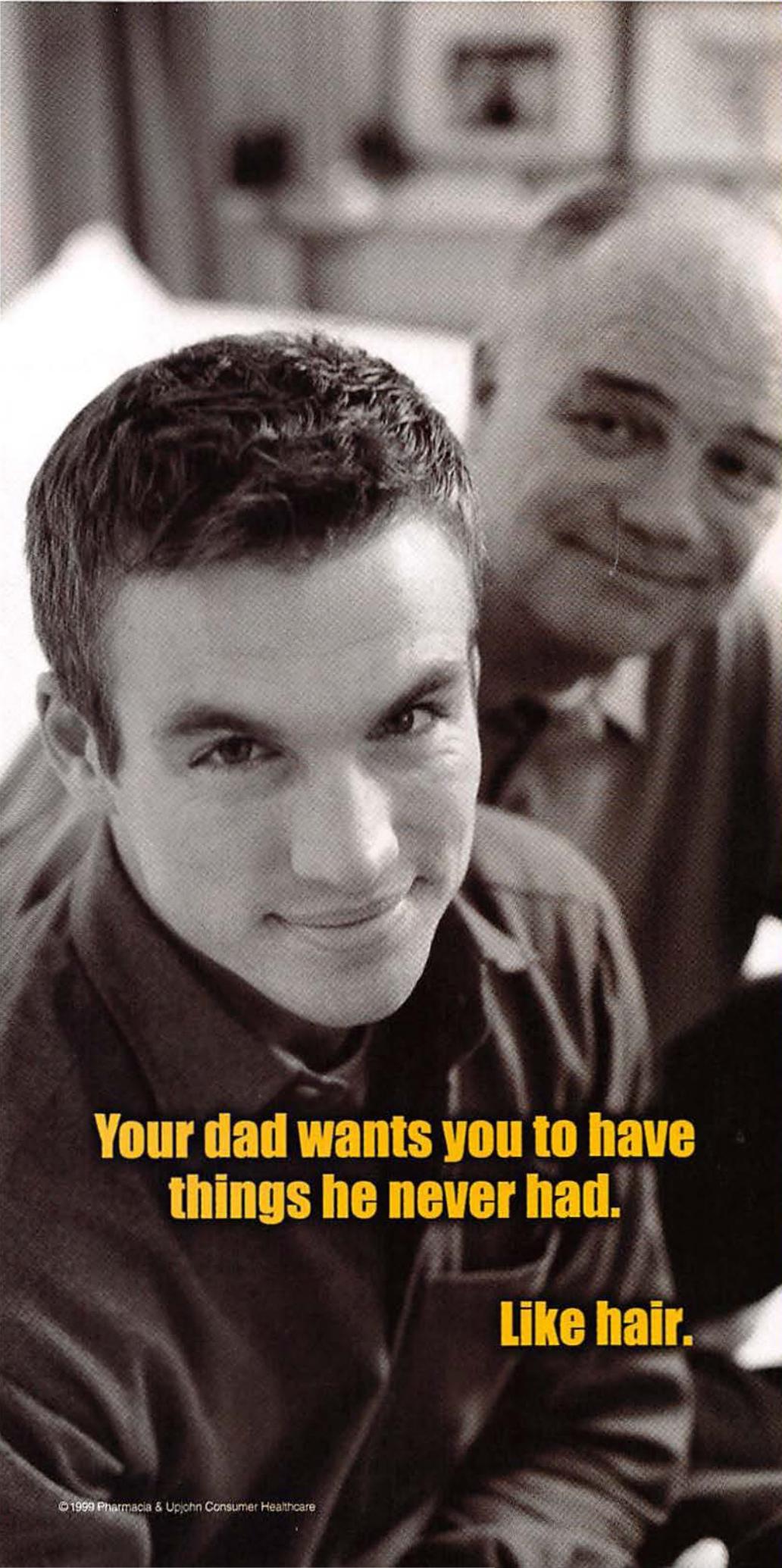
Boiler Room

Work Relations: "Anybody who tells you that money is the root of all evil doesn't have it."

—Ben Affleck

"That De Vito. What a swordsman."





**Your dad wants you to have
things he never had.**

Like hair.

Hair loss runs in the family.

But it doesn't have to.

Look at your father, your uncle,
your brush, then look at the facts.

Rogaine® is clinically proven to
stimulate and reinvigorate hair
follicles to keep your hair growing.

Use Rogaine at the first signs of
fallout, before you look like you
need it, and Rogaine can help you
keep the hair you have.

Not only do you get to keep
the strong jaw, the smiling eyes,
and the interesting nose your dad
gave you, you'll get to keep the
hair that works so well with them.

*Use only as directed. Individual results vary.
Not everyone responds to Rogaine.*



Every guy in your crew has his own wild sex story. Catfish tells of the Turkish Squatting Salad Tosser. Bubba spins yarns about his Death-Defying Bridge Sex Escapade. The Chopper had that crazy girl (she lives in Canada—you wouldn't know her). And you're always ready to regale them with the Tale of the Thai Twins.

So who's the dirtiest dog in your pack? Let's settle this once and for all.

We've compiled a list of risky public places to have sex. They're places everyone has access to (the beach, the office, the Gap), so readers all across the country can play. Simply grab the most adventurous girl you know, have your buddies do the same (we're assuming they'll be different girls, but hey, if that's your thing...), and see which couple can amass the most points. We've included strategies to help you score in each location. Feel free to substitute a particularly enticing landmark in your own community. If you come up with a brilliant innovation, drop us a line (and photographic proof) and perhaps you'll get into *Maxim*.

Remember: It's not whether you win or lose. It's whether you avoid arrest. ▶

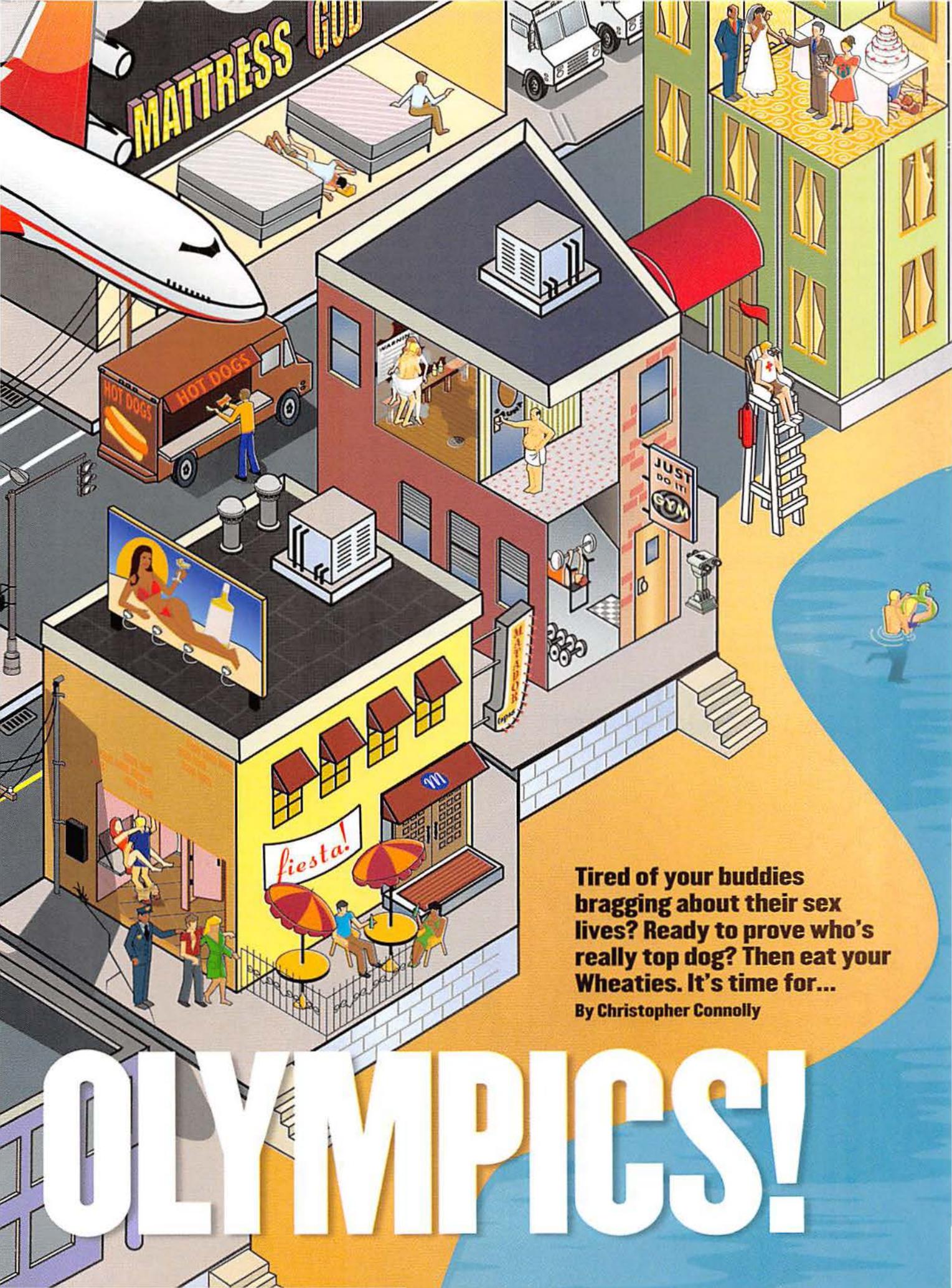
RULES



- You're going to get caught. Accept it.
- Participants agree on five locations. Every couple must have access to every location.
- The prize can be crazy (all losing-team females are forfeited to the winning-team male for a year) or practical (losers pay winning couple's bail).
- You have two weeks to play the game.
- If you arrive at a site and another couple is already there, they have priority. Don't distract that couple or draw attention to them. Instead quietly take their photograph and put it on the Internet.
- In accordance with a recent presidential mandate, oral sex does not count.
- Climax must be achieved. Coitus interruptus is not sex.
- A couple's score doubles if they are apprehended or publicly exposed in a funny way.



THE SEX



**Tired of your buddies
bragging about their sex
lives? Ready to prove who's
really top dog? Then eat your
Wheaties. It's time for...**

By Christopher Connolly

OLYMPICS!

PLAYING AROUND

IN A CLOTHING-STORE CHANGING ROOM—100 points

You will need: an empty shopping bag; enough money to buy those pants if you soil them

As in all these scenarios, prelubricate and don't wear underwear. Find a large store with banks of adjoining fitting booths. The female carries the shopping bag.

To avoid suspicion, you must be perceived as strangers to each other. Shop separately until the agreed-upon signal is given. Proceed to the changing room, secure adjoining booths, and lock the doors. Quickly slide under the barrier and into your woman's booth, stand in the shopping bag, and enter her from behind.

Take your time—this little scam is pretty foolproof. Even if your partner moans too loudly and the changing-room attendant decides to peek under the door, all she'll see is one pair of legs and a shopping bag.

IN YOUR OFFICE—75 points

You will need: an office; a desk; an official work-related document of some kind

Your approach here depends on the size of your apparatus (no—your office). If your office is too small, use your boss' office. Actually, if you can, use your boss.



This is getting grocer



Repeat as needed



Post-op mangoes

Time is of the essence. Synchronize watches and commence maneuvers in a state of readiness.

Slide your woman face-up under the desk until her legs stick out (on the side facing away from the door). Get on top of her under the desk. You should be positioned like a pair of very well-acquainted car mechanics; you are thus hidden from sight by the walls of your cubicle while your lower bodies are left unobstructed.

As a security measure, place some documents on the floor beside the desk. If someone walks in, stand up and say, "I dropped my TPS report." Use the report to cover your genitalia.

We know, we know—it'd better be a big report, right?

Cautionary note: Choose the right partner for the office competition. Do not opt for a "screamer"; this can put you at risk for a common sexthetic injury, "getting fired."

IN A MATTRESS STORE—100 points

You will need: balls like freakin' melons

Do you think the mattress guy doesn't know what you're thinking?

Do you?

If you were the mattress guy, what would you be thinking?

Exactly.

The mattress guy is on the lookout for two things: people ripping those little tags off, and people "testing" the merchandise. He's watching the mattresses like a hawk.

The mattresses.

He's not, however, watching the floor between the mattresses.

Enter the store during off-hours. Browse your way to the back and, when no one's looking, dive between two beds and go at it like a pair of maddened missionaries.

When the mattress man eyes the room, it's a passive sea of Posture-pedic peace. Little does he know that beneath the surface, you're leaving off the last s...for sexy!

AT THE BEACH—75 points

You will need: bathing suits; suntan lotion; Floatties

Give a fake swimming lesson. Walk your woman to the water, whereupon she will display fear. (This shouldn't be too hard to fake, as you're exposing her to the risk of both arrest and shark attack.) Utter consoling phrases in a loud voice so everyone hears.

Find an unpopulated section of ocean about waist-deep and begin the "lesson."

Part one: Floating. She dons the Floatties, which allow her to float on her back while you stand at her side,



cradling her in your arms. She lets her inside arm slip beneath the waves and into your suit. Practice this "stroke" together for a while until you're sure you've overcome any "shrinkage" problems caused by the cold water.

Part two: The crawl. She floats face-down, as if doing the crawl, with her legs scissored around your waist. In this position, your groin is close to that of your pupil. Under cover of the waves, slide her suit aside and enter her. This "interior" support will keep her afloat, and her thrashing motions will simply be interpreted as poor swimming technique.

Encourage your partner with positive remarks like "That's good. You're doing really well" and "Swim, woman! Swim!!!"

People will think you're an enthusiastic instructor.

ON THE WASHING MACHINE—40 points

You will need: extra quarters

This isn't too challenging and the points are paltry, but if you promise to do it, your girlfriend may show greater enthusiasm for some of the more adventurous shenanigans listed in these pages.

You see, women love washing machines. Perhaps it's the April freshness, perhaps it's the sense of order

and cleanliness, or perhaps it's the pressing of their tender regions against an enormous vibrating plate—we'll never really know. Whatever the reason, a washing machine—when used correctly—can be a great addition to your collection of marital aids.

Sit her on top of the machine and get between her legs. Washing machines weren't built with this purpose in mind, so you may need a step-stool. Slip some quarters into the machine and commence the wash cycle. Hold her shoulders firmly but affectionately to keep her upright. This maximizes contact between her and the machine's surface. When things heat up, press down on her hips so she receives the full effect of the washer's vibrations.

That should spin her cycle.

Kinky-sounding laundry tip: Only protein gets out protein.

IN A TAXI—75 points

You will need: a taxi; a short skirt; money

Be brazen. Hail a cab, jump in, and fall back into the seat in a passionate embrace. There are dirtier dogs than you out there, and taxi drivers have seen it all. If the guy behind the wheel doesn't say anything about your behavior right away, he's probably cool with it.

Shout the address, shove a handful of money at him, and slide the little window shut. Psychologically, this allows him to pretend that nothing's happening back there.

Your woman straddles you and undoes your fly. Her skirt conceals what you're really doing. You should look like a couple of crazy kids necking after the senior prom. Make it easy for the driver to ignore what you're doing and he probably will.

Ways to give yourself away include shouting "Tweak my nipple!" and ejaculating through his little coin slot.

IN A RESTAURANT LADIES' ROOM—75 points

You will need: a fake baby; swaddling clothes

Everyone's always having sex in the back booth in restaurants. It's a cliché. The true sextlete prides himself on finding innovative solutions to old problems. The fake-baby ploy takes creativity, guts, and energy. You can't coach hustle.

Bring a baby doll to a not-too-crowded restaurant. Feed it, cuddle it, whisper snookums to it, and stare into



"He insisted on calling me Jacqueline."

PRISONERS OF LOVE

Careless sextletes get pinched.

■ Brit Malcolm Davidson, 27, was charged with lewd behavior after a police officer reportedly spotted him in the act, in a pumpkin patch—with a pumpkin. Officer Brenda Taylor approached Davidson and asked, "Excuse me, sir, but do you realize you're making love to a pumpkin?" The quick-thinking Davidson replied, "A pumpkin? Damn...is it midnight already?"



■ A Swedish man who dropped his undeveloped film off at a local photo shop was arrested when it was discovered that the pictures showed him performing sex acts on two cows. The man confessed after a veterinarian who examined the photos determined that the cows had suffered physical as well as psychological damage.



Grease is the word



"I'll fold. You fluff."



Fare play

■ Ronald Shawn Ryan, 23, of Edmonds, Washington, was found guilty of twice breaking into a funeral home and molesting the remains of four elderly women. "We all agree this is a deplorable situation," said Ryan's lawyer, Richard Tassano; but he argued that at least his client "is not going out and attacking live people."

■ A British couple was charged with public indecency after allegedly refusing to stop having sex on an international flight. Amanda Holt, 37, and David Machin, 40, had been drinking heavily and cuddling underneath a blanket when apparently "passions grew." "A steward saw what they were doing and asked them to stop," explained an airline employee. "They did not stop." Machin and Holt are married—though not to each other. The two were complete strangers prior to the incident.

"What's that banging noise?"



**AT A WEDDING—75 points**

You will need: acting skill; liquor
A wedding is the most important day in many people's lives, so if your approach is fast and furious, people will get furious fast.

The best strategy is to look as if you're the one who's furious. Couples are always having conflicts at other people's weddings, a reality that you can use to your advantage. Stage a fight with your partner. Whisper harshly to one another and glance around nervously and self-consciously. You're nice kids; you'd never allow an unruly public disturbance to ruin an occasion like this.

After an adequate buildup of tensions, the two of you can excuse yourselves to a side room and shut the door. Anyone who asks what's happening will be informed that you're "working something out"—which, in a way, you are.

Alas, he never knew the truth about her and G.I. Joe



your partner's eyes with love and obvious devotion.

You're such loving parents.

In the middle of the meal, "Mom" exclaims loudly, "Oops, someone has a poo-poo!" Then you smile lovingly at each other.

Head to the ladies' room together. While you hold "Junior," have your partner check all the stalls. Once you're sure the room's unoccupied, pull down that little changing table and try for a real baby.

If you hear anyone coming in, have Mom stop her at the door and say, "I'm very sorry; my husband's in here. We're changing the baby together. I didn't think anyone would mind. Could we have a moment?"

"Of course," the woman will answer. "What a supportive father, helping to change the baby. That's a good man you have there."

"Yes, he's quite special."

Quite.

IN A SAUNA—200 points

You will need: a strong heart, Gatorade, a working phone nearby on which to dial 911

Why so many points for this semi-private locale? Because sex in a sauna is not only physically strenuous, it's also really dangerous. Before you attempt this feat of sexual daring, understand the hazards.



"Chuckie? He's my bitch."



Exchange fluids

The intense heat dilates your capillaries and depletes your heart, causing hypotension (decreased blood pressure). The loss of sodium through sweating can lead to muscle cramps and heat sickness, and you risk dehydration. It's also really, really hot. These effects are beneficial over short periods, but prolonged exposure should be avoided.

That's just sitting in there. If you want the points, you have to engage in some truly hot sex.

Here's how to survive:

First, both of you need to agree to listen to your bodies: If they're telling you to quit, quit. You don't want to pass out on a bed of hot rocks. Especially not naked.

Hydrate before, during, and after your attempt. Drink beverages that are

high in glucose (a carbohydrate) and sodium to replenish what you lose in the sauna; sports drinks are probably your best bet.

Don't lie down, because when you stand up again, the blood rushing into the already swollen veins in your head may cause you to faint. The best position is sitting, with her astride you. Hold her upright at arm's length, to minimize the rather gross sensation of two sweaty bellies rubbing together.

Hot dry air is bad for the respiratory system. Splash water on the walls of the sauna to make the atmosphere more pleasant.

Given its dangers, this might be the perfect way to eliminate unwanted competition. "Oh, yeah, that event's totally safe," you encourage your opponent. "It's just a little warm." ■

YOUR SCORE AND WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT YOU

625-351 You're Hercules, Casanova, and the Spy from Stratego combined. You could probably make love to the *Mona Lisa* at high noon without getting caught. We're afraid of you, and we want you to stay away from our dog.

350-151 You're the proud possessor of a healthy sex drive and an intriguing sense of adventure. You're also starting to reflect on what you did and maybe feeling a little skeeved. Have a drink.

150-51 We'll blame your low score on her. We know you did.

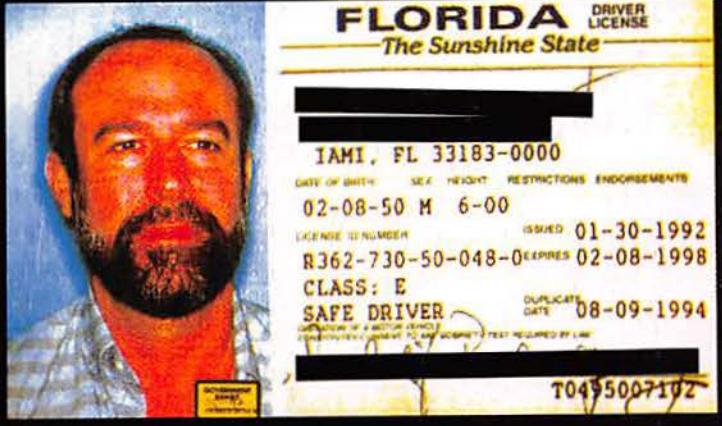
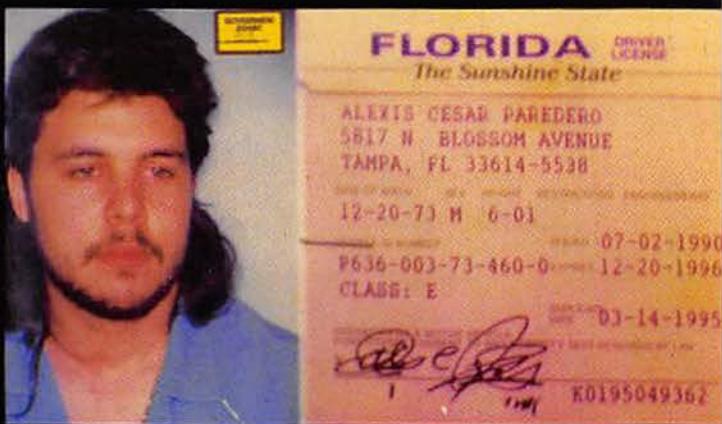
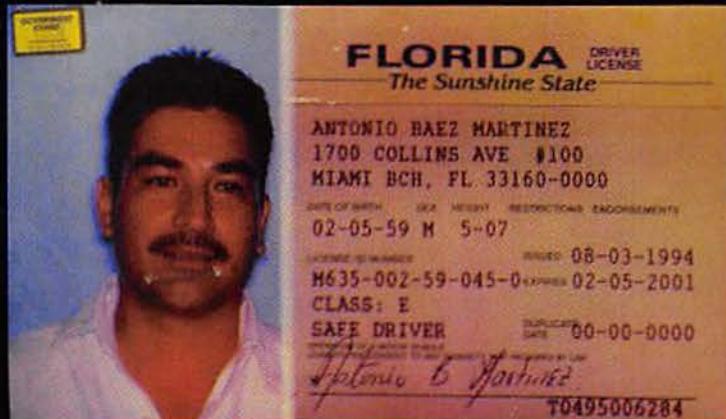
50-0 So you're not as adventurous as your friends; so what? You probably make more money, hold down a job, and can bend over for the soap without worrying about a cellmate named Dice. There are all kinds of winners in this life.



**What guy doesn't like a little extra
now and then?**

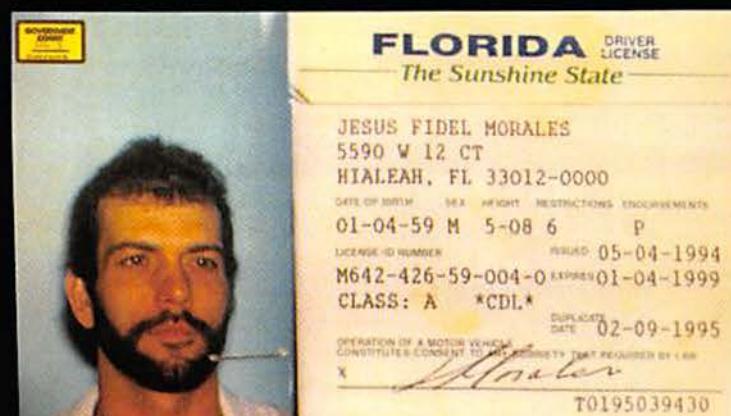
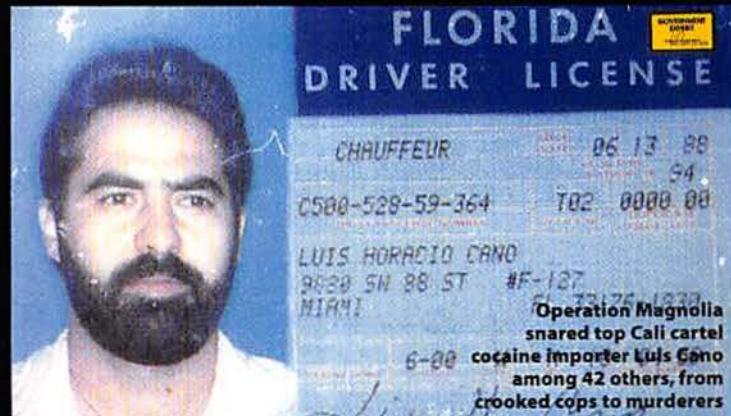
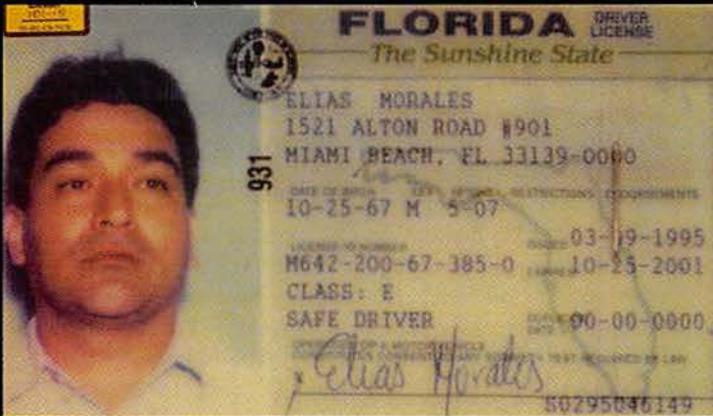
Introducing the newest member of the Tequila Family. Without the added sweetness or lime, its extra bold Tequila taste is anything but ordinary. It's Extra-ordinary.

RED BLOOD, WHITE POWDER



DRUGFELLAS

A bulldog DEA agent. Two Cuban-born brothers deep in the big-time cocaine trade. An undercover sting operation that kept going and going. Just how many people would Operation Magnolia take down? By Gil Reavill



By the time Roberto "Kiko" Rodríguez drove past his partner Johnny Boy's house just outside Detroit that fall afternoon in 1996, the yellow crime-scene ribbon already fluttered around the yard. A police photographer's flash went off as he passed, and Kiko saw Johnny Boy sprawled dead in the front yard, dark scarlet all over his head and back.

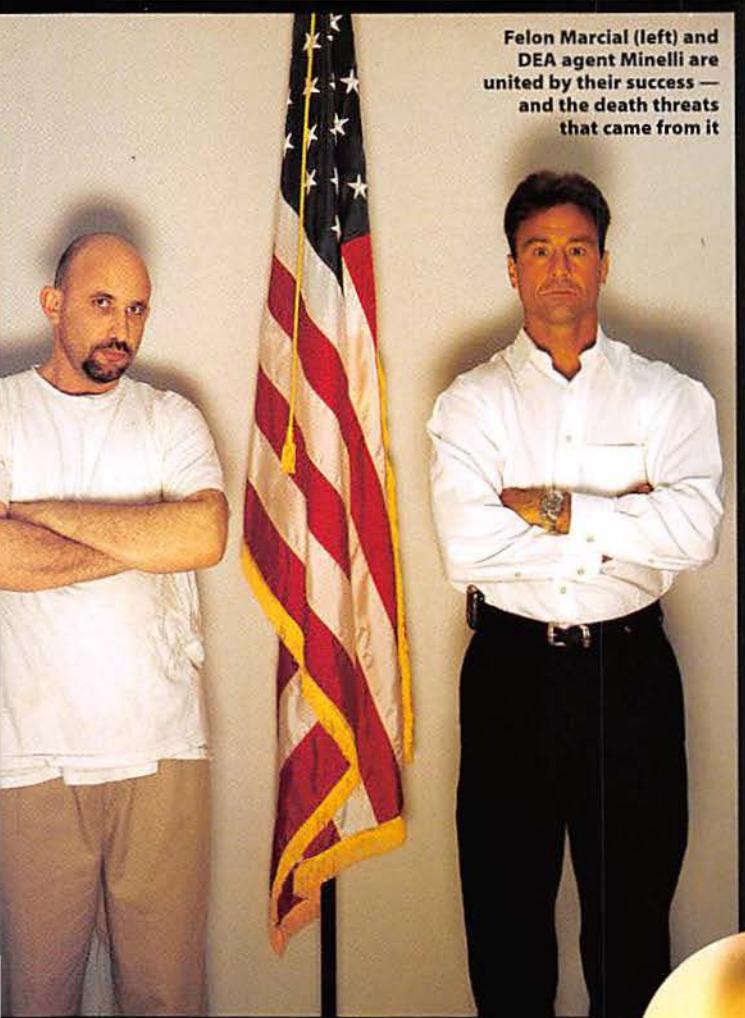
The picture window of the house was shot out. Kiko heard later that the killers sent a bullet toward Johnny Boy's mother, wounding her as she rushed to the window just in time to see her son slaughtered.

The thing was, it should have been Kiko himself. Mark Sanders, a violent half-ally, half-competitor of his in the Detroit

wholesale cocaine market, had told him to be at Johnny Boy's without fail at 4 o'clock. Sanders repeated the time over and over. After 20 years in the business, Kiko knew what it meant when a dope dealer insisted you be somewhere on time: You were going to get fucked. Kiko promised Sanders he'd make it on the dot, but he showed up at 4:20 instead.

So Kiko saw himself lying there on the front lawn with his brains blown out, and started to think that maybe it was a message. He had worked his way up, starting in the '70s, dealing ounces on his home turf of Los Angeles. Now he was moving hundreds of kilos for Colombia's Cali cartel, putting a half a ton of coke into the 'base pipes of Detroit every month.

He drove to the end of the block, made a U-turn, and cruised slowly past the house again. Then he got the hell out of there. ▶



Felon Marcial (left) and DEA agent Minelli are united by their success — and the death threats that came from it

The game was turning deadly. Problem was, Kiko was in so deep, he couldn't see a way out.

The Bomb goes off

Halfway across the country, in Los Angeles, Kiko's stepbrother, Osvaldo "Ozzie" Marcial, had problems of his own. In the best of times Ozzie's boss, Jorge Hernandez, had only a tenuous grip on reality. Hernandez was known as Bomba, meaning "The Bomb," because he threatened to go off at any time. But ever since the *tumbé*, it seemed as though Bomba was losing it completely.

A *tumbé*, in the drug trade, means a rip-murder: Kill you; steal your stash. A loser named Mario Chanes had tried it on Bomba in Los Angeles in late 1994. Mario had kidnapped Hernandez and taken him to a hotel; he made him eat a gun as he tried to get him to give up 100 kilos. Instead Bomba had talked his way out of it.

For Mario Chanes it was two mistakes: attempting the hit at all, and then not finishing it. Ozzie watched as Bomba plotted



Roberto "Kiko" Rodriguez is a wanted man

his revenge. He'd kill Mario Chanes and, for good measure, also murder his brother, the Florida-based dealer Francisco Chanes. He orchestrated the hits to happen at exactly the same time, one in Miami, one in L.A.

Ozzie was beginning to get the feeling that things were slipping out of control. As Bomba's driver, Ozzie had witnessed him give \$10,000 to a pair of *chollos* and furnish them with automatic weapons he pulled from the trunk of his car.

The hired guns lit up a restaurant parking lot in Paramount, California, in an effort to kill Mario Chanes. They sprayed slugs everywhere and scared the shit out of John Q. Public, but Mario survived. He walks around today with a bullet lodged in his brain.

His brother Francisco, hit in Miami, wasn't so lucky. Ozzie was with Bomba when he got the news. On a beeper, the number 51 looks like the word *sí*, so the dealers always used it as code for "yes." When 51-51-51 showed on Bomba's beeper screen, he went nuts with joy. "He's dead!" Bomba crowed.

Like his stepbrother Kiko, Ozzie saw the writing on the wall. Things were getting crazy. It was time to bail.

The DEA springs a trap

Rodríguez and Marcial needed passage out of the no-exit world of big-time cocaine distributing, a world one normally leaves only by way of the dirt nap. In the spring of 1995, the brothers became ensnared in the web of a man who cajoled them, and finally promised them they could leave the murder and madness behind. The problem was, it wasn't a free pass.

Everybody said the same thing about special agent Mark Minelli of the Drug Enforcement Administration's Miami field office: He was open and personable, a decent guy. But underneath he was a bulldog. Once he got hold of something, he didn't let go. Minelli was 5'8", but he wasn't the kind of man anyone would describe as short.

Besides, he was a lot taller standing on his badge. A DEA agent since graduating college in the mid-'80s, he'd gone on foreign ops into Latin America. Eventually he settled in south Florida, the Great White Way of America's drug theater.

At first the unlikely partnership between the two Cuban-born brothers and the agent didn't come easy. But eventually, they came to work together as one of the most successful teams in drug-enforcement history. Today, five years after they turned against the cartel, Rodríguez and Marcial are serving protected time in separate prisons. In the drug world they are wanted men. Both granted *Maxim* extensive interviews for this article, as did Minelli.

The cases the three men built together, dubbed Operation Magnolia, took years to play out. Among those snagged was a top Dominican importer who every month funneled more than three tons of coke into New York City alone. Notching 43 arrests and raking in more than \$200 million in cash, drugs, and forfeitures, Operation Magnolia stands as the most successful drug operation of the '90s—giving the government at least a small

THE HIT MEN LIT UP A RESTAURANT PARKING LOT, SPRAYING SLUGS AROUND AND SCARING THE SHIT OUT OF JOHN Q. PUBLIC.

RED BLOOD, WHITE POWDER

Because the guy had it all—a beautiful house, brand-new Cadillac, brand-new boat. I wanted his life."

If Kiko had planned to become a coke dealer, he couldn't have been in a better place at a better time.

"At the beginning, the Colombians used to come and look for the Cubans, because the Colombians didn't know how to deal drugs in the United States," Kiko recalls. "They didn't grow up here. We Cubans grew up here, we had friends from school, and we knew exactly how the system worked."

By the time he was in his early 20s, Kiko was moving coke and marijuana, lots of it. One time, a dealer parked a truck packed with pot in the yard of Kiko's home in the upscale Sherman Oaks section of the Valley. "It was a U-haul, the biggest one, full to the tits with bales of pot," Kiko recalls. "They brought it over, and it was fucking summertime. When that sun and heat hit the truck, the whole town smelled like pot."

His solution: He got his crew to buy up huge numbers of pineapples and slice them open to mask the smell. That bought him the time he needed. In a few days all the bales were sold.

Kiko's crowning achievement was a foolproof method of moving blow across the country. He'd pack kilos of cocaine into coolers, wrap the coolers heavily in plastic, and then spray the whole mess with an odor neutralizer he discovered in a pet store, designed to mask the scent of a female dog in heat. The coolers went into locked cargo containers that were shipped via rail cross-country. Kiko never lost an ounce.

"The Santa Fe Railroad is very responsible," he deadpans. "That's why they're in business, right?"

Kiko's father had tried in vain to save his son from his new life, begging him to leave *jayho* alone. On his deathbed, Luis Rodríguez tearfully bound Roberto to two promises: to take care of the family and to leave the dope business.

The son promised. He was ripped on coke at the time. But how could he quit if coke



Some of the toys of drug dealers confiscated during Magnolia

money was how he supported the family?

He had a wrenching moment on a balcony of the Holiday Inn in West Hollywood during a party on New Year's Eve, 1983. Looking out over the lights of L.A., he had a dark thought: *Am I going to jump?*

The next morning he and his wife, Gloria, stopped using the drug he sold. They decided to have a family and, over the next decade, had three sons together.

He quit using, but he didn't quit dealing. At the age of 30, he was the biggest coke vendor in the Valley. He grew dissatisfied with his fleet of

Corvettes and replaced them with Porsches. He paid cash for the cars and splurged for houses, ranch property, jewelry. He supported his extended family of more than 20, including his mom, two brothers, and sister, in high style.

"Family is the most important thing," Kiko says. "We denied ourselves nothing. Anything I thought we needed, I bought."

When his mother remarried after his father's death, Kiko extended his idea of family even further to include his stepfather's son, a tall Havana kid whom Kiko had never met but who needed help getting out of Cuba.

Importing a brother

Kiko paid for all the bribes, all the grease to get Osvaldo Marcial a visa to Noriega's Panama, then eventually to America.

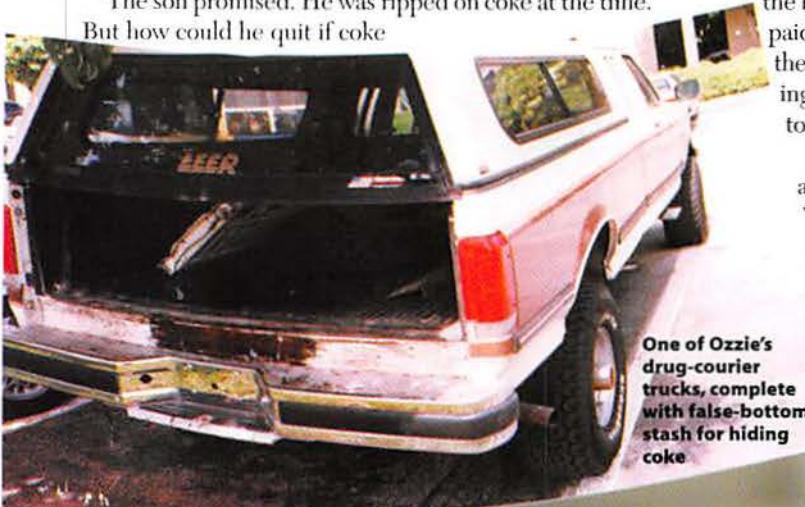
"I never have a Coca-Cola before," Marcial says in his still-imperfect English. "In 20 years I never had a piece of gum in my mouth, I never had an apple, I never saw Madonna before."

At first 20-year-old Ozzie hated America. He hated being at the bottom of the pile. He was humping construction jobs that paid \$80 a week. He begged Kiko to let him "play baseball," the brothers' code term for plying the drug trade. "You're fucking crazy," Kiko would respond. "You don't even know how to drive a car or get around."

Finally Kiko relented and employed Ozzie as a driver on a 600-kilo deal. "I drove all the way from Santa Ana to Apple Valley with the open boxes in the back," Ozzie recalls. "I didn't know much about the danger."

Kiko told him he had done a good job, "and the motherfucker paid me \$4,000!" Ozzie says, still amazed. "I saw those 4,000 dollars the size of the whole room."

Soon Marcial was driving cross-country loads of 200 kilos or more from L.A. to Houston, Detroit, and other parts east. He gained the nickname Hurricane for his delivery speed. With his rudimentary language skills and weak grasp of geography, he stuck to interstates, sleeping and showering in truck stops along the way. ▶



One of Ozzie's drug-courier trucks, complete with false-bottom stash for hiding coke

'IT WAS A RENTED U-HAUL, FILLED TO THE TITS WITH POT. WHEN THE SUN HIT THAT TRUCK, THE WHOLE TOWN SMELLED LIKE DRUGS.'

All New Episodes This August



He may not have
the biggest unit,
but it's certainly
the best.



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Ozzie was often pulled over when he was carrying full loads, including once by Nevada state troopers on the Utah border.

"Whenever I was stopped and they said, 'Can I search your car?' I always said, 'Sure, go ahead. I don't care,'" Ozzie recalls.

With more than 200 kilos of coke concealed in the false-bottom bed of his pickup, Marcial followed the troopers to the local fire station, where they hoisted up the truck and examined it, even having dogs sniff it. The search failed to turn up the drugs.

But it wasn't Ozzie who first felt the law come down on him.

Conversation with a Colombian drug lord

In 1989, three years after he brought Ozzie over from Cuba, Kiko found himself on the phone long-distance to Colombia.

He was being ordered someplace he definitely did not want to go: Anaheim, California, where the Colombians hang out. Crawling with undercover cops.

The voice on the telephone insisted that Kiko meet with a Colombian named Jorge Arango, take him back to the Valley, give him 200 kilos. Kiko said he didn't want to go. "Anaheim is fucking hot," he explained.

"No, you got to go there," Colombia insisted.

Arango didn't know his way around.

Kiko couldn't refuse. The voice on the line was the boss himself, Pablo Escobar, leader of Colombia's multibillion dollar Medellín cocaine cartel.

During the early '80s, Escobar, a former car thief, founded the cartel, and in 1989 he was at the height of his powers. Medellín was huge and brutal, dubbed Los Hampones (the gangsters). Cali, Colombia's other cocaine cartel, was considered more political, less violent—Los Caballeros (the gentlemen). But they're just two heads of the same monster, one wild-haired, the other neatly combed.

Throughout his long career as a distributor, Kiko worked with both. On a few occasions, because of some "misunderstandings," Kiko had had to speak directly to Escobar. "It always turned out in his favor," Kiko recalls. "You could never beat the guy."

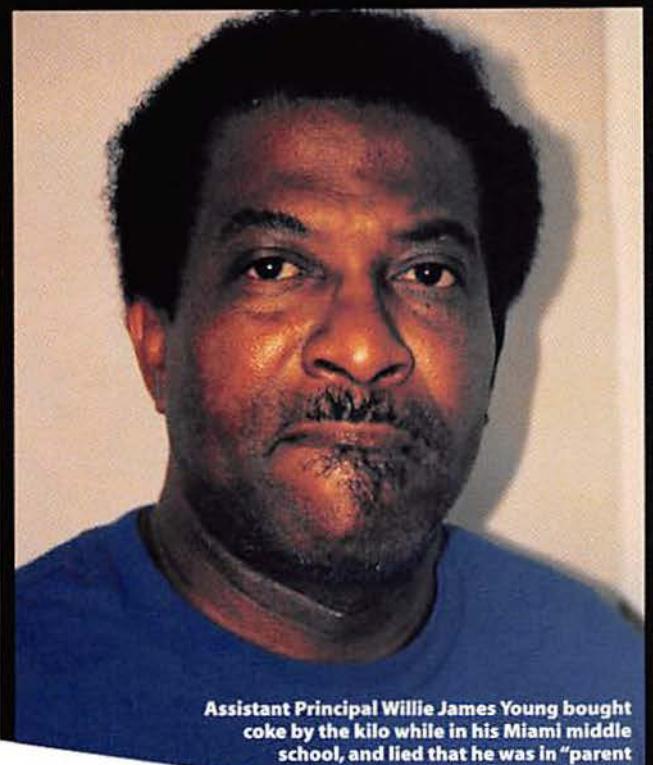
That summer of 1989, Kiko knew he couldn't say no to Escobar. As he drove back from Anaheim to his Valley stash house to pick up his drugs, Jorge Arango was following him.

Following Arango was a 35-car caravan of cops.

A new identity

Roberto Rodríguez was sentenced to 12 years for the Arango bust. While he was out on bond, he skipped the country, ending up in Costa Rica. There Kiko took the drastic step of altering his identity. He paid a Cuban woman \$20,000 to find him a doctor, and bartered a gold Rolex with the surgeon himself. What he wanted was a set of new fingerprints.

The process was searingly painful. As the blade of the surgeon's scalpel sliced into one fingertip after another, blood



Assistant Principal Willie James Young bought coke by the kilo while in his Miami middle school, and lied that he was in "parent conferences" when he was dealing



spurts across the operating room. Cutting two V-shaped patches of skin from each finger, the doctor merely inverted the two patches, giving each finger an entirely new configuration—and a new, Z-shaped scar. "Just like Zorro," Kiko says.

He spent his recovery in the Cuban Club in San Jose, Costa Rica. One day a van pulled up to the club's driveway. Inside was the Cuban woman who had arranged for Kiko's surgery with a weeping man who'd had the same procedure done—only this guy had had all 10 toes altered too.

Kiko would always remember that the first time he saw Jorge "Bomba" Hernandez, the guy was crying. He seemed a little unhinged somehow.

It didn't matter. Bomba had solid Colombian connections, and Kiko had the distribution network. Together they planned a renewed assault on the frontal lobes of the American public.

Kiko and Bomba returned to the states and were soon dispatching Ozzie with loads of 200 kilos for cross-country coke runs. But after only six months, the partnership soured.

"[Bomba] thought he was a Colombian drug lord, like Escobar," Kiko explains. "Every time he'd get pissed at somebody, it was always, 'I'm going to kill this guy! I'm going to kill his mother,' and the motherfucker would. He killed a lot of people. 'You start killing,' I told him, 'you go your way, I go mine.'"

Bomba's mother, Innocenzia, was even more bloodthirsty, says Kiko. At one point she was counseling Kiko to kill Ozzie. ►

THE VOICE ON THE PHONE WAS PABLO ESCOBAR, LEADER OF COLOMBIA'S MULTIBILLION DOLLAR MEDELLÍN COCAINE CARTEL.

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LIGHTS
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Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC
method. Actual deliveries will vary based on how you hold and
smoke your cigarette. For more product information, visit our
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SIGNALS TO KING



TWENTY

CLASS



CIGAR



Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. For more product information, visit our website at www.brownandwilliamson.com

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

RED BLOOD, WHITE POWDER

When the breach came, Ozzie chose Hernandez over the stepbrother who had sponsored his way into the country. "I switched bosses," Ozzie explains simply. The lure, of course, was money. Hernandez paid Ozzie \$30,000 for each drug run, whereas Kiko paid him only \$10,000.

"I felt really betrayed by Osvaldo," Kiko admits.

The two brothers split apart.

Switching sides

On May 9, 1995, Metro-Dade narcotics detectives busted Ozzie and Bomba delivering 30 kilos of cocaine to a Miami Lakes condo. The detectives called in the DEA, and Mark Minelli became the arresting agent in the case. He put out a feeler to Ozzie about cooperating. Ozzie turned him down flat.

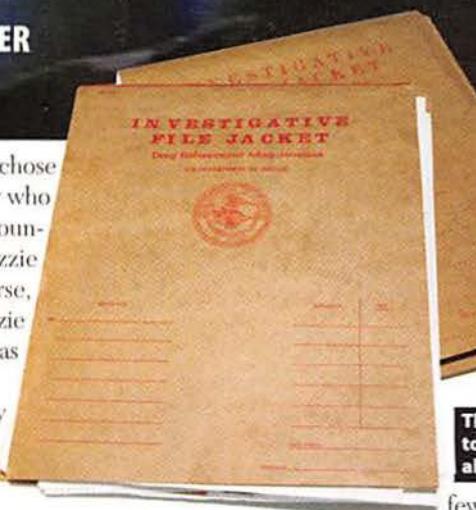
But in jail Ozzie reconsidered. He knew Bomba's secrets. How easy would it be for the crybaby maniac to reach out and have him whacked? Ozzie decided his chances of remaining among the living were better with Minelli than without him. He tried to signal the agent in court. *I want to talk to you*, Ozzie mimed. Minelli thought Ozzie was giving him the finger.

Eventually a meeting between the two was arranged. To win the DEA's trust, Ozzie directed agents to a warehouse in Detroit, where they found 300 pounds of cocaine hidden. The partnership was sealed. Ozzie liked the straight-talking agent. He started thinking about Kiko, still out there in the cold.

He called his stepbrother in Chicago. "Kiko, I got an agent I'm working with," Ozzie told him. "He can help you out."

"I don't want to hear that shit," Kiko told him. He hung up.

Ozzie persisted, and set up an untraceable three-way call with Kiko, himself, and Minelli. When he spoke to the famous drug



runner, Minelli was direct.

"Come to the table with something significant," he told Kiko. "You've got to give me something so I can appease my superiors. You just can't say, 'I surrender, take me.'"

Kiko vacillated. "I want to come in," he told the agent, "but I've got something big going on now."

Over the summer and fall of 1996, they spoke on the phone a few times, the men circling each other warily.

As the new year of 1997 dawned, Minelli insisted it was time. Kiko was staying at a hotel in Miami and Minelli arranged to meet him the next morning in a Cuban restaurant across the street. Kiko felt an enormous sense of relief. "It was like a religious experience," he says. "That night I was free."

The next morning, as the two men greeted each other in the restaurant's parking lot, Minelli recognized Kiko from surveillance. But surprisingly, Kiko picked out Minelli too.

"How'd you know it was me?" Minelli asked. It was his business, Kiko said, to recognize a DEA agent when he saw one.

The two of them embarked on building cases for the next 45 days—all the time the judge would allow before Kiko's ass had to be back in jail. During that period, the two were together 24/7, living out of motels, Minelli in one bed, Kiko in the other, agents everywhere.

They attacked Chicago first, busting top dealers. They then moved on to Michigan, where they snared a group of suburban Detroit cops who had been protecting Kiko's shipments while in uniform, escorting drug couriers in patrol cars. That bust included Cecil Dawson, 49, the deputy chief of



THE STRAIGHT DOPE

How's the U.S. doing with the war on drugs? Well, does Vietnam ring a bell? Judge for yourself:



Heroin use doubled in just two years

Heroin

■ Between 1989 and 1999, the U.S. seized more than 31,000 pounds of heroin. ■ In 1996 there were an estimated 500,000 heroin users in the U.S.; in 1999 that figure rose to 980,000. ■ Currently a kilogram of raw opium

averages \$90 in Pakistan; in the U.S. it sells for \$290,000.

Marijuana

■ Between 1989 and 1999, the U.S. seized 15.8 million pounds of marijuana. ■ Sixty percent of all drug users use marijuana only.

Cocaine

■ Between 1989 and 1999, the federal government seized over 2.8 million pounds of cocaine. ■ An estimated 1.8 million Americans (0.8 percent of the population) aged 12 and older regularly use cocaine; 437,000 of them use crack. ■ In 1981 the price of a 48 percent-pure gram of cocaine had a street price of \$275 in the U.S. In 1997 a 67 percent-pure gram of cocaine had a price of just \$87. ■ Colombian officials seized a record 57 metric tons of coca products in 1998.

However, in 1999 Colombian refiners produced 520 metric tons of cocaine, a 20 percent increase from 1998.

The Bottom Line

■ The nation of Colombia pulls in \$7 billion in drug profits annually, a sum nearly as high as the total profits of all legitimate exports combined. ■ This year the U.S. government will spend over \$17.9 billion, a rate of \$633 a second, to fund the war on drugs. ■ Drug trafficking is a \$400 billion industry, or 8 percent of the world's total trade, more than the combined exports of the auto industry worldwide. —Christopher Silber

Pot remains the U.S. drug of choice



RED BLOOD, WHITE POWDER

Royal Oak township, caught on surveillance videotape demanding more bribe money.

Ozzie's tips were paying off as well. He helped bust a Miami middle school assistant principal who was running 35-kilo coke deals out of his office. Willie James Young laughed to friends that he told students to "Just Say No to Drugs" so he'd have fewer competitors.

Minelli had found a second life for Operation Magnolia. It had become the investigation that wouldn't die.

A blood sacrifice

Kedric Dennard Bell entered Snake Alley in downtown Chicago as a trusting soul. Chicagoans call the wind that blows off Lake Michigan in winter The Hawk, and on that cold January night in 1994, The Hawk knifed through the thin clothes that the 27-year-old Bell had worn in his travels north from his home in Miami.

But it was all going to be simple. He was there to pick up \$300,000 in drug money for a top-level Florida coke vendor named Jorge Hernandez. Strap the bricks of cash to his legs and midsection, fly back to Miami, receive a little tip from Jorge.

The alleyway was dirty and dark. Bell sat in the passenger seat of the Ford truck, next to a driver he knew only as Bam-Bam, a 24-year-old Latin King gangbanger whose real name was Alexis Paredero.

Then suddenly a car screamed up behind the truck, a blue cop light strobing from the dash. "Police," yelled the car's occupants, boiling out into the alley with badges and guns.

"Be cool, be cool," Bam-Bam told Bell. "We ain't holding."

Bam-Bam directed Bell to raise his hands above his head and cooperate when the "cops" approached the car. The trusting soul was still facing the wall when a Latin Kings member named Malcolm Ortiz placed a bullet from a .38 in the back of his skull.

Bell was one of two young black males killed in Chicago that night, just another cold case on the books of Cook County. It took Operation Magnolia to blow it wide open.

Ozzie had mentioned to Minelli that while he was with Bomba, he overheard something about a tumbé that went down in Chicago. Minelli called Cook County homicide and said he was looking at the murder of a young black male on January 2, 1994. Two possibles, came the reply. One was from Miami.

It turned out Bell was a blood sacrifice to Bomba's brother-in-law, a Chicago dope dealer named Fidel Morales. Morales owed Bomba \$300,000. Send up a courier, Morales told him. But he never intended to pay. Instead he hired three gangbangers to do the job. Then he called Bomba in Miami. I just paid off your boy, Morales told him. The money's on its way.

Kedric Bell (above) died execution-style at the hands of Latin Kings gangbanger Malcolm Ortiz (below)



"We convicted four for that murder," Minelli says. "It was one of those dead cases no one ever would have solved."

Magnolia took down the high and mighty, from Luis Cano, an importer at the top of the south Florida coke hierarchy, to Michael Burnbaum, a former U.S. prosecutor with the D.A.'s office in Miami. Dealers were busted in New York, Detroit, L.A., and Chicago, crippling the distribution system of the Cali cartel.

But for Minelli, the best thing about Magnolia was nailing the murderers of Bell.

"Nobody deserves to die in an alley," Minelli says. "This wasn't a robbery gone wrong. This kid was never getting the money. It was an outright execution."

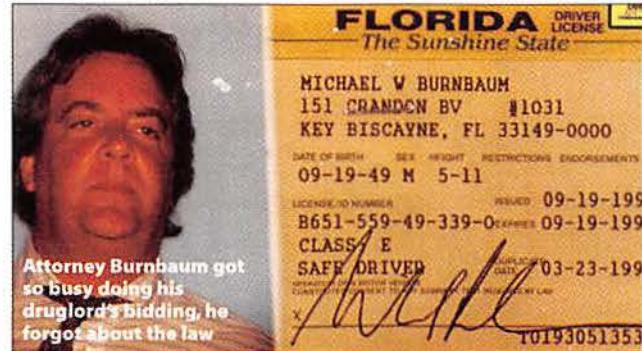
Lives changed forever

Operation Magnolia is finally winding down, but its impact lingers. Both Minelli and Jenna King, the Florida U.S. attorney who prosecuted many of the cases, have had death threats leveled against them by the jailed Jorge "Bomba" Hernandez, among others. Minelli takes a different route home every day after work.

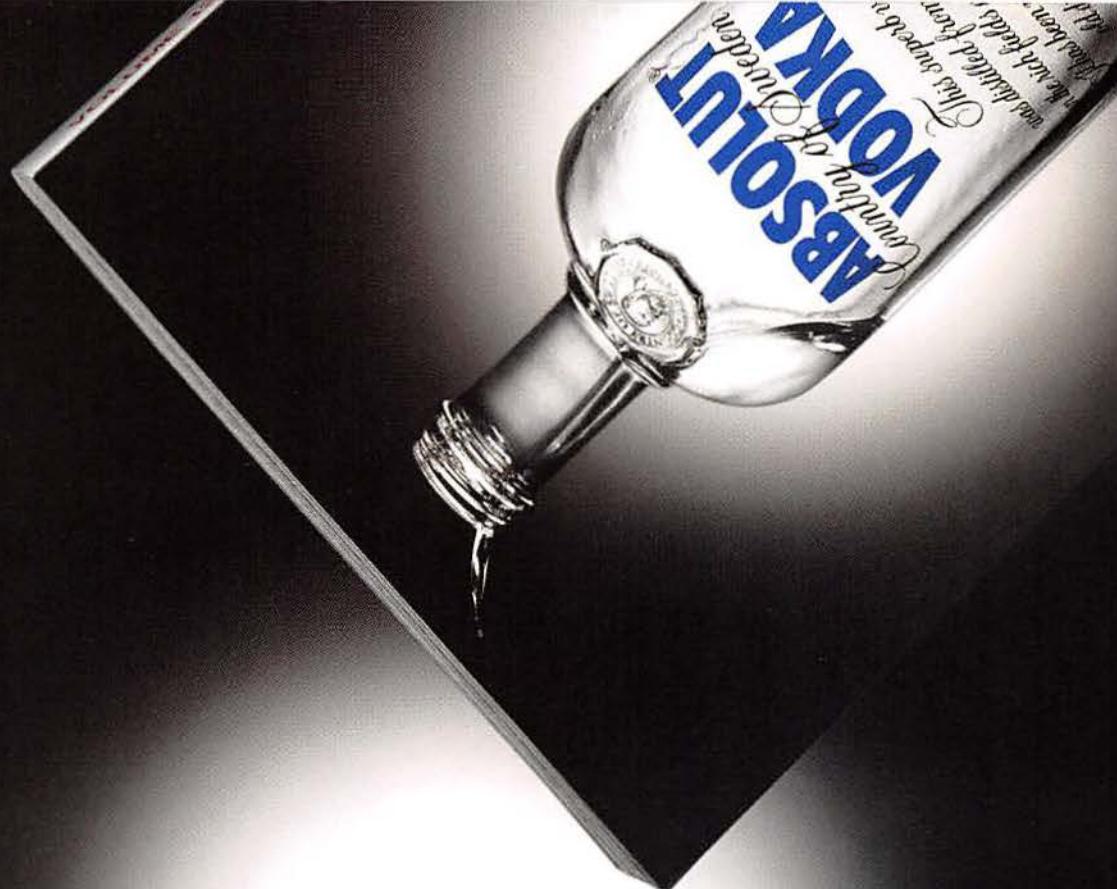
Kiko and Ozzie, too, have been marked for death by their former business partners. The government paid to relocate 45 members of Rodriguez's relatives to keep them out of harm's way. Ozzie nears the end of his time in jail, segregated on the 13th floor of Metro-Dade County Correctional with the other informants. Kiko hopes for a reduction on his 17½-year sentence on bond-jumping and conspiracy-to-distribute charges.

Both of them want to continue working undercover for the government. Both are slowly coming to grips with the reality that there may be nowhere else to go.

"I'd like to form a team," Kiko muses from prison. "Like the Magnificent Seven. We would hit anybody, making cases. I mean, *big* cases. Do you think I could talk to Washington and get them to approve this team?" **M**



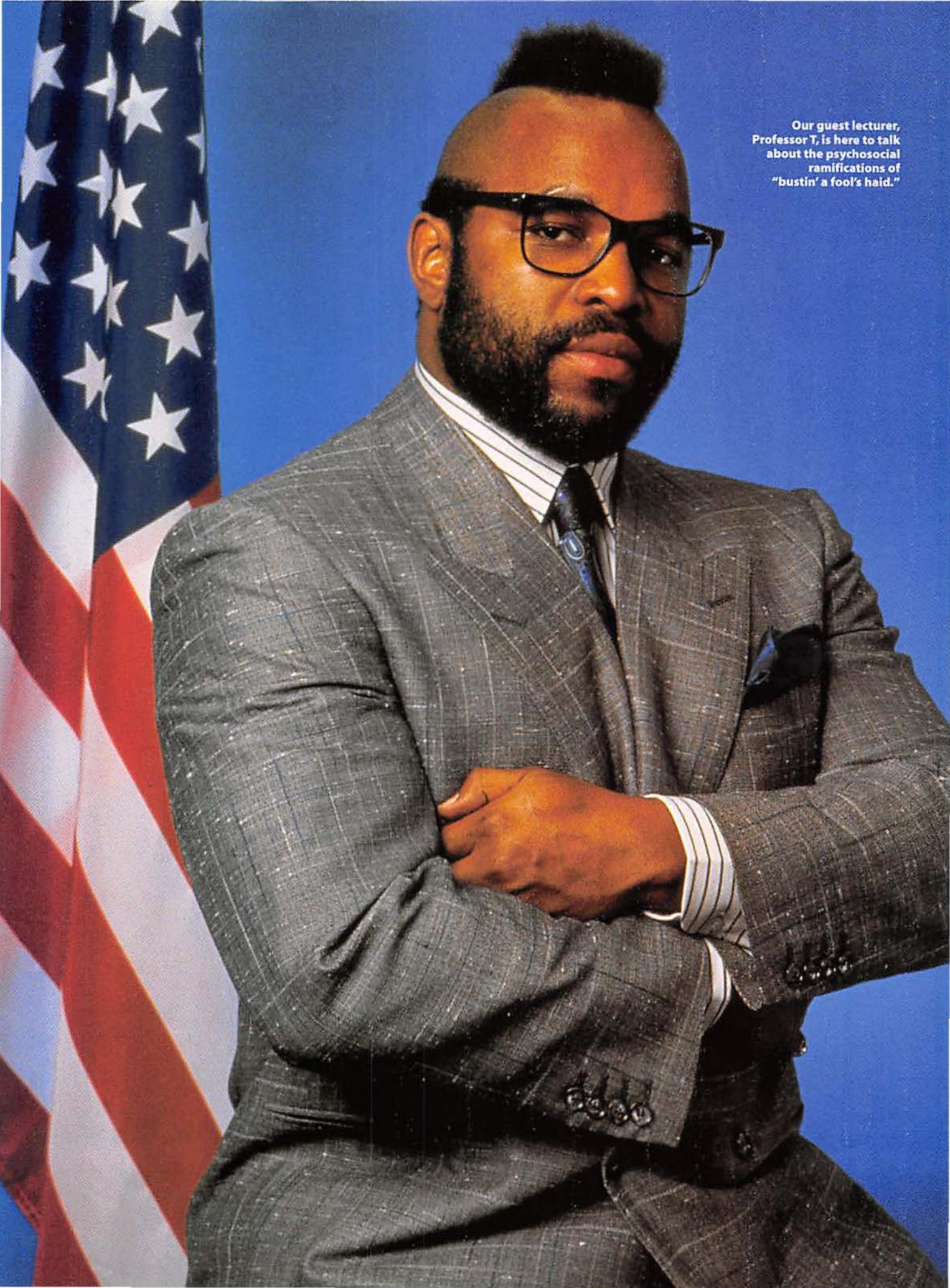
THE GOVERNMENT RELOCATED 45 FAMILY MEMBERS FROM HARM'S WAY. DEATH THREATS WERE LEVELED AGAINST OZZIE AND KIKO.



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Our guest lecturer,
Professor T, is here to talk
about the psychosocial
ramifications of
"bustin' a fool's haid."



50 REASONS WE'RE PROUD TO BE AMERICAN

We hold this truth to be self-evident: that the great U.S. of A. kicks serious ass. By Shane Mooney, Charles Coxe, and Alex Straus

This month, as we salute Old Glory by eating potato salad off paper plates bearing its likeness, we ask you to take a few moments to reflect on all that we Americans have to be proud of. We're the country that gave the world Thomas Edison, Mark Twain, and Martin Luther King. We're the society that created the light bulb, the airplane, the TV dinner. We're the nation that championed free speech, perfected capitalism, and saved the world from commies and fascists. Plus, we can make the entire planet uninhabitable by human life in a matter of 15 minutes. How cool is that?

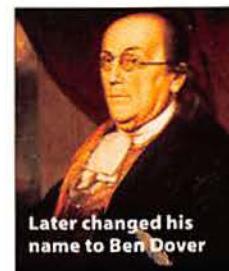
For this Fourth of July, we raised the Stars and Stripes and dug up all the anecdotes your history textbook omitted to create *Maxim*'s list of reasons we're proud to be American: one for each of the 50 United States (even Delaware). From Andrew Jackson's obscenity-spouting parrot to the time we got Canadians drunk and took their land, there is plenty here to make your heart swell with patriotic pride. God bless America.

1. We're named after a pornographer
America gets its name from low-ranking sailor Amerigo Vespucci, who managed to scam his name onto maps. His only real claim to

fame during his time was being the first popular pornographer of the New World. His letters about his travels described in lewd detail the sex lives of Native Americans and became a natural bestseller back in Europe.

2. We've always hated lawyers

The Massachusetts Bay Colony passed a law in 1641—when it also legalized the death penalty—making it illegal to earn money by representing a person in court. Virginia took this idea a bit further: In 1658 it banished all attorneys, unfortunately letting them come back in 1680.



Later changed his name to Ben Dover

3. We're number one, dammit, or no one is

We have a tendency to take international competition pretty seriously. Yale students were asked in 1990 which they would prefer: America with 1 percent economic growth and Japan with a 1.5 percent boost, or America suffering a 1 percent drop and Japan falling by 1.5 percent. Even though it meant economic decline, they chose the latter.

5. We make everything, especially English things, better

England gave us Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling, which was little more than one long, boring grappling move. When it arrived in Kentucky and Virginia, the colonials spiced it up



4. OUR FOUNDING FATHER WAS A MAXIM MAN

When he wasn't flying kites, Benjamin Franklin got it on with any young miss he could lay his hands on, admitting that he couldn't help engaging in "foolish intrigues with low Women." Visitors often arrived to find him bumping uglies with a parlor maid. He wrote essays on how to select a mistress (pick an older woman) and avoid flatulence (drink perfume), and in 1737 he drew up the first formal list of American slang terms for drunkenness (he came up with an impressive 228).



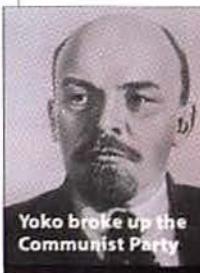
a bit with kicking, biting, and maiming (competitors grew long thumbnails for eye gouging and even filed their teeth to sharp points). Vince McMahon would've been proud.

6. We sink subs with spuds

The U.S.S. *O'Bannon* encountered a Japanese submarine on patrol off the Solomon Islands in April 1943. The crew shot off the sub's conning tower, preventing it from diving, but the sub came in so close to the ship that the *O'Bannon*'s big guns couldn't hit it. When the Japanese sailors came topside to fight, the *O'Bannon* crewmen pelted them with potatoes. Thinking they were grenades, the Japanese panicked, dropped their guns, tried to submerge the sub, and sank.

7. We can defend our nation with our collective penis

Shady Elbridge Gerry, signer of the Declaration of Independence and our fifth vice president, redrew congressional districts in a shape resembling a salamander, giving his party an electoral advantage and giving us the term *gerrymander*. At the Constitutional Convention in 1787, he compared a standing army to an erect penis—"an excellent assurance of domestic tranquility, but a dangerous temptation to foreign adventure."



10. WE'LL GO TO WAR FOR THE NOOKIE

On April 11, 1917, Soviet leader Vladimir Ilyich Lenin called the U.S. consul in Switzerland and spoke to lowly diplomat Allen Dulles. Lenin told Dulles that Russia was withdrawing from WWI and signing a treaty with Germany. Dulles, who had a big date that evening, told Lenin to call back in the morning, when the office opened. Lenin's message was never delivered to Washington, and U.S.-Russian relations were never the same—especially after Dulles became chief of the CIA.



8. We always find a silver lining

We owe the invention of that wonderful office perk, air conditioning, to the assassination of President James Garfield. To help ease the pain of the recently shot prez, naval engineers used a large iron box with ice, salt, a fan, and charcoal filters to cool his room. They should have told his doctors to wash their hands: Garfield died three months later from an infection that was brought on by medical malpractice.

9. We believe in free speech—and free beatings

Anti-Semitic German preacher Ahlwardt came to New York in 1895 to advocate a crusade against Jews. The city's Jewish leaders went to the police commissioner, Teddy Roosevelt, and demanded that Ahlwardt not be allowed to speak. But Roosevelt insisted that the German was entitled to freedom of speech regardless of his views and even required police protection. So Roosevelt personally appointed the man's security guards: 40 policemen, all of them Jewish.



11. THE ANIMAL HOUSE

Socks the cat is a pussy compared with past presidential pets. John Quincy Adams kept an alligator in the East Room, Teddy Roosevelt had a lion and two bear cubs, and Woodrow Wilson had a tobacco-chewing ram called Ike. Andrew Jackson's parrot, Poll, could curse in English and Spanish, and had to be removed during Jackson's funeral in 1845 when it wouldn't stop swearing.

After the speech, the cops went home and Ahlwardt was caught by thugs and beaten.

12. When negotiations fail, we get 'em drunk

In 1842, when American and Canadian surveyors attempted to finalize the border between Maine and Quebec, the Americans got the Canucks blitzed and took them to a river far north of where they were supposed to be. The U.S. ended up getting hundreds of square miles of extra territory. To this day the boundary runs through several houses.

13. Even our safety programs are dangerous

During the 1970s, the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission produced 80,000 buttons emblazoned with the slogan THINK TOY SAFETY. The only problem was that the buttons themselves were coated with lead-based paint and had sharp edges, fasteners that opened too easily, and dangerous points. Distribution of the safety buttons had to stop because they were unsafe.

14. Even in death we're dramatic

When John Adams died in 1826, the fervent revolutionary and former president's last words were "Thomas Jefferson survives!" Uh, no—Jefferson had passed away just hours before. The day was July 4, the 50th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. James Monroe, our fifth president, died on that same day five years later.

15. The mother of invention? Nudity

To develop the first film player, the kinetoscope, Thomas Edison purchased a series of photos featuring naked men and women playing baseball, climbing ladders, and having tea parties. Two weeks after Edison launched the first family-friendly kinetophone parlor in 1894, one opportunist was already offering a peep show called *Doloria in the Passion Dance*.

16. If we can't find dates, we import them

Despite having a population of only 2,000 people in 1699, Virginia's former capital, Williamsburg, supported three brothels. Women were in such short supply in Louisiana in 1721 that the government of France shipped 25 prostitutes to the colony in

the hopes they could lure settlers away from Indian mistresses.

17. We smoke for our health

The best way to cure that cough? Smoke more cigarettes. As late as 1953, L&M cigarettes were advertising themselves as "Just what the Doctor ordered!"



"Limeys eat it. Raw."

"stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man" and convinced Americans to take up arms for the Revolutionary War, was so unfamiliar with the virtues of soap and water, you might've thought him French. One contemporary called him "the most abominably dirty being upon the face of the earth." He died dirty, broke, and drunk.

18. We put the 'capitalism' in capital punishment

Thomas Edison not only invented the light bulb, he also gave us the electric chair. In a desperate attempt to prove that George Westinghouse's alternating current was dangerous, Edison traveled the country in 1890, using his rival's AC to electrocute dogs, cats, horses, and elephants. Unfortunately, his attempt to apply "a current of several thousand horsepower" to condemned felon William Kemmler in New York was only enough to make the convict start smoking. A stronger burst had to be applied to kill him off.



More power to ya!

19. We know how important maintaining discipline is

Lieutenant Aaron Burr not only insisted on new shoes for his troops at Valley Forge and let prostitutes visit the camp, he also handled uprisings with aplomb. During one roll call, a mutineer pointed a pistol at Burr and shouted, "Now is your time, boys!" Burr quickly raised his sword and amputated the man's arm with a single stroke. His troops were better behaved after that.

20. We know when to hold 'em

Some people work hard to make their fortunes. Others are simply dealt good hands. H.L. Hunt was an uneducated shepherd and short-order cook when he won his first Texas oil well in a 1921 poker game. By 1948 *Forbes* magazine had declared him the richest man in America.

When he died he left more than \$4 billion to his kids, one of whom started the American Football Conference.

21. We have the freedom not to shower

Thomas Paine, whose best-selling political manifesto *Common Sense* called King George III a

22. We can appreciate the value of a good cigar

In 1998, days after it was revealed that President William Jefferson Clinton had explored the various orifices of his 20-year-old White House intern with a stogie, his public approval rating actually *increased*, shooting from 53 to 70 percent.

23. We honor our best con men

Ten-buck cover boy Alexander Hamilton was a cheater to the end. Facing a scandal over shady financial dealings, Secretary of the Treasury Hamilton deliberately admitted to an affair to distract attention: "The charge against me is a connection with one James Reynolds for purposes of improper pecuniary speculation. My real crime is an amorous connection with his wife." But it was cheating of another sort that eventually cost Hamilton his life when he dueled Vice President Aaron Burr on July 11, 1804. Hamilton had rigged the dueling pistols with hair triggers to allow him to get the drop on Burr, but he shot too soon and missed. Burr then shot Hamilton in the groin, killing him.

24. There's no business like ho business

Many 19th-century U.S. theaters passed out free tickets to "women of infamy" to help attract men, fill seats, and raise prices. This pretty much turned balconies into sex-filled brothels, and new entrances had to be created to avoid scaring off the other customers.

25. WE SPEL GOOD

To conform to the 1990 Children's Television Act, one station justified the educational content of its *G/ Joe* cartoon by calling it "a pedagogical tool" that "promoted social consciousness" and familiarized children with "the dangers of mass destruction." Others claimed that *The Jetsons* helped prepare youngsters for the future and *Batman* taught that good prevails over evil.



Talk about
"flag burning"!



GREAT AMERICAN TRADES

Why the American dream is the rest of the world's nightmare.

It's a distinctly American skill, one that's always made our nation great: the ability to screw others over while making them think they got the sweeter deal.

Native Americans

Gave us: Food, winter survival tips, and all the land in North America

We gave them: Firewater, smallpox, and a trailer park in South Dakota

France

Gave us: An army to secure our independence and the Statue of Liberty

We gave them: EuroDisney, Jerry Lewis, and the Royale With Cheese

Germany

Gave us: Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Marlene Dietrich, and Werner von Braun, all of whom defied a demented dictator

We gave them: The Berlin Wall, David Hasselhoff, and Budweiser

Japan

Gave us: Cherry trees to beautify the streets of our nation's capital and affordable, well-built cars

We gave them: Two atomic bombs to rid the streets of Hiroshima and Nagasaki of every life form except the cockroach

Canada

Gave us: Hockey, good beer, and wood

We gave them: The Montreal Expos, acid rain, and the threat of getting caught in a nuclear cross fire

Russia

Gave us: The Alaska territory and mail-order trophy wives

We gave them: A capitalist economy. How's that workin' out for ya?

—John D. Spalding



Doctors, prepare to vaccinate Marlon Brando

26. We put our money where our mouth is

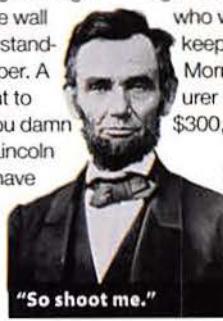
Smart bombs can beat smart children any day. In the 1950s the U.S. spent more on defense than on any other part of the federal budget. By 1960 military spending alone was 49.7 percent of the federal budget, almost more than all other programs combined. We spent more on missiles and tanks than our allies England, France, West Germany, and Italy as a group spent on, well, anything.

27. We go out with a bang

In 1864 General John Sedgwick was leading Union troops against Confederate lines at the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse. As the rebels fired, the Union line began to waver. General Sedgwick rode out in front of his men and yelled out what would be his last words: "Come on, men! They couldn't hit an elephant at this dist..."

28. We have a complete lack of respect for authority

President Abraham Lincoln was visiting fortifications on the outskirts of Washington on July 11, 1864, just as Confederates under General Jubal Early were attacking the edge of town. As Lincoln gazed over the wall at the approaching rebels, a man standing next to him was killed by a sniper. A young officer yanked the president to the ground, yelling, "Get down, you damn fool, or you'll be killed!" to which Lincoln replied, "Well, Captain, I see you have already learned how to address a civilian." The captain was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who would later become chief justice of the Supreme Court.



29. We're pirates at heart

During the Revolutionary War, patriotic businessmen (and congressmen) were encouraged to invest in "privateers" (a.k.a. pirates) who would plunder British naval ships and keep half the booty as their fee. Robert Morris, who also happened to be treasurer of Congress, made between \$300,000 and \$400,000 this way.

31. Our most useless job is only a heartbeat away

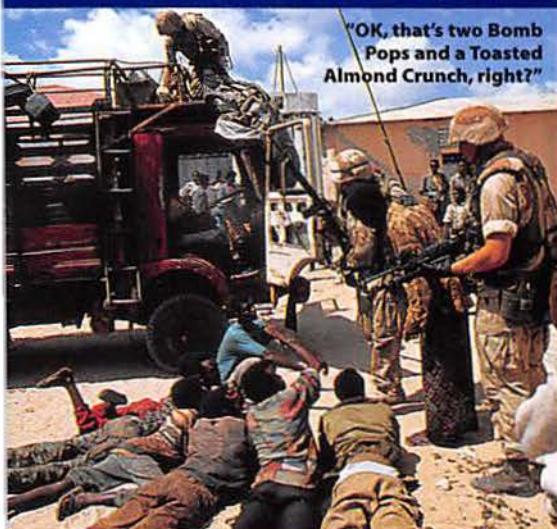
In the long and storied existence of the vice presidency ("the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his

30. CRIMINAL JUSTICE

While pillaging their way through the Ozark Mountains, Jesse and Frank James entered the house of an old widow who explained to them that she was the one who needed money: Without \$800, her banker would foreclose on her house. Sensing an opportunity, Jesse insisted that she borrow the money from him. He also made sure to get the banker's physical description. Shortly after the money man visited the widow to collect, he just happened to run into the waiting James gang, who made off with all his money, including the loaned \$800.

WHOOPS! SORRY!

So we sorta, well, destroyed your lives. But we thought we were doing the right thing!



Liberia unliberated

It seemed like a good idea: Back in 1822, the U.S. started sending freed slaves back to Africa to start their own colony on their home continent. In 1847 Liberia became the first independent African nation.

The result: An eight-year civil war, fought between the descendants of the slaves and native Africans, finally ended in 1996, after claiming the lives of 200,000 people and making half the population homeless.

Japanese imports

It seemed like a good idea: Two months after Pearl Harbor, FDR feared that thousands of Japanese had become U.S. citizens to act as spies while raising families in the suburbs. So he rounded up 120,000 Japanese-Americans and forced them to live in internment camps.

The result: Roosevelt demonstrated the meaning of his "nothing to fear but fear itself" speech: Unchecked, fear can lead a president to chuck the Bill of Rights.

Day-Glo Bikini

It seemed like a good idea: In 1946 we relocated the natives of the Bikini Atoll so we could use their beaches to see what happens when you drop tons of thermonuclear explosives and a hydrogen bomb on a fleet of obsolete warships. The idea was that when the dust settled, the natives could return to their tropical paradise, proud to have done their small part for world peace.

The result: The biggest nuclear catastrophe until Chernobyl. The displaced Bikinians are still waiting for us to finish cleaning up the radiation.—John D. Spalding

OFFICIAL GAME PIECE
4233

JAZZ FESTIVAL '90

2000

You have to get to the JVC Jazz Festival somehow.

Don't you just love that "new car sound?" The 2000 Chrysler PT Cruiser is just one of thousands of great prizes in the JVC Jive Drive Match and Win Game. Just take this ad to your participating JVC retailer today and compare your number to the prize numbers displayed there to see if you're an instant winner.

Need help finding the nearest retailer?
Just call 1-877-JVC-JAZZ (1-877-582-5299)
or visit www.jvc.com.



grand prize: (1)

Chrysler PT Cruiser
Manufacturer's Suggested Retail
Price: \$20,000

First Prize (2)

JVC Home Theater System
Approximate Retail Value: \$5,000
Includes:

- 60 inch Dual Tuner Stereo Rear Projection Television Model AV60D501
- Hi-Fi Stereo Super VHS Video Cassette Recorder Model HRS3800
- Executive Home Theater Model THA50

Second Prize (5)

JVC Progressive Digital Dual
Camcorder
Model GRDV19800
Approximate Retail Value: \$1,000



Third Prize (50)

JVC Kaboom Box
Model RVDP100
Approximate Retail Value: \$330



Fourth Prize (2000)

JVC Jazz Festival T-shirt
www.jvcjazzfestival.com

Don't blow your chances - play right now! Game ends August 31, 2009.

JVC Jazz Festivals will be held this summer in New York City, Toronto, Winter Park CO, Chicago, Atlanta, Newport RI, Concord CA, and Los Angeles. For concert information visit www.jvc.com

matches the official number printed on all JVC counter card. If your official game piece number matches the numerical number printed on the counter card, you will win the corresponding price indicated, subject to verification. For a list of participating retailers in your area please call 1-877-JVC-JAZZ (1-877-502-3299) or visit the JVC website at www.jvc.com for retail locator information. Residents of MD and OH may only request the winning numbers by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: JVC Winning Numbers, P.O. Box 7125, Melville, NY 11775-7125. Requests must be mailed separately, postpaid, by August 31, 2000 and received by September 7, 2000. Game ends August 31, 2000 or when the supply of game pieces runs out, whichever occurs first. 2. PRIZE CLAIM: Potential Grand, First, Second and Third Prize winners, hear out your winning game piece and mail, for verification, along with a 3" X 5" piece of paper hand printed with your name, complete address, zip code and telephone number (including area code) to: JVC PRIZE WINNERS CLAIMS, c/o National Judging Institute, Inc., 100 Marcus Dr., Melville, NY 11747-4229. It is strongly recommended that all potential Grand, First, Second and Third prize claimants be mailed via certified mail, return receipt requested, and that you retain a copy of your potentially winning game piece. Prospective Fourth Prize winners, follow directions above, but mail via First Class mail to: JVC FOURTH PRICE CLAIMS, P.O. Box 7125, Melville, NY 11775-7125. All prize claims must be received by September 24, 2000. Allow 8-12 weeks for delivery of prizes. 3. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY: You may receive a game piece and official rules, while supplies last, by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope, postpaid, before August 31, 2000 and received by September 7, 2000, in a hand-addressed, stamped envelope to: JVC GAME PRICE REQUEST, P.O. Box 7125, Melville, NY 11775-7125. Limit one game piece request per entrant. If mechanically reproduced or photocopied requests accepted. Residents of WA and VT may omit return postage. 4. VERIFICATION: Game pieces will be verified by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose members are on an honor system relating to all matters relating to this game. Fraud detection devices may have been placed on game pieces. Any official game piece forged, mechanically reproduced, altered, defaced, modified or tampered with in any way, containing printing or other errors or obtained through unauthorized means will be automatically void. No responsibility is assumed for lost, misdirected, illegible, postage, due or late game pieces, entries or mail. No more than listed prizes will be awarded. Although it is intended that no more than the listed winning game pieces will be distributed, if, for any reason, such as printing error, the number of winning game pieces received for any one of the prize levels is greater than the number of prizes listed for that level, these prizes will be awarded in a random drawing from among all winning game pieces received for that level. Game pieces become the property of the sponsor and will not be returned. 5. PRIZES/APPROX. RETAIL VALUES & ESTIMATED ODDS OF WINNING: Grand Prize: (1) 2001 Chrysler PT Cruiser (MSRP \$20,000), (Odds: 1 in 13,009,341); First Prize: (2) JVC Home Theater System, which includes a 60" Dual-Tuner Stereo Rear Projection TV, Hi-Fi Stereo Surround Video Cassette Recorder, and Executive Home Theater (ARV \$5,000 per prize), (Odds: 1 in 15,504,671); Second Prize: (5) JVC Progressive Digital Dual Camcorder (ARV \$2,000 each), (Odds: 1 in 2,601,089); Third Prize: (50) JVC Kaboom Box (ARV \$30 each), (Odds: 1 in 260,187); Fourth Prize (2000): JVC Jazz Festival T-shirt (ARV \$20 each), (Odds: 1 in 5,650). Odds of winning any instant win prize are 1 in 8,322. 6. SECOND CHANCE DRAWING: Any unclaimed prizes will be awarded in a Second Chance random drawing conducted on or about September 25, 2000 by National Judging Institute, Inc. from among all eligible entries received. To enter, complete an official Second Chance drawing entry form, hand at participating JVC retailers, or hand print your name, complete address, zip code and telephone number (including area code), on a plain 3" X 5" piece of paper and mail, in a hand-addressed, stamped envelope to: JVC SECOND CHANCE, P.O. Box 7349, Melville, NY 11775-7349. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately and must be received by September 24, 2000. Mechanically reproduced entries will not be accepted. Odds of winning a Second Chance Prize are dependent upon number of unclaimed prizes and number of eligible entries received. Winners will be notified by mail. 7. GENERAL RULES: Prizes are nontransferable and no substitutions or cash equivalents are allowed. The sponsor reserves the right to award a prize of equal or greater value if winning prize is unavailable. Sponsor and its agents assume no responsibility or liability for damages, losses or injury resulting from acceptance or use of any prize. Limit one major prize per individual or household. Winners may be required to verify their address or execute and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability/consent release within 10 days of notification attempt or the prize will be forfeited. Taxes, registration, license, licensing fees and insurance costs, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners. Acceptance of prize constitutes permission to use, name, likeness and voices for publicity purposes without further compensation except where prohibited by law. By entering, each entrant accepts and agrees to be bound by these Official Rules and the decisions of the judges. 8. ELIGIBILITY: Game open to residents of the U.S., 18 years of age or older as of July 1, 2000, except employees and their families of JVC, participating retailers (including, without limitation, Circuit City Store, Inc.) and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising agencies, partners and Dan Japoda Associates, Inc. held in Puerto Rico and where prohibited. Subject to all federal, state and local laws. 9. For a list of winners of prizes valued at \$25 or more, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, by August 31, 2000 to: JVC WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 7125, Melville, NY 11775-7125. 10. SPONSOR: The sponsor of this promotion is JVC Wayne, New Jersey 07470.



"And we say color is spelled with a u!"



THE CRITICS AGREE

Not everyone loves America as much as we do. Just check out these headlines...

United Slabs of America

Where: *The Mirror* (England)
September 27, 1999

They say we're poor winners for celebrating at the Ryder Cup. Wait—these are the same folks who enjoy mob violence and riots after a good soccer game, right?

America Now More Godless than Ever

Where: *The Nation* (Thailand)
May 13, 1999

To show how godless our culture is, they point out the evil in such movies as *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer*. Hey—if Jennifer Love Hewitt's bosom isn't a little slice of heaven, we don't know what is.

America the Great: Stupid Is as Stupid Does

Where: *Toronto Sun*, March 22, 2000
Canadians complain that our attitude toward guns is spilling into their peaceful country. Here's our offer: We'll try to keep the guns and violence on our side as long as you keep Celine Dion, Martin Short, and Paul Shaffer north of the border. Deal?

America: Selfish, Foolish, and Endangering the World

Where: *Manchester Guardian Weekly* (England) October 27, 1999

We didn't sign some "important" nuclear test ban treaty. Fine. What are you going to do about it, England? Bomb us? Bring it on. Ah, not so sure anymore, huh? That's what we thought. Now go make us a sandwich.

—Alec O'Meara

32. EVEN OUR PURITANS LOVED SEX

The prudish Puritans may have outlawed Christmas, banned church weddings, and invented that whole scarlet-letter fad, but despite their reputation, they reveled in sex and felt it was as natural as eating. They perfected the art of "bundling," which allowed a couple to share a bed without having gone through the formality of marriage, and by the 1770s, about half of all New England brides were pregnant at their weddings.

"C'mon, vogue!"



imagination conceived," according to our first veep, John Adams), we've had a murderer (Aaron Burr), two men charged with treason (Burr and John Breckinridge), two who almost were (John Calhoun and John Tyler), two accused of accepting bribes (Schuyler Colfax and Spiro Agnew), and one runaway indentured servant who never attended a day of school and who showed up drunk to his own inauguration (Andrew Johnson).

33. Our president's glass is always half-full

During his tenure as Chief Executive, common man Thomas Jefferson ran up a wine bill of \$10,835 (worth more than \$103,000 today). He also invented a hemp machine to process all the weed he and George Washington grew.

34. All our hours are happy hours

The Supreme Court was founded on justice, truth, and liquor. Chief Justice John Marshall instituted a regular Saturday "consultation day," on which cases were "discussed" with booze accompaniment. Once word of this hard drinking got out, Marshall passed a rule banning drink on consultation day—except, of course, when it rained. The following Saturday, there wasn't a cloud in

the sky. Looking out the window, Marshall declared, "By the laws of nature, it must be raining someplace in our jurisdiction. Waiter, bring on the rum."

35. Our priorities have always been in order

Much as in today's prisons, in colonial America, tobacco was the preferred legal tender. Early on in Virginia, colonists could use tobacco to buy a wife, shelling out 120 to 150 pounds of the kind leaf for a woman shipped over by the Virginia Company.

36. Nothing beats the executive's branch

Lyndon Johnson was a reporter's dream, often insisting on being interviewed while he sat on the Imperial Flusher, and he couldn't understand it when people stopped talking to him just because he was in the bathroom. During a 1968 conference in Thailand, Johnson met a group of reporters outside the can, whipped out his little LBJ, and said, "Don't see 'em this big out here, do they?"

37. There's nothing we can't sell

When a train plowed into P.T. Barnum's star circus elephant, Jumbo, Barnum didn't see tragedy—he saw an opportunity. Barnum had Jumbo's skin and bones mounted separately so he could show the world's largest elephant to two audiences at once. Without the cost of care or feeding, Barnum made much more money with Jumbo dead than with the elephant alive.

38. WE TAKE WHAT WE NEED

In need of a canal linking the Atlantic and the Pacific, and with those pesky Colombians unwilling to cooperate, Teddy Roosevelt organized, financed, and armed a rebellion in 1903 to create the independent nation of Panama. As a token of its appreciation, Panama gave us complete control of the 10-mile strip, the right to take over any other part of the country deemed necessary to control the canal, and the lives of 25,000 workers—500 lives per mile. Twenty-five years later, Senator S.I. Hayakawa explained it best: "The canal is ours; we stole it fair and square!"

To get the remaining reasons and take the Maxim citizenship test, go to www.maximonline.com.



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THEY ARE MUTANTS. THEIR BIZARRE BEDROOM POWERS TURN WOMEN'S LEGS TO JELLY...YET THEY DECIDED LONG AGO TO PUT THEIR GIFTS TO USE FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND. DUMBSHITS...

THEY ARE...

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JUST OUTSIDE NEW YORK CITY...

ON THE GROUNDS OF AN ESTATE THAT MAKES THE PLAYBOY MANSION LOOK LIKE A SUNOCO RESTROOM...HOME TO THE SEX-MEN'S LEGENDARY MENTOR, BOBBUS DOLUS DICKJOKE III.

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WE HAVE A NEW SITUATION. THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF VIAGRA IS MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHING...CUNNINGLY REPLACED WITH A SUBSTITUTE CALLED 'NIAGRA'...WHICH IS CAUSING MEN WORLD WIDE TO GUSH UNCONTROLLABLY.

IF YOU DON'T GET IT BACK, MY THING-UH, THINGS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

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THE INcredible BULGE

FOREPLAY

"FIND THEIR STRONGHOLD, BREAK DOWN THEIR DEFENSES, AND PENETRATE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE."

GERBIL

"RESTORE THE VIAGRA, MEN...THE FUTURE OF MANKIND DEPENDS ON IT!"

SO, WHAT'S THE PLAN GERBIL?

I FIGURED I'D HEAD IN THROUGH THE REAR ENTRANCE AND NOSE AROUND A LITTLE. I'LL TUG THE SAFETY LINE IF I GET IN TROUBLE.

YEAH, YEAH... IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME PLAN WITH YOU.

HOW 'BOUT YOU FLY IN FRONT OF ME FROM NOW ON?

PUT A SOCK IN IT, FELLAS. GOING IN THE BACK WAY SHOULD BE JUST FINE.

HOLY CRAP, WHAT AM I SAYING?

ANY GUESSES WHICH ONE IS THE VIAGRA BUILDING?

IT'S GOTTA BE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE... KEEP LOOKING.

NOW THERE'S A COMPANY THAT EXPLODED OVER NIGHT... AND IS CONTINUING TO EXPAND!

YEAH... BUT CAN THEY KEEP IT UP?

OH-MY-GOD! OH-MY-GOD! OH-MY-GOD!

WHAT IS IT?

THIS PLACE IS SEALED UP TIGHTER THAN A FISH'S ASS... AND THAT'S WATER TIGHT!

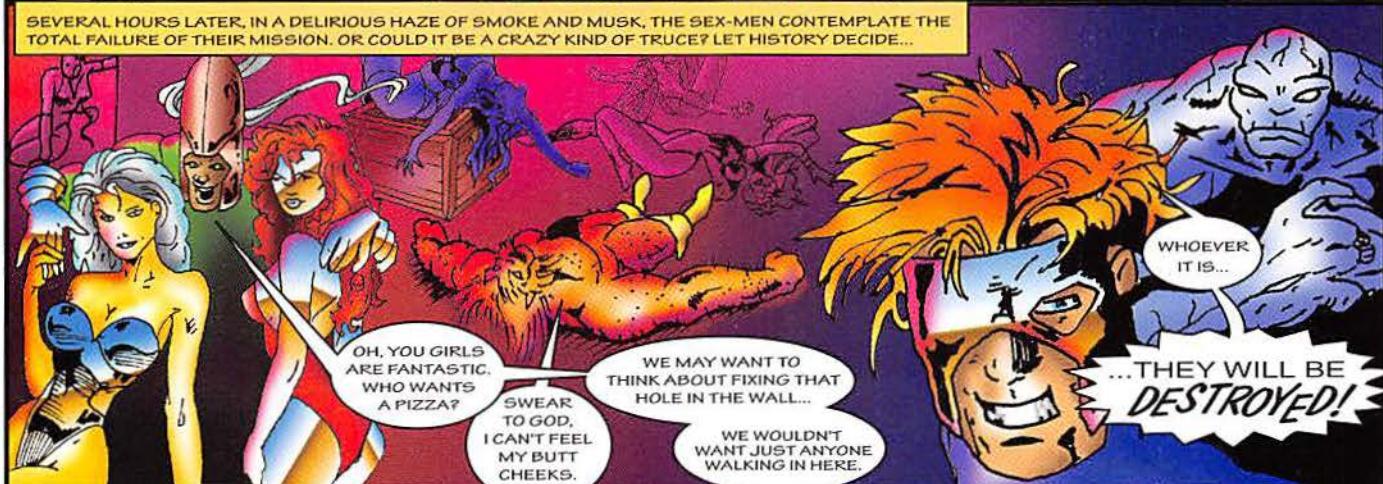
SQUEE EEE EEE EEE

IF ONLY WE HAD SOME SORT OF BATTERING-RAM...

I DO!

CRACK
WHAM'-BAMM!! CRASH







HOT STUFF

COOK HER PANTS OFF!

**Whet her appetite with our never-fail recipe for
seduction and she'll be begging for dessert.**

By Kent Black Photographs by Donald Miller



*She was perfect except
for a rather noticeable
strawberry birthmark*

Lots of guys greet the idea of cooking for a lady with the same enthusiasm they reserve for a weekend in a Turkish prison or the news that *Monday Night Football* is being preempted by *Monday Night Figure Skating*. This is a mistake. It's time to forget those days when you "stretched" the meat loaf with a can of Alpo. If you learn to cook a decent meal, the object of your desire will be pâté in your hands.

Just because modern women have so distanced themselves from domesticity that they can't turn on Mr. Coffee doesn't mean they shun a free feast. Quite the opposite: Never stand in the way of a woman tearing into a chicken after a week of living on protein bars. "Women think cooking is incredibly sexy," says Chris Schlesinger, owner of the East Coast Grill in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and author of *How to Cook Meat*. "Being able to make a great meal is a turn-on. Like a foot massage, it shows you're interested in taking care of them."

So why not just treat her to a fancy meal out on the town? For one thing, maître d's have an unreasonably snotty attitude about couples catching a quickie on the table before dessert arrives. Instead, you have to pay the check, drive home, crack the wine, start the music, and try to get her in the damn mood all over again.

But your date isn't going to rip her



The object of your desire will be pâté in your hands.

panties off just because you splurge on non-screw-top wine. Like any successful campaign, your culinary seduction requires strategy and attention to detail. Don't panic—we're here to help.

Mood, Then Food

Sure, hiding your soiled autoerotic devices may seem like a dating tip Fonzie would give Potsie. But embrace the obvious: Precious few women are charmed by the prospect of settling in among the pizza crusts on your La-Z-Boy. Establishing the proper mood "shows effort and organization," says Ming Tsai, a Food Network host and owner of Boston's Blue Ginger restaurant. He advises setting a nice table but not lighting the candles. "Let her light them or open the wine...you do not want to appear like her servant."

Not while you're fully clothed, anyway. Other mood clinchers:

- Tsai suggests you start with upbeat music, "then let her pick the next disc. If she chooses something romantic, you're on the right track." Rock or hip-hop can upstage you, while classical is pretentious. You could go with jazz, your dad's make-out music—*Chez in Paris, Vol. 2* perhaps. Better yet: Why not try classic '70s soul (Stax's greatest hits, Al Green) or ambient (Spiritualized, the Orb)?
- Give her a simple task to keep her occupied. For example, have her wash a large carrot in cool water, even if there are none on the menu.
- Finally, one of the most important steps is "making sure you have plenty of good stuff for breakfast... including Sweet'N Low and skim milk."

PASSION FRUIT

Can aphrodisiacs really help season your pork, or are they full of beans?

Oysters

The word *aphrodisiac* comes from Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love, who emerged from the sea on an oyster shell. No wonder

these slimy little buggers are the best-known food of passion.

Bring it on: These suckers boost testosterone levels, which improves libido. And a single one supplies a day's

worth of zinc, which is exactly how much you lose when you orgasm. Better stock up.

Check, please: Oysters are bottom feeders. Bad ones contain enough toxins to turn your liver into a bag of rotgut pudding.

Avocado

This vine fruit has a curvy body and a hard-nut pit ensconced in creamy-soft vulva-like flesh. The Aztecs called it *ahucatl*, or testicle. They found the fruit so intoxicating, they locked up

their virgins during the harvest.

Bring it on: Avocados contain lots of vitamin B₆, which reduces prolactin, a hormone that kills sex drive in women.

Check, please: A single avocado has some 25 grams of fat. Eat a steady diet of this fruit and she'll have to hunt for your penis among your lard rolls.

Chocolate

This food of the gods is so enticing, 17th-century priests declared that eating it was a sin (oddly enough, sex with small boys was OK). Montezuma drank 50 cups of a chocolatey drink daily to keep up with his harem of 600 girls. Will it work for you?

Bring it on: Chocolate contains phenylethylamine, an amphetamine your brain produces when you fall in love.

Check, please: This

sugary stuff can make a set of healthy teeth look like a row of rotting gravestones. (Case in point: Your average Brit eats 17 pounds a year.)

Truffles

These 'shrooms live underground, mainly in Italy, until they're sniffed out by specially trained dogs or pigs. They give off an odor akin to that of motor oil. Tasty, right? For \$85, you can buy yourself an entire ounce.

Bring it on: Truffles contain pheromones that trigger desire. And the fact that they're worth more than gold pound for pound lends them a forbidden-fruit cool factor.

Check, please: The libido-pumping pheromones found in this fungus are also secreted in human sweat. That makes us horny, baby. Yeah!



Stuff

FOR MEN

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WOMEN WISH YOU KNEW

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Wouldn't Die

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Grim Reaper's butt

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Ms. Milano is
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Stuff

FOR MEN

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weather gear

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Gear Without Fear

FOR MEN

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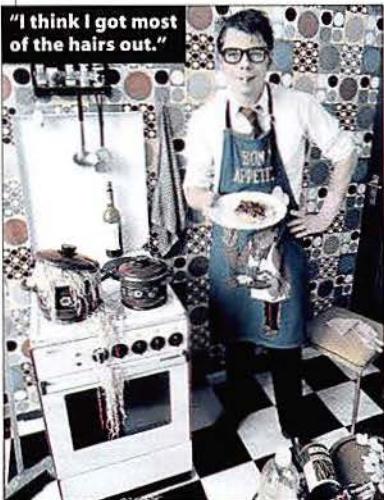
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according to Bobby Flay, the Food Network's *Hot Off the Grill* chef. No matter how shocked you are that she spent the night, you don't want to ruin it by serving her leftover Easter eggs.

Seduction on the Half Shell

Hors d'oeuvres are much like foreplay: You do a lot of oohing over the strange things you're putting in your mouth while wondering when you're going to get to the main course.

Appetizers should be fun, as they set the tone of the evening and accompany the most intense period of alcohol consumption. Do keep it simple, though. Avoid anything that starts with *en broise*. You're looking for minimal-work-for-high-payoff items. A fresh seafood dish like shrimp cocktail or crab salad with avocado fits the bill.

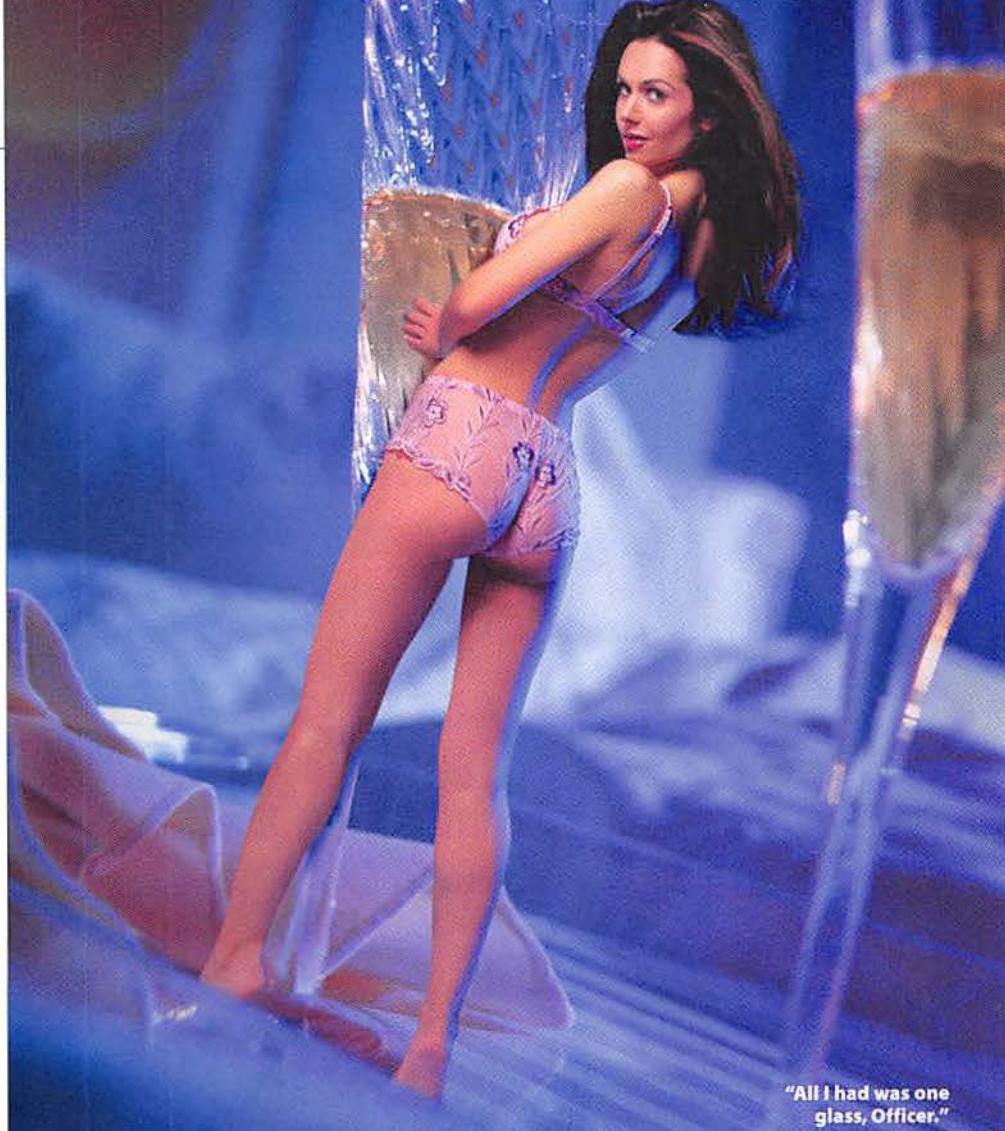
Tsai suggests a cool classic such as raw oysters on the half shell (ask your local seafood store to open 'em for you). Wanna splurge? Sprinkle some caviar on top. Oysters are a sexy appetizer not only because they're an aphrodisiac but because they bear an uncanny resemblance to tiny vaginas. Make sure you actually *like* oysters, though, as spitting one out in disgust will send the wrong signal.

Pop Her Cork

Cocktails are a main ingredient in any gourmet evening, since they reduce inhibitions and allow your guest to claim the next morning that she had no idea what she was doing.

Flay suggests starting the evening with a classic cocktail. "Go for a martini. A really good, sexy martini glass is key—one that is streamlined and thin-stemmed and holds a lot of alcohol."

Switch to wine when it's dinnertime. Luckily you don't have to subscribe to *Pretentious Ass-wipe Monthly* to impress her with your ability to uncork



"All I had was one glass, Officer."

Hors d'oeuvres are much like foreplay.

a good bottle. Some good options:

■ The redder the meat, the redder the wine. A Ridge zinfandel (\$20) or Clos du Bois Cabernet (\$16) is great with lamb or beef, while a lighter red, such as an Erath pinot noir (\$13), works well with roast chicken.

■ A white wine, such as a Cakebread Cellars Chardonnay (\$30) or a King Vineyards pinot gris (\$12), best complements shellfish or lighter fare such as salmon. Hate the white stuff? Select a light-bodied red wine that won't overpower your seafood.

■ If she goes for the bubbly, there are some good domestic sparkling wines, such as Gruet's blanc de noirs (\$12), that won't break the bank even if you stock enough to fill a bathtub. But if you also plan to lick it off her, you may as well go for the real thing, like Veuve Clicquot or Perrier-Jouët Brut, \$33 each.

The Main Event

Even pros with years of experience find it difficult to maintain focus and conversation at the same time. No matter

how great your culinary cunning, you're not gonna get her into the sack if you suddenly snap, "Dammit, woman, stop your yammering! Can't you see my soufflé is falling?"

The key: Have a select few highly impressive, foolproof entrées (see sidebar on page 128) in your arsenal. "I go back to my dad," Chris Schlesinger says. "He wasn't a cook, but he had a couple of dishes he made perfectly: grilled lobster tails, pepper steak. Whatever you decide, make it a few times in advance so you have it down. The last thing you want is for your date to arrive and you're all flustered. It says, 'I'm not in control here.' That's the opposite of what you're after."

Always serve small portions. While she may be interested in the fact that you bought an entire goat from a Jamaican acquaintance, she'll see no reason to consume the whole thing in one sitting. Generally it's a poor strategy to force-feed her until she's bloated and gassy.

Table etiquette isn't just for Miss Manners. Spitting grapes across the table into your partner's mouth may



"You gonna eat your fat?"

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have worked in medieval times, but modern wenches are likely to see such displays as a sign of bad breeding. A few rules: Always serve your guest first, and don't claim "the big piece" for yourself (at least not obviously). Don't discuss your ex-girlfriend's yeast infection while passing the hollandaise. And no matter what you've heard about other cultures, flatulence is not an acceptable form of "closure."

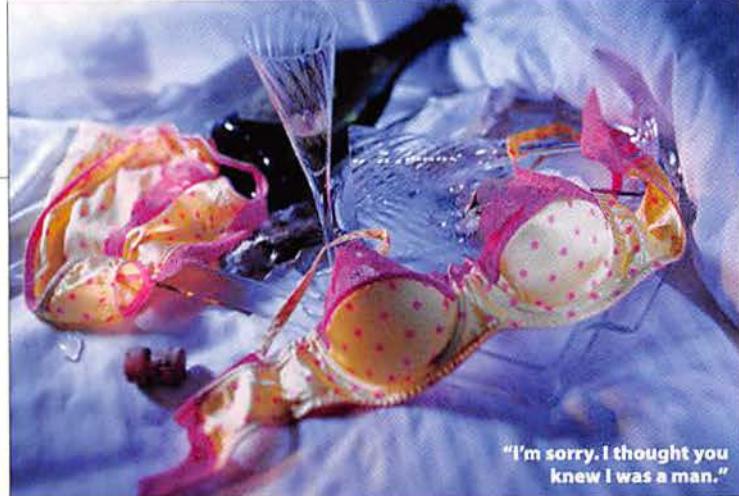
Presentation Is Everything

Other than the edibility of your meal, nothing is more important than the way you offer it. (Think of it as lingerie for your food.) "She should say, 'Wow!' when you put down her plate," says Louis Moskow, chef-owner of Santa Fe's Bistro 315. "Hey, you've gone this far, you might as well go all the way."

Real cloth napkins, matching silverware, and glasses that didn't originally contain jelly are vital when presenting your vittles. All the chefs also stressed that arranging food on an attractive plate is key: Prepare it in the kitchen and deliver it to her, rather than putting a communal dish in the middle of the table like you're serving a platoon. Experiment with cool-looking vertical "stacking" of the food (a technique that works better with, say, veal medallions and eggplant than it



Think of the way you present your dish as lingerie for your food.



"I'm sorry, I thought you knew I was a man."

does with spaghetti). An easy tip is to put the plates in the oven for a minute; this keeps the food warm and lets her know that you pay attention to details.

Using fresh herbs on the entrée is one of the simplest ways to enhance presentation, says Bobby Flay. This doesn't mean sticking a shrub in it, but rather highlighting the colors by sprinkling chopped parsley or dill in an artfully haphazard way over the plate.

Sweet Tooth (and Tongue)

Dessert should be ready before you start cooking the main course, because nothing breaks the rhythm of an evening more than you rushing from the table every 30 seconds or hunting around for the fire extinguisher.

Many amateurs believe that dessert should be limited to opening another bottle. Think about it: Do the babes you know get weak-kneed over single-

malt scotch...or double chocolate chunk? In fact, chocolate-based desserts are the premier after-dinner aphrodisiacs, since the sweet stuff's chemicals promote a feeling of tranquility. Hell, she probably loves chocolate more than she loves you—but she can only reciprocate with you, the chocolate provider. Two simple, effective options are chocolate mousse and chocolate-covered strawberries; or if you want to go the extra mile, whip up a chocolate *pots du crème* (good luck).

Look at it this way: The entire evening has been a precarious balancing act: the cooking, the booze, the presentation. Dessert is the moment for both of you to sit back, relax, and marvel at your culinary skills. Just resist the urge to unbutton your pants after the big feed. If you've done your job properly, she'll take care of that for you. *Bon appétit!* □

GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

Recipes that'll make her mouth water. And the rest of her hot and bothered.

Roast chicken with potatoes and veggies

Rub a 3 lb chicken with salt, pepper, garlic, rosemary, lemon juice, and olive oil, and stick it in a roasting pan with ample sliced onions, carrots, and potatoes. Roast at 400° for approximately 1 1/2 hours. Remove chicken from



pan. Add 8 oz chicken stock, 4 oz cream, and 2 tbsp flour to pan and cook on stove over low heat until the mixture thickens. **Target:** A celery nibbler who has erotic dreams about Sunday feasts back home.

Beer beef stew

Brown 2 lbs of cubed top sirloin in 4 cloves minced garlic, 4 Tbsp olive oil, and 1/2 stick butter. Add a couple of chopped carrots and onions, a pinch of salt, and a lot of cracked pepper; then cover with—yes!—16 oz dark beer and simmer for at least 2 hours (until



the meat's falling apart). Serve with some crusty bread.

Target: When you ask her what she wants at a bar, she answers, "Hey, whatever draft pitcher is on special today, honey—and don't forget the pretzels."

Poached salmon and rice

Cut up 1 onion, 4 stalks celery, 1 fennel bulb, 4 carrots, 2 oranges, and 2 lemons; spread in a roasting pan. Then put 1 1/2 lb salmon fillet on top, skin side down. Pour in 1 cup white wine; cover with tin foil; put on burner and bring to boil. Lower heat to medium and



poach 3–4 minutes. Remove salmon and peel off skin. Make 1 cup rice. Mix in 1/2 cup salsa. Form rice into mound, lay sliced salmon on top, and garnish with dill. **Target:** The girl who likes pork and tuna. (Wink, wink.)

Wild mushroom lasagna

So she's a friggin' vegetarian. Buy 2 lbs various mushrooms (shiitake, oyster, Portobello), 9 oz mozzarella, 8 oz ricotta, a jar of spaghetti sauce, and a dozen lasagna noodles. Sauté mushrooms with garlic, olive oil, and oregano; cook pasta al dente. In



a large dish, layer lasagna, then 'shrooms, then sauce, then ricotta (3 times). Top with mozzarella, and bake for 40 minutes at 350°. **Target:** She saves the whales, but she's not saving herself for her wedding night.

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Triple X

Even when not playing sexy superheroes in this month's *X-Men* blockbuster, these three actresses are no mere mortals.

By Paul Young Photographs by Antoine Verglas

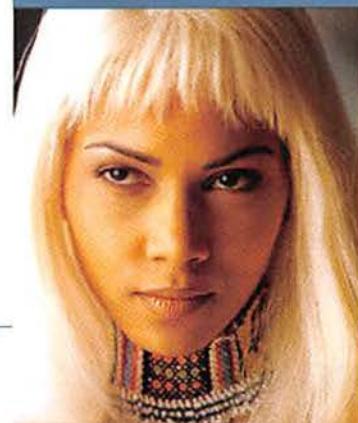
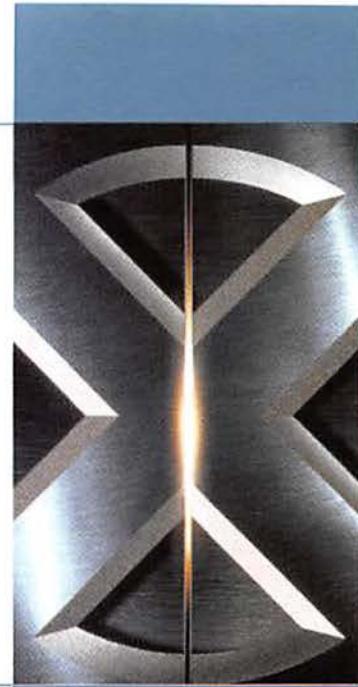
For every high-flying comic-book flick like *Superman*, there are at least a dozen chunks of big-screen craptone like *Howard the Duck* and *The Phantom*. So why will this month's blockbuster *X-Men* have you battling for truth, justice, and a good spot in line at the multiplex?

Well, consider the simple fact that *X-Men* is adapted from one of the most groundbreaking and popular comic books in history. Just stuff these numbers in your tights and smoke 'em: Since Marvel Comics published *The Uncanny X-Men* in 1963, the superpowered mutants have sold an astounding 400 million comics and today they battle evil in 10 monthly titles in 75 countries and 22 languages. (Hmm, how does *Zap! Ka-pow!* translate into Mandarin?) Not including merchandising, the *X-Men* franchise rakes in a whopping \$30 million a year. Obviously this is more long-running phenomenon than it is just another cult comic book.

Need another reason? Then check out our uncanny cover girls. Any movie that features Halle Berry, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, and Famke Janssen catfighting over the fate of the planet has got to be better than the two-hour codpiece-fest that was *Batman & Robin*.

Just in case you didn't blow your junior-high allowance following the adventures of mask-wearing do-gooders, here's a quick cheat sheet on the *X-Men* movie universe: Our heroes, a team of superpowered mutants led by bald-as-a-cue-ball telepath Professor Charles Xavier (Patrick Stewart), stand united against evil mutants desiring to take over the world, even as they are persecuted for being freaks by the humdrum human race they are sworn to protect. The good muties include Cyclops (James Marsden), who fires laser beams from his eyes; Storm (Berry), who can control the weather; Jean Grey (Janssen) who reads minds and can make objects move; and the most popular X-Man, Wolverine (Hugh Jackman), a grizzled

Top to bottom: Janssen uses mind over matter as telepath Jean Grey; Romijn-Stamos is feeling blue as Mystique; and Berry sees the calm before her Storm





fighting machine with razor-sharp retractable claws (handy for opening beer cans!). The bad muties include Sabretooth (Tyler Mane), a near giant with great strength; Mystique (Romijn-Stamos), a sexy shape-shifter; and Magneto (Ian McKellen), a super-villain with the ability to manipulate anything metal (again we're thinking beer cans).

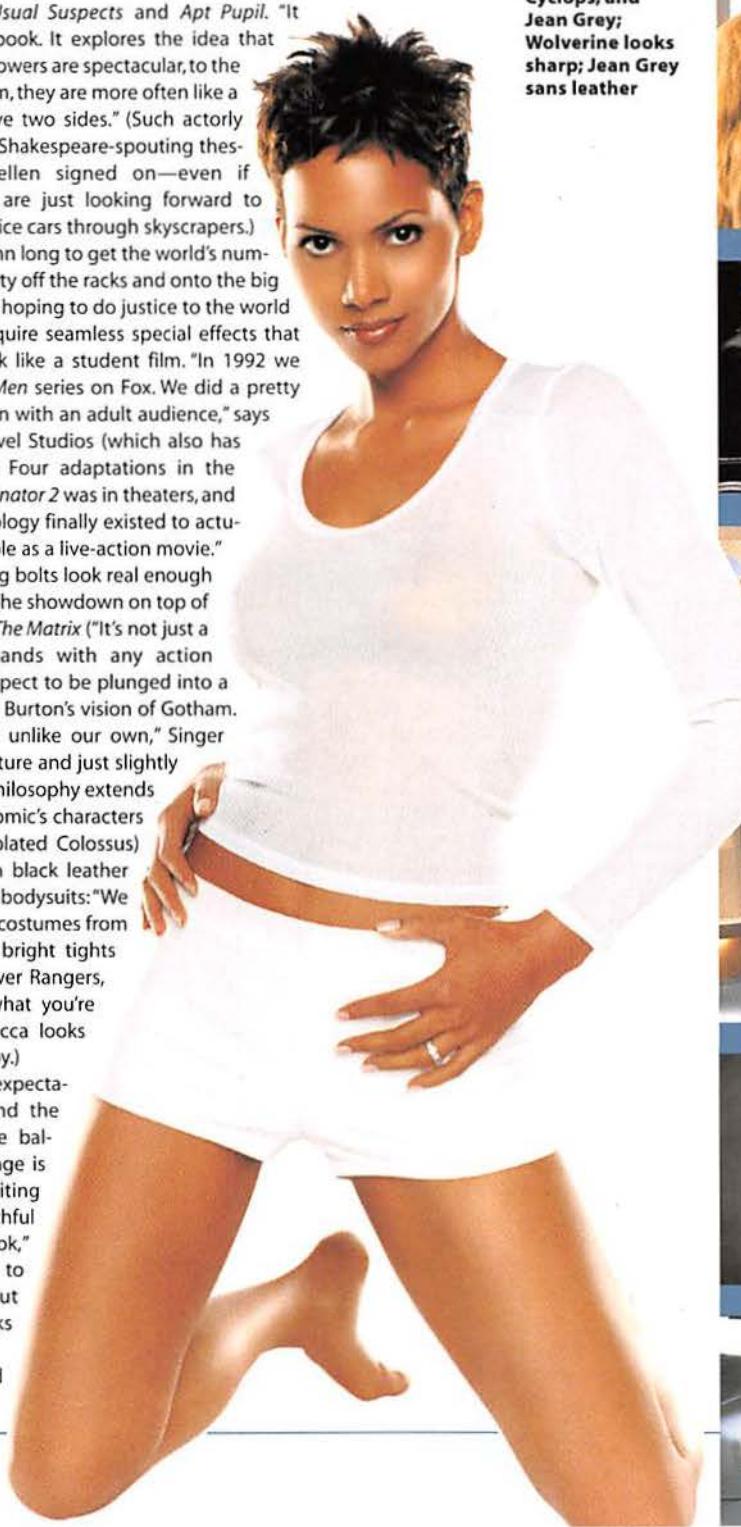
"Honestly, I wasn't familiar with the X-Men, but I got very inspired by the characters and their universe," says director Bryan Singer, acclaimed for the less fantastical but similarly ambiguous movies *The Usual Suspects* and *Apt Pupil*. "It wasn't the normal comic book. It explores the idea that while on the outside their powers are spectacular, to the individual blessed with them, they are more often like a curse. Even the villains have two sides." (Such actorly concerns may explain why Shakespeare-spouting thespians Stewart and McKellen signed on—even if summer-movie audiences are just looking forward to watching Magneto toss police cars through skyscrapers.)

So why did it take so damn long to get the world's number one comic-book property off the racks and onto the big screen? Because any movie hoping to do justice to the world described above would require seamless special effects that would make *Star Wars* look like a student film. "In 1992 we launched the animated *X-Men* series on Fox. We did a pretty edgy show, and it caught on with an adult audience," says Avi Arad, president of Marvel Studios (which also has *Spider-Man* and *Fantastic Four* adaptations in the pipeline). "At the time, *Terminator 2* was in theaters, and we realized that the technology finally existed to actually make this look believable as a live-action movie."

So while Storm's lightning bolts look real enough to burn your popcorn, and the showdown on top of the Statue of Liberty rivals *The Matrix* ("It's not just a comic-book movie—it stands with any action movie," says Arad), don't expect to be plunged into a landscape as surreal as Tim Burton's vision of Gotham. "The X-Men's world is not unlike our own," Singer says, "but a step into the future and just slightly off kilter." His uncartoony philosophy extends to dropping some of the comic's characters (no furry Beast or armor-plated Colossus) and dressing his heroes in black leather instead of in primary-color bodysuits: "We took a lot of flak about the costumes from hard-core fans, but those bright tights make people look like Power Rangers, and you stop believing what you're seeing." (As long as Rebecca looks blue and naked, we're happy.)

In the end, how will the expectations of the X-fanatics and the mainstream moviegoer be balanced? "I think the challenge is just to tell the most exciting story while keeping it as faithful as possible to the comic book," says Arad. "Like, if we tried to make Wolverine without claws, the X-Men geeks would cut my head off."

Hmm, sounds like a good idea for a sequel.



Top to bottom:
Rogue meets Wolverine;
Sabretooth chokes Storm;
Prof. X checkmates Magneto;
Mystique in action;
Storm, Cyclops, and Jean Grey;
Wolverine looks sharp;
Jean Grey sans leather



Stylist, Karen Shupko; prop stylist, Jake Klinin; hair for Halle, Nikko for The Crystal Agency; makeup for Halle Berry, Laura Mobley for ARTISTS by Timothy Phane; hair for Rebecca, Diane Newmark for RE: X; makeup for Rebecca, Nikko for The Crystal Agency; hair for Famke, Garrett Gervais for Vassago; produced by Gwyn Waborg



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Rebecca Romijn-Stamos

Superpower: shape-shifting. OK, then, how about shifting that shape a little closer?





our villain character, Mystique, is shapely and a shape-changer. If you possessed her superpower in real life, who would you morph into?

How about Pamela Anderson so I could have sex with Tommy Lee? *[Laughs]* No, I'm kidding. Although that's probably your fantasy of me. Actually I'd morph into either Ben or Jerry so I could walk into any Ben & Jerry's store and get free ice cream anytime I wanted.

Chunky Monkey binge aside, what's the first thing you would do after you morphed into a guy?

Probably pee. That's the only thing I'm really jealous of with guys—that they can pee without the hassle.

Is there another superpower you'd rather have?

I'd like to have the power that as soon as I'm done having sex with my lover, I could transform him into a pair of Prada boots.

Wow...a foot fetishist's wildest fantasy. What kind of superhero would turn you on?

Super Shopping Man. He'd be the superhero who wakes up every morning and *begs* me to go shopping with him. And his sidekick could be Credit Card Boy.

Comic-book characters are known for their revealing costumes. But yours appears to be little more than blue paint.



It looks like I'm completely naked, but actually about 60 percent of my body is covered in blue scaly prostheses. They did plaster casts of my entire body so they would conform to my shape. Some parts were thicker than others.

Like where?

My breasts. They made those a little thicker.

To get that superhero look?

And for a little super support. *[Laughs]*

How long did that whole process take?

It was about seven hours every day to put it all on and take it back off. And the blue paint they sprayed me down with got everywhere. A few days ago I went to a spa, and all these Korean ladies were scrubbing like crazy to get the blue off me, and finally one of them screams at me, "You very dirty girl! Dirty girl! You come here more often!"

Do you think Mystique is sexy?

She's a naked blue lady—of course she's sexy. She's beautiful and graceful, and yet she's dark and evil at the same time. I practiced to make her movements look very reptilian. Mystique is the one lurking around in the shadows all the time, and I think that makes her alluring.

But in real life you're a total morning person, right?

Yeah, I wake up at 6 A.M. and jump right into my day. Like, the last time I was in Vegas, I woke up, went downstairs, started playing slot machines, and won a \$2,750 jackpot—11,000 quarters—at 7 A.M. I'm screaming like crazy and the lights are going off, but I was about the only person in the entire casino. I'm, like, *Why can't there be anyone here to see this?*

You grew up in hippie haven Berkeley, California. Did you smoke your first joint with your parents?

Actually it was with friends of my parents. I think I was, like, 10 or something, but that sort of thing was totally common in Berkeley back then. And I really didn't like it. I've never been a pothead. It's funny, but my parents were antiestablishment, so I had nothing to rebel against. Kids at my school became preppies just to rebel against their hippie parents.

Were they laid-back about your boyfriends too?

Sometimes. I started later than most of my friends in that respect. My first make-out session was when I was 13, with this goth-rocker guy. He had the white makeup, spiky black hair, everything. We took a bus to a coffeehouse in San Francisco, where he read me his poems, which were all about existential angst, cigarette smoke, and himself. I think I ended up with paint all over me then too.

What about men remains a mystery to you?

Probably the whole not-closing-doors-and-cupboards thing. Men just refuse to close things: the cap on the toothpaste, the toilet seat, whatever. What is it with not finishing things?

Have you ever had a dream about another celebrity?

My first sex dream was about Steve Martin. It was right after I saw *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* and I was really smitten with him. And I just had one the other night, about Liv Tyler. It wasn't a sex dream, but we were, like, really in love, living together in San Francisco. Then one morning she was gone and I was devastated. And I've never even met Liv Tyler.

Going back to X-Men, your character works for the main super-villain, Magneto. Is there something going on there?

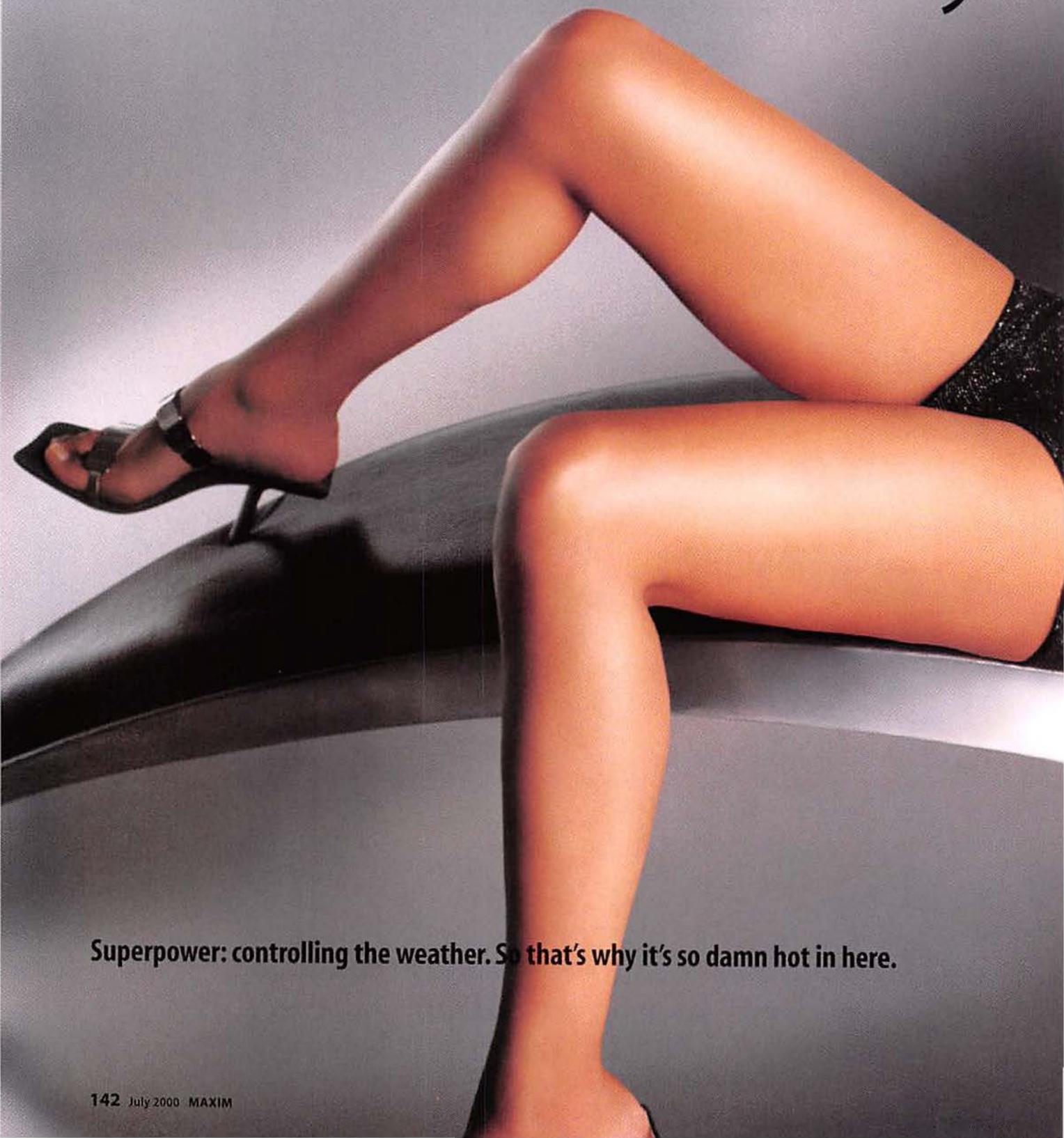
As Mystique I'm totally drawn to Magneto because he's a powerful, evil man and power turns me on big time. So just being with him and spreading mayhem throughout the world would make for a really perfect romantic evening. Or we could just catch the farewell performance of *Cats*.



'Mystique is the one lurking in the shadows all the time, and I think that makes her alluring.'

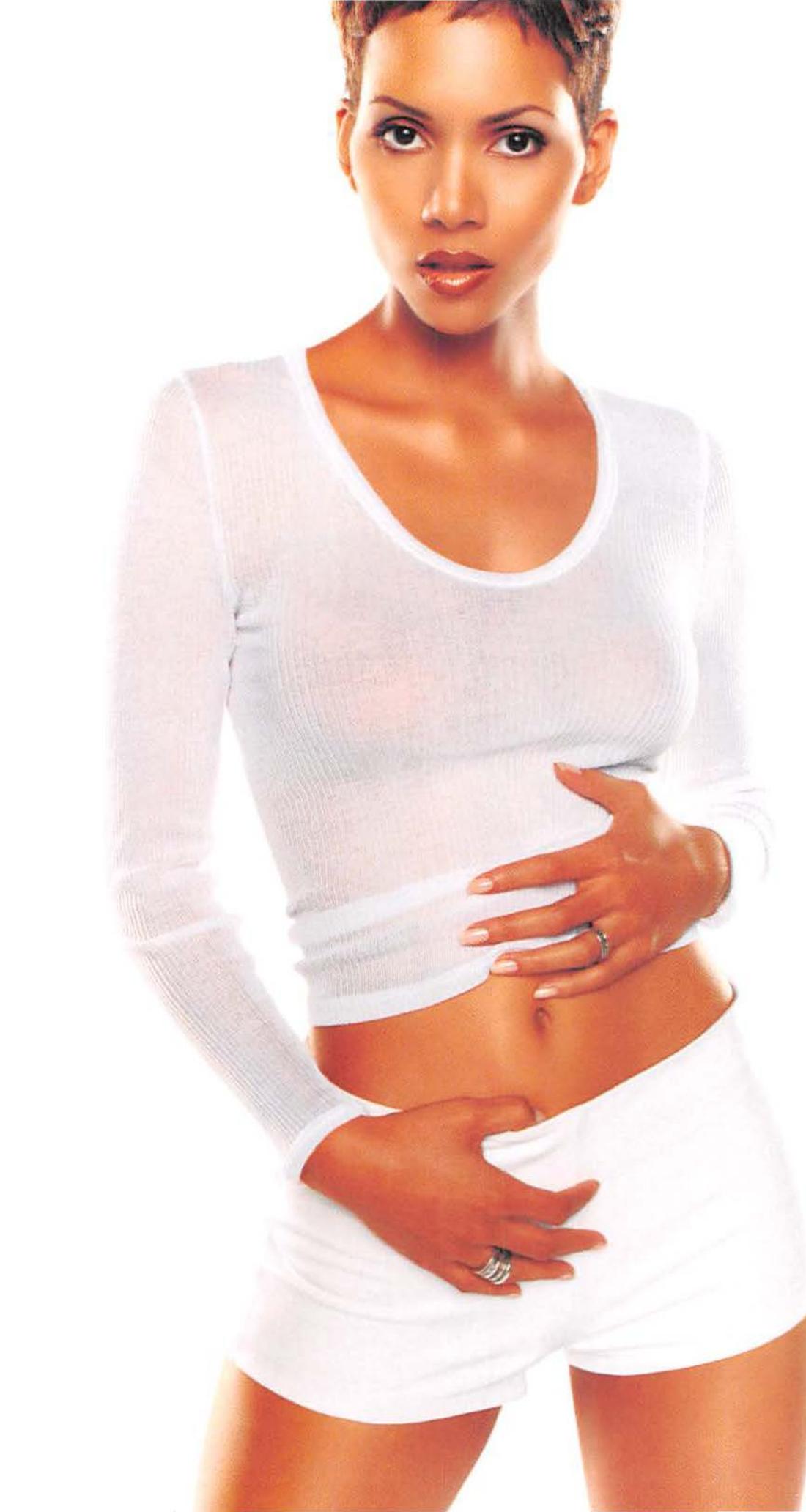


Halle Berry



Superpower: controlling the weather. So that's why it's so damn hot in here.





'I'd like a guy who can transform into someone else. I could have a different lover every night.'





Did you know anything about the *X-Men* comic book phenomenon before you made the movie?

Vaguely. I had sort of heard the name, but I had no idea how big the following was or how long the comic book had been around. It has been a real education.

Your character, Storm, can control the weather. What would you do with that power?

Oh, I'd be dangerous. Any woman with that power would be dangerous. In a good mood maybe I'd make beautiful weather with sunshine and puffy clouds. But in a bad mood, I'd use it to blow people away. Literally blow them away.

What's your favorite meteorological condition?

I like rain. Because in Los Angeles it's almost always sunshiny, so when it rains it feels kind of special. That's when I like to stay in bed, watch a movie, whatever.

Your costume is mostly tight black leather. Did you ever take it home for a little private fun?

We weren't allowed to take pictures of the outfits, much less wear them off the set. My fiancé wanted me to bring home the white wig to play around with. But I resisted.

What would sex with Storm be like?

Stormy, that's for sure. And, let's put it this way—very wet.

Who would emerge victorious from a fight to the death between Storm, Jean Grey, and Mystique?

Storm, for sure!

What about in real life? You, Famke, or Rebecca?

I'm a little scrappier than those two ladies, so I'd probably still win. I guess I got that from growing up in a slightly different environment, in Cleveland, being half black and half white. When I went to an all-black school, they didn't like that my mother was white. Then I went to a lily-white school and they didn't like that I was half black. So fighting was like an initiation, and you had to go through it.

Is it true that you're named after a department store?

Yeah, Halle Brothers. It was a well-known department store in Cleveland. It wasn't a very common children's name, though.

You danced in a strip club to research your role in *The Last Boy Scout*. Did you have a good audience?

I had a great audience. I didn't want any friends there, though, because I was scared to death about the whole thing. See, I knew I was going to have to shoot this scene in the movie and that there would be 40 to 50 people around anyway. And I knew I was going to be so nervous that I might not be able to come out of my trailer, so I figured I'd better go somewhere and work out my kinks. I just asked the manager of the club if I could do it, and he said sure. It was a Friday night and there were lots of people there. It was such a fantasy to be able to do that under the guise of work. I didn't get paid, but I think I made about \$350 in tips, which isn't bad.

You've landed on those "most beautiful women in the world" lists several times. When do you feel your hottest?

Probably when I can wake up in the morning scrub-faced and have bad breath and someone can still tell me I'm beautiful. When they're seeing something other than this package and they can still say I'm beautiful.

What's the worst thing a guy can do on a date with you?

Kiss me on a first date. I really hate that. I don't want a guy getting anywhere near my lips on a first date. Maybe on the second, because that means there's something developing there, but not on the first one. And even if you like someone right off the bat, it's so much sexier to hold off a little. You don't want to blow your wad on the first shot, right?



Um, no...I guess not. So in addition to the ability to resist incredible temptation, what kind of superpower in a guy would turn you on?

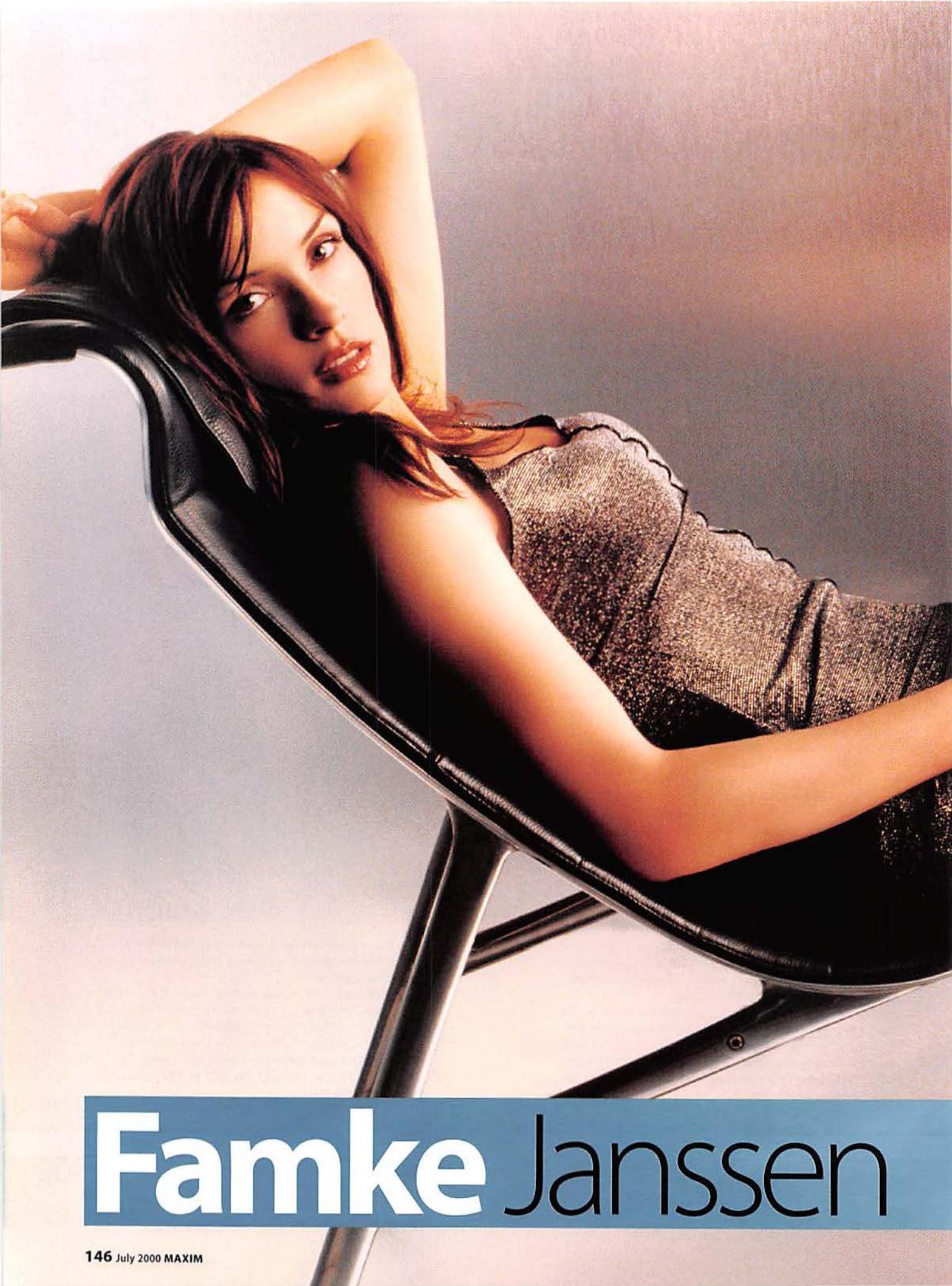
Intelligence turns me on, but you don't need a superpower for that. Actually, Mystique's power would be pretty interesting: a guy who can instantly transform into whatever he wants to be. That way I could have a different lover every night. [Laughs]

Your name keeps popping up in rap songs, like the Notorious B.I.G.'s "I'm Just Playin," as the love object. What's up with that?

I don't really know, but it's fun! I'm totally flattered. I'm always flattered. I really respect hip-hop music, and I know they only mean it in a positive way.

So when are you going to record your own rap album?

No way! People keep trying to get me into a studio, but I couldn't rap any more than I could eat my own toes! I'm just going to stick to acting, thank you.



Famke Janssen

Superpower: reading minds. And stopping herself from slapping you silly.





Are you jazzed about having your own action figure? This will be my second one, actually. I had one as Xenia Onatopp in *GoldenEye*, but it didn't look like me at all. This one is spooky real. When the designer came to the set and showed us the prototypes, I was, like, "Um, do you think you could make her look just a little bit younger?"

Is the world ready for female superheroes?

Absolutely. We've always been ready for female superheroes. Because women want to be them and men want to *do* them. Or at least admire them from a distance.

When do you feel most like a mutant?

I feel that way 24 hours a day. Not that I feel I have special powers, but I certainly feel like a freak sometimes.

Can you read minds, like your character, Jean Grey?

I'm no mind reader, but I've found myself on a few occasions lately thinking, *Oh, my God, how did I know that?* But I'm sure it's more intuition than telepathy, and because I'm noticing

'Female superheroes: Women want to be them, and men want to do them.'



stuff like that more since making the movie.

Any idea what I'm thinking right now?

[smiles] I'm sure I don't have the slightest idea.

If you did have that power, what would you do?

I'd tune in to a few Hollywood casting agents just to see how much they're bullshitting me.

And what would your personal kryptonite be?

My sweet tooth. Oh, my God, licorice is my favorite thing in the whole world. I can eat tons of it. And after that comes chocolate, and then cookies. I could live off those.

Who do you think would win in a showdown between Jean Grey, Storm, and Mystique?

My powers are pretty meaningless, at least on that level. I mean, Storm can move the heavens and Mystique can change into anybody. All I can do is move a few things with telekinesis. I don't think I'd have a chance.

And in real life? Between you, Halle, and Rebecca?

You've got to be kidding. *Me.* Just look at me. I've got a few inches on both of them.

You sound like you've been in a few catfights.

The worst one, or at least the most embarrassing one, was back in school in Holland, when I got pissed off at this girl for doing something and whacked her in the head with a hockey stick. I think I knocked her out cold. If she's reading this, I'd just like to say that I'm really, really sorry.

When you lived in Amsterdam, did you ever party in the infamous red-light district?

Not really. It's probably more interesting for a guy than a girl. It's basically just a bunch of fat women sitting in windows. I sort of took it for granted. Now, after living here for a while, it seems like more of a bizarre concept.

In the movie you're involved with two male X-Men, Cyclops and Wolverine, right?

Yes, there's sort of a love triangle in the movie. Jean Grey isn't overtly sexual, but there's a sensuality there, which of course could have something to do with people climbing into black leather costumes and having "secret" lives.

So which one would be more heroic in the sack?

Well, Cyclops would have to keep his glasses on the whole time, and Wolverine would have to keep his claws retracted—otherwise it would be a pretty messy affair, I think. But, you know, some people might be into that.

Did any of that sexual energy spill over to the actors' plush trailers between takes?

I think it's a bad idea to act on those impulses, because when actors are sleeping together, it takes away from their chemistry on-screen. If two people are attracted to each other on a movie set, they should try to hold out until after it's done.

What's the worst date you've ever had?

I've never dated.

Say what?

No. I've always just had boyfriends. And I guess I'm pretty lucky because, from what I understand, dating sucks. Although it seems like it's pretty good for stories. Sometimes I think people date just so they can have a good story to tell about the loser they went out with once.

You're quite the romantic.

I think I'm very romantic.

A romantic superhero with a dark side?

Exactly. That's me. ■

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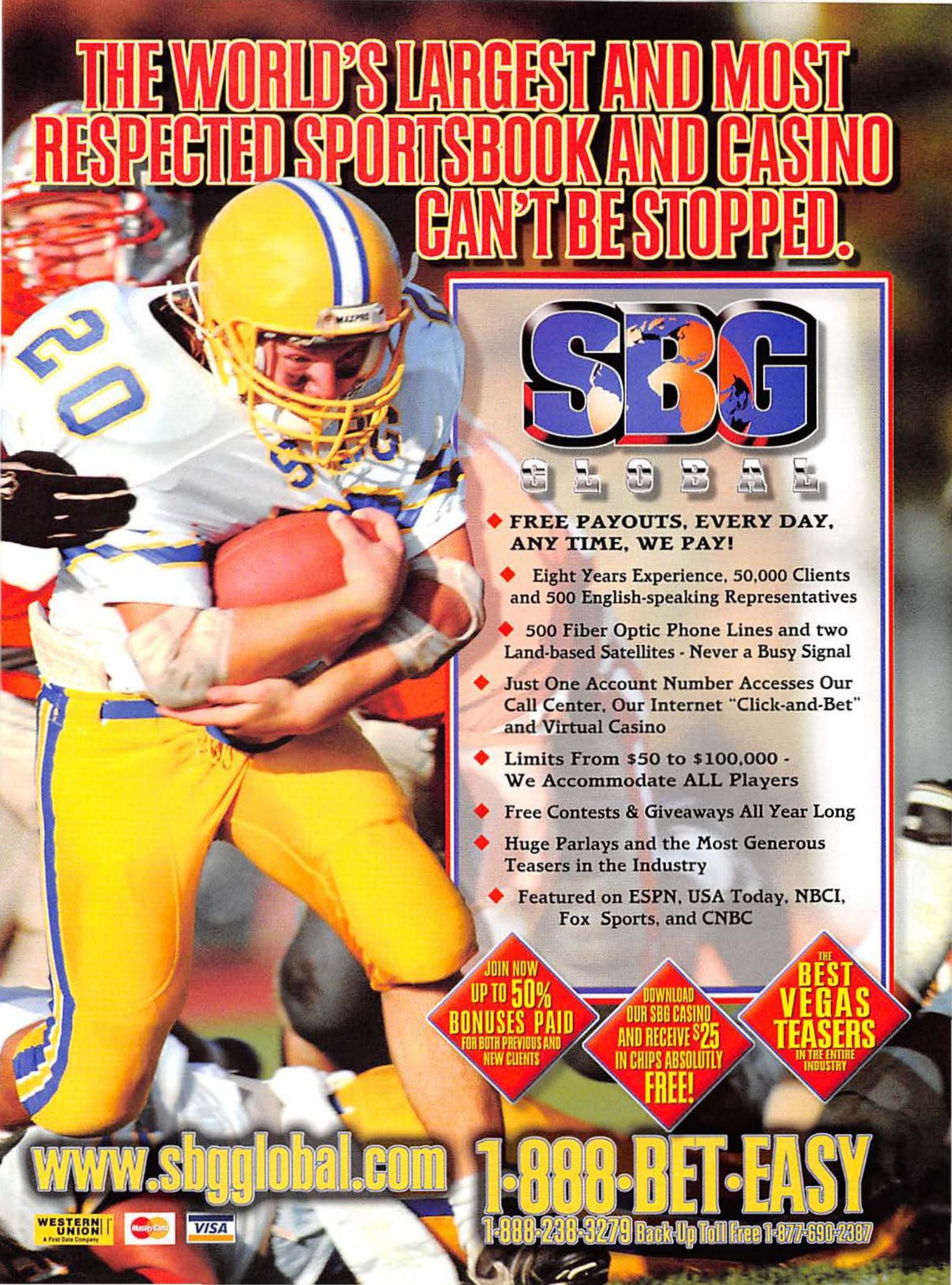
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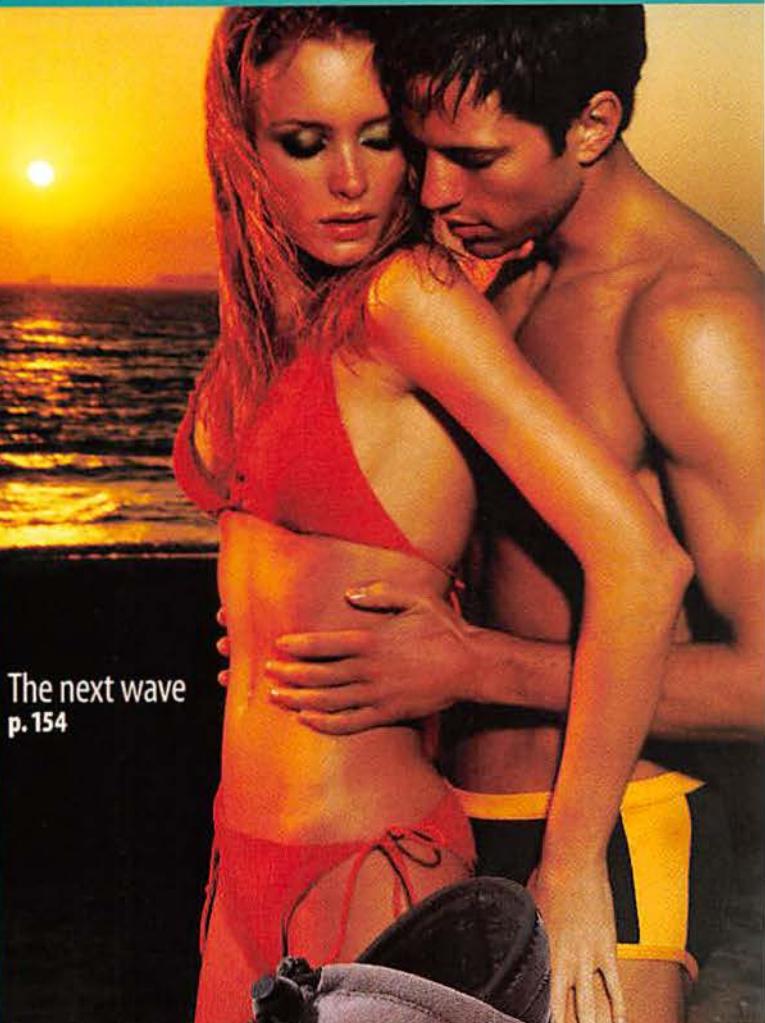
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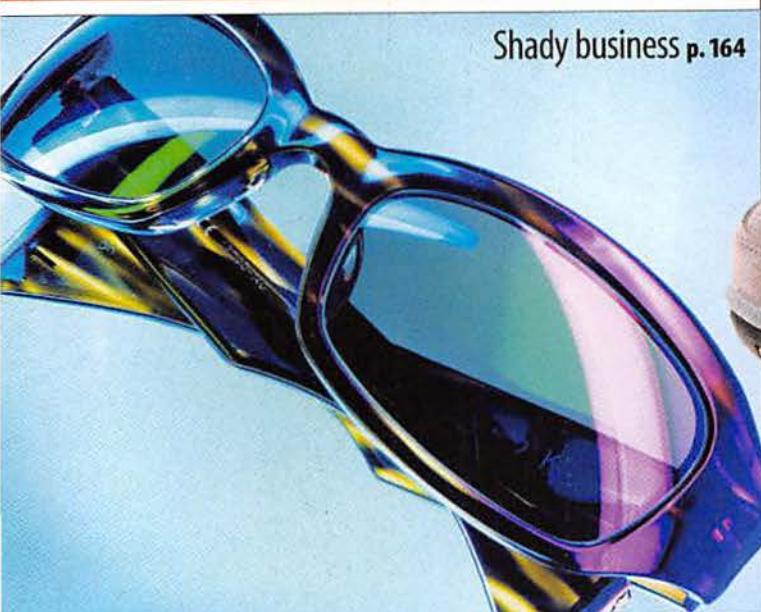
How do you want to look today? July 2000

MaximWear

Keep your pants on p. 169



The next wave
p. 154



Shady business p. 164



Give 'em the
slip
p. 166

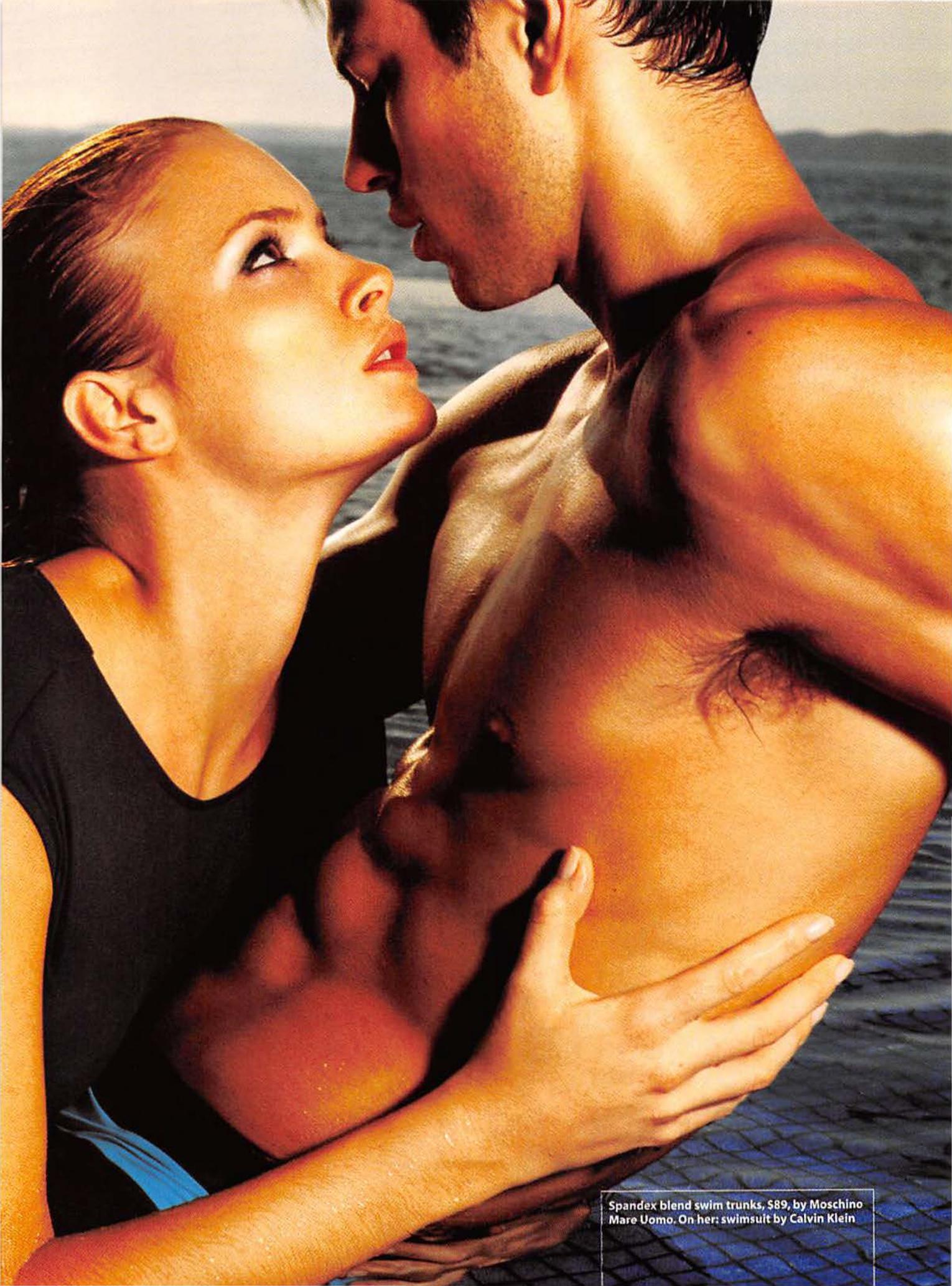
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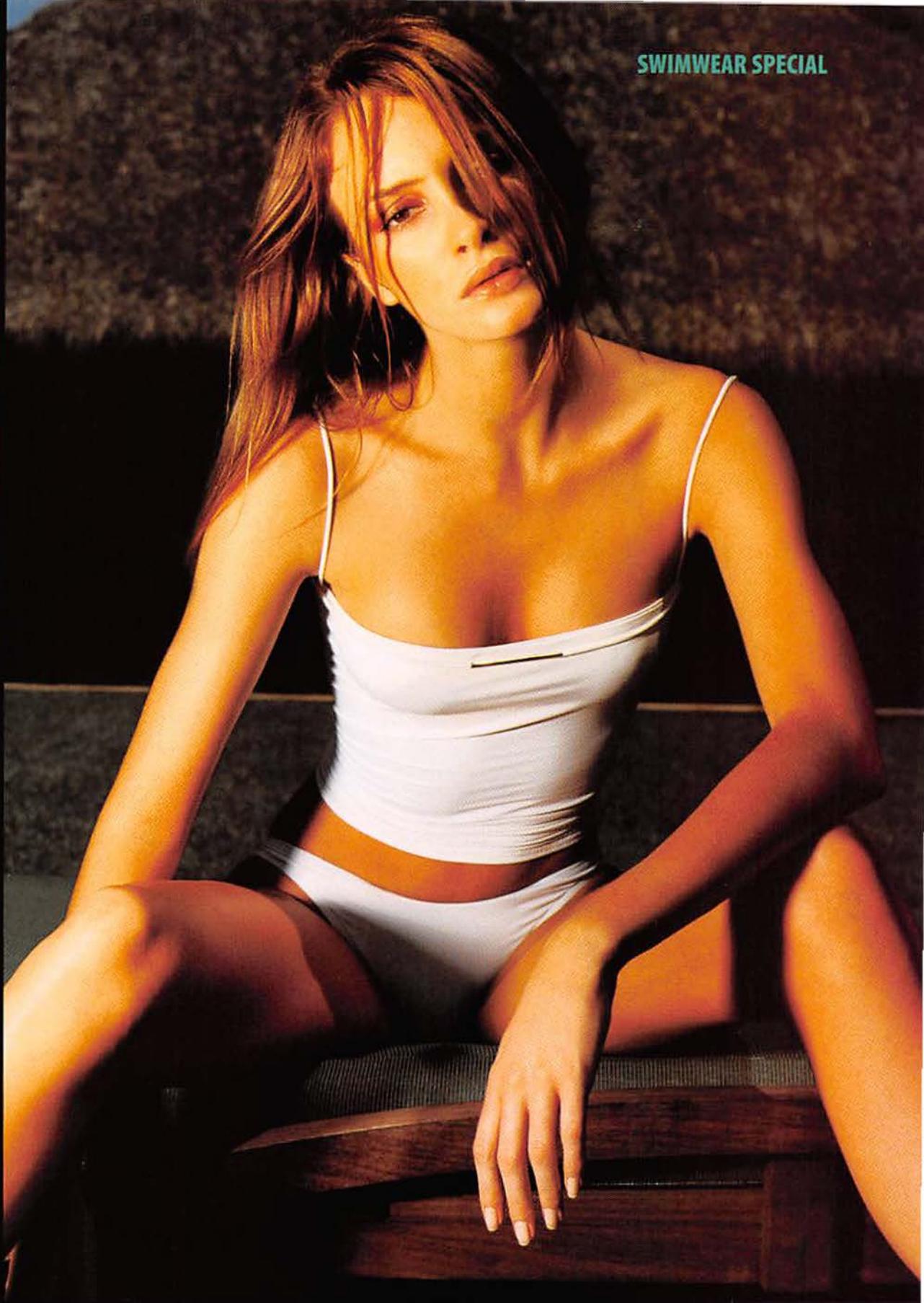
Photographs by Darren Keith Styling by Kimberly Keily



Spandex blend swim trunks, \$89, by Moschino
Mare Uomo. On her: swimsuit by Calvin Klein



Cotton/nylon blend swim shorts, \$90, by Robin Piccone. On her: bikini
by Ann Cole, Water necklace/belly chain in yellow gold by H. Stern

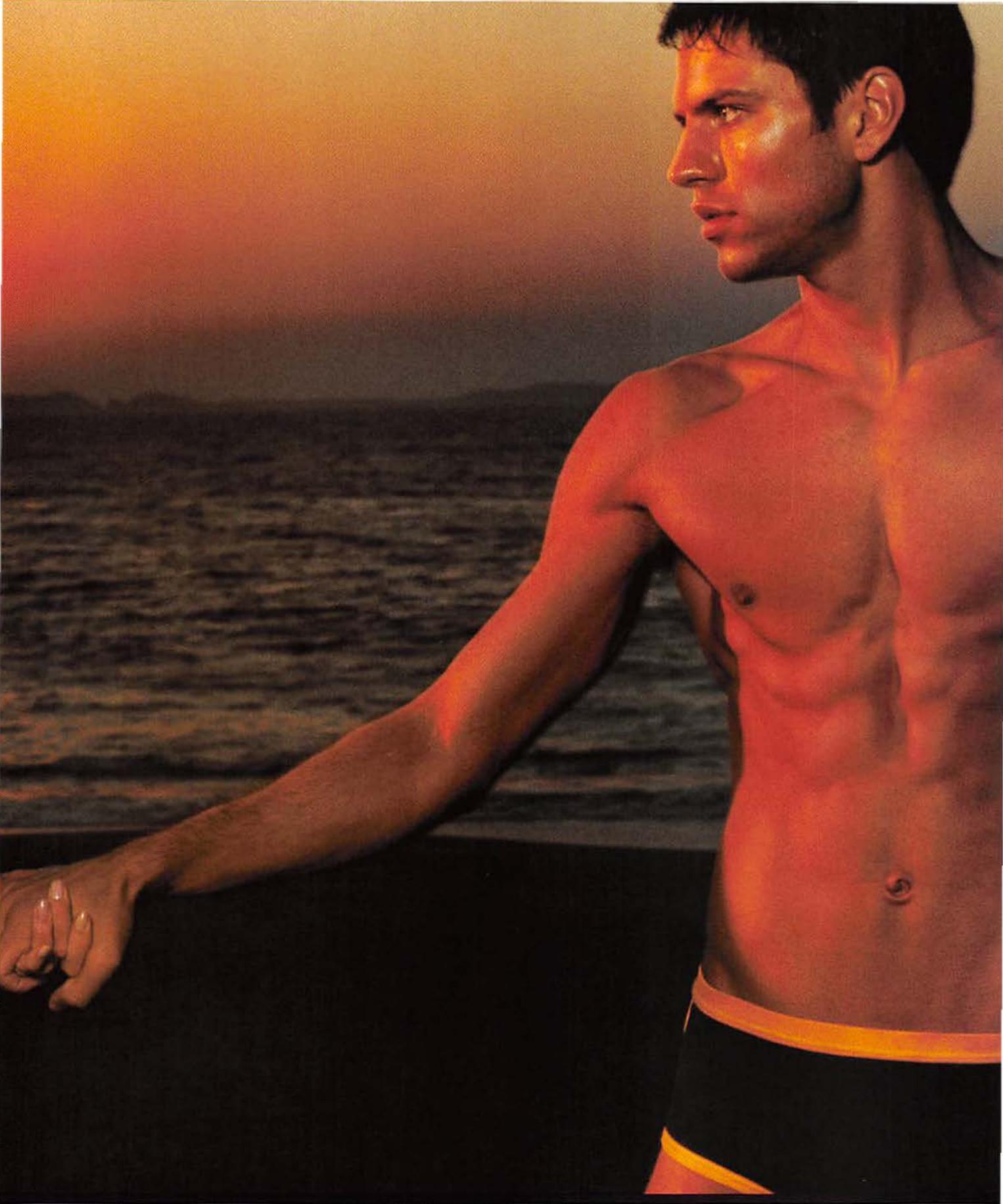


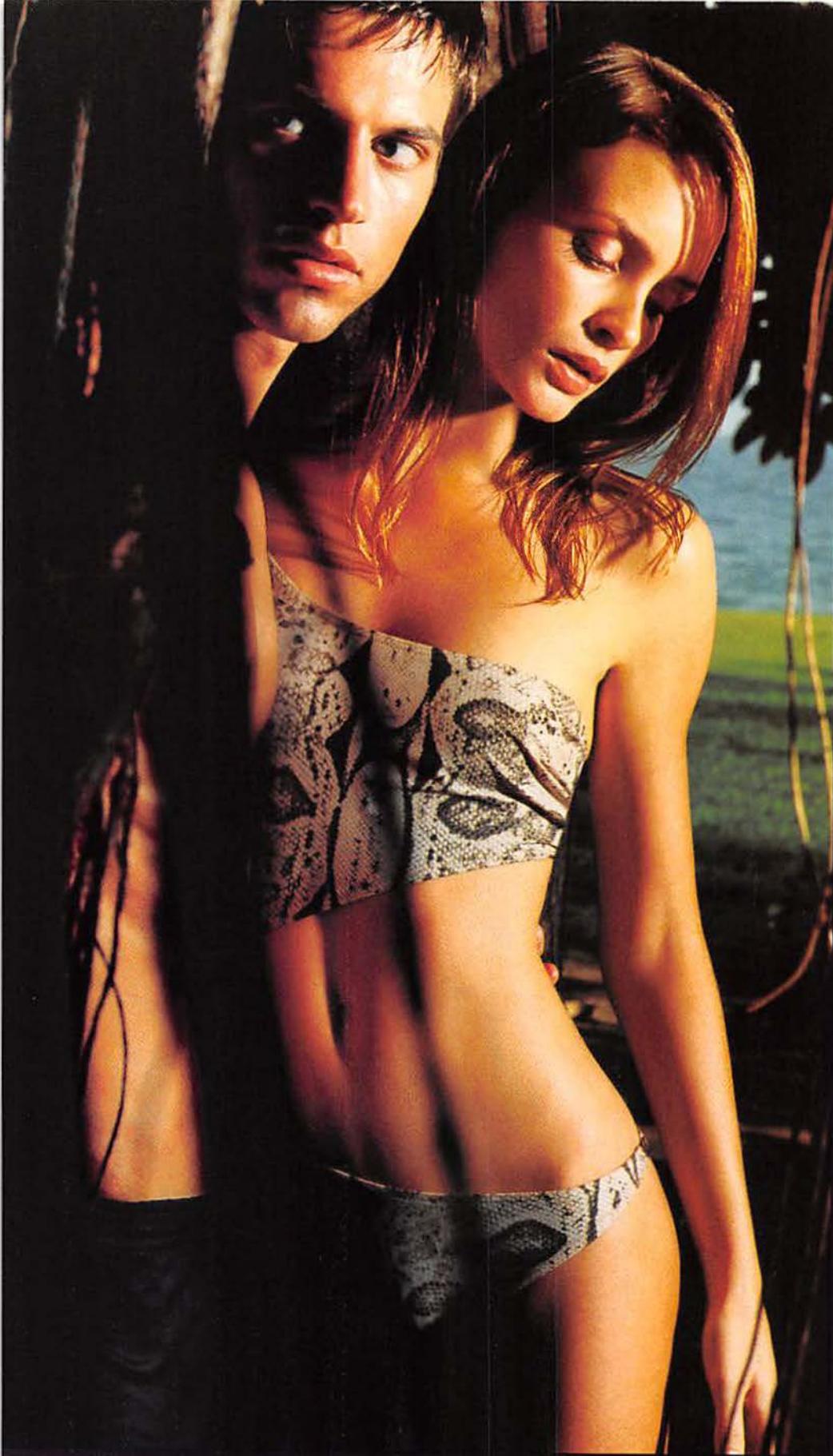
On her: tankini by Calvin Klein





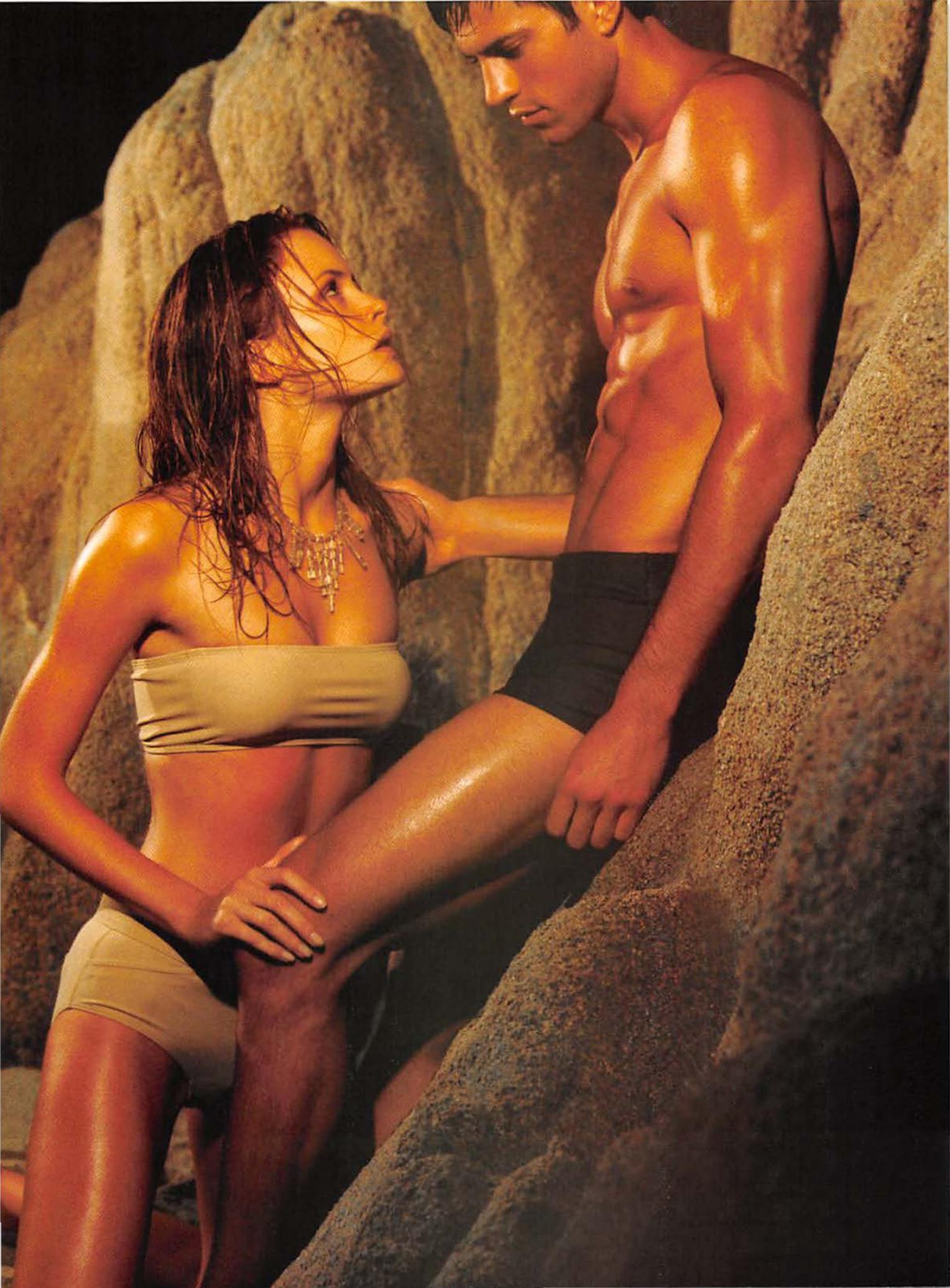
Nylon blend swim brief, \$115, by John Bartlett
On her: suede bikini by Carolina Herrera

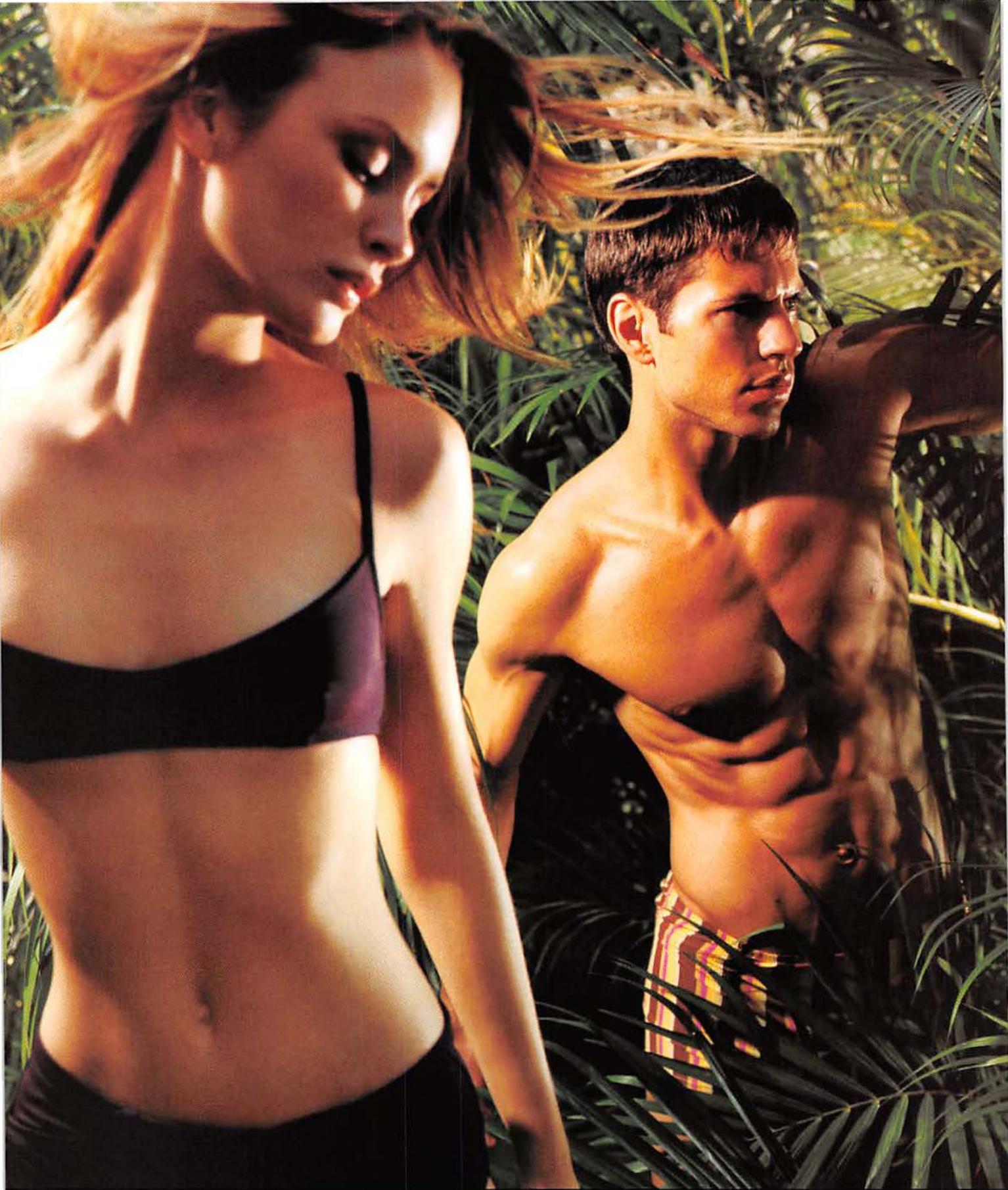




Nylon/Lycra blend swim trunks with reflective stripe, \$45, by Tom of Finland. On her: bikini by Chaiken, Air necklace in yellow gold with citrine beads by H. Stern

Viscose jersey shorts, \$215, by Tom Ford for Gucci. On her: monokini by Tom Ford for Gucci





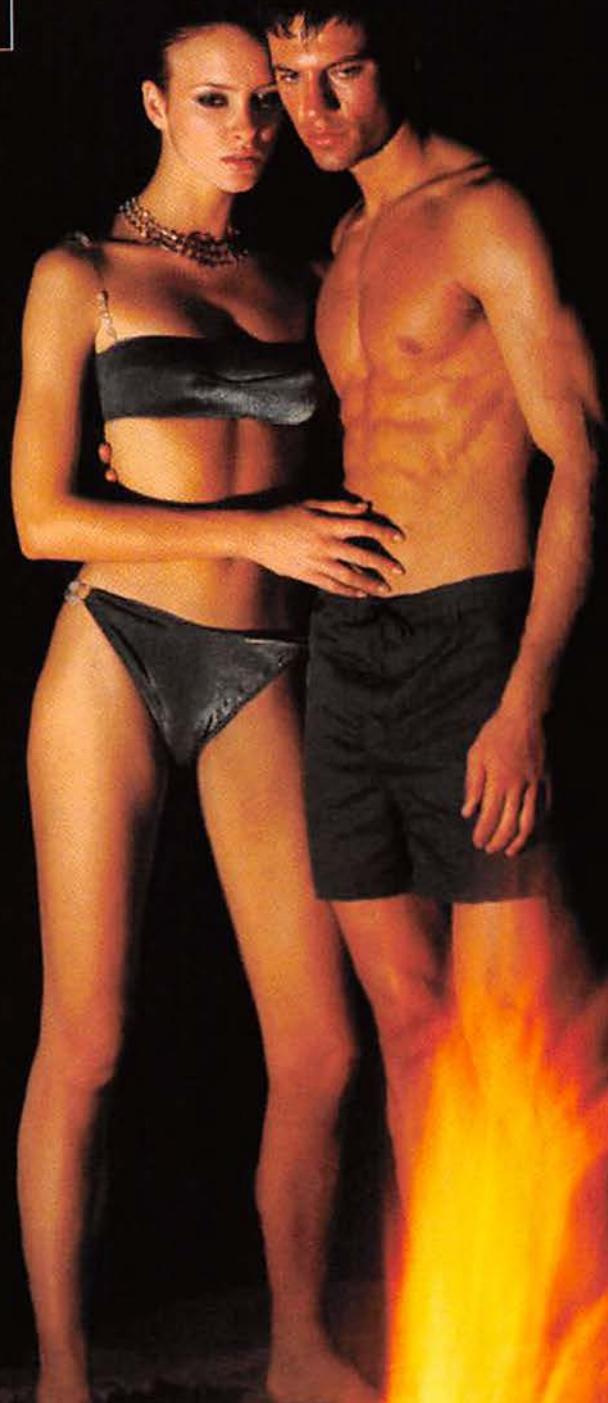
Stretch nylon back-zip swim trunks, \$110, by Jason Bunin. On her: bikini by Chaiken

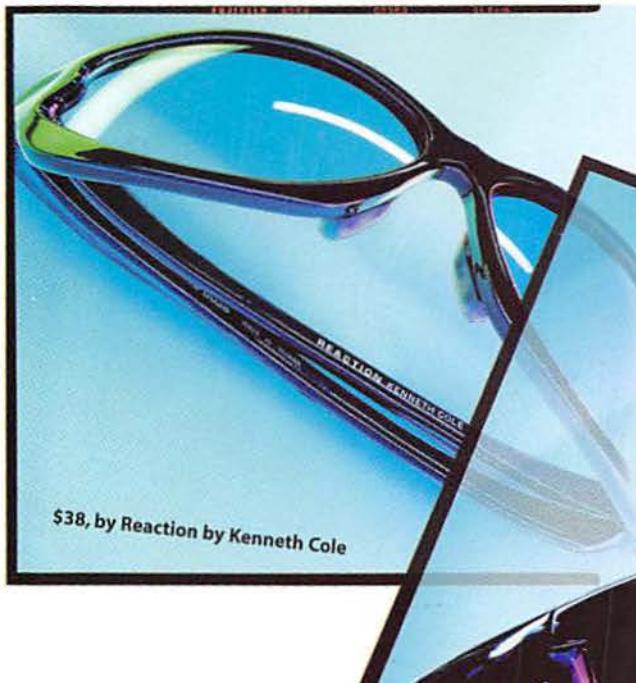
Special thanks to Design Hotels Inc. and the Tamarindo Hotel in Chihuahua-Manzanillo, Mexico.
For booking information, see page 192.

For buying information, see page 192.

SWIMWEAR SPECIAL

Nylon swim shorts, \$88, by Emporio Armani. On her: bikini with beaded straps by Emporio Armani, Greta necklace in white gold with diamonds by H. Stern





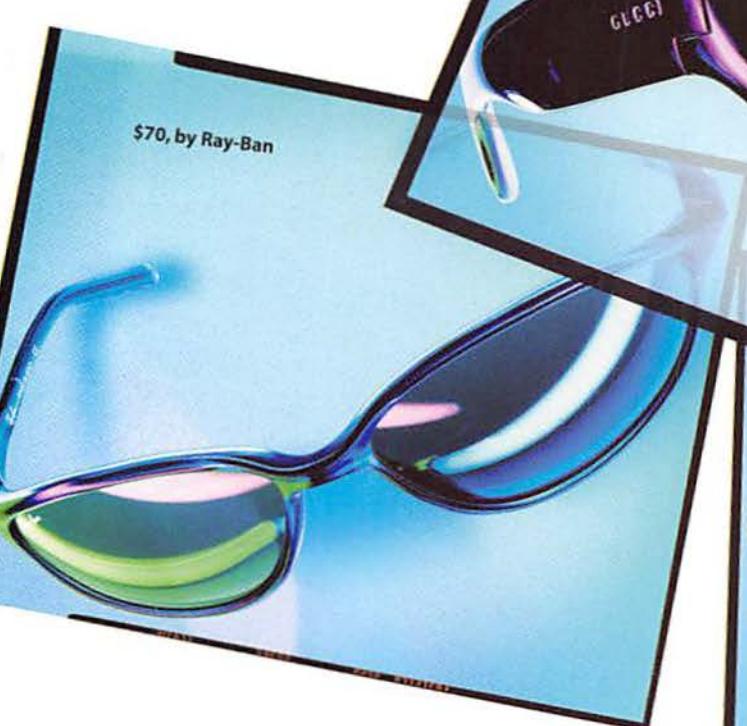
\$38, by Reaction by Kenneth Cole



\$28, by Claiborne



\$140, by Gucci



\$70, by Ray-Ban

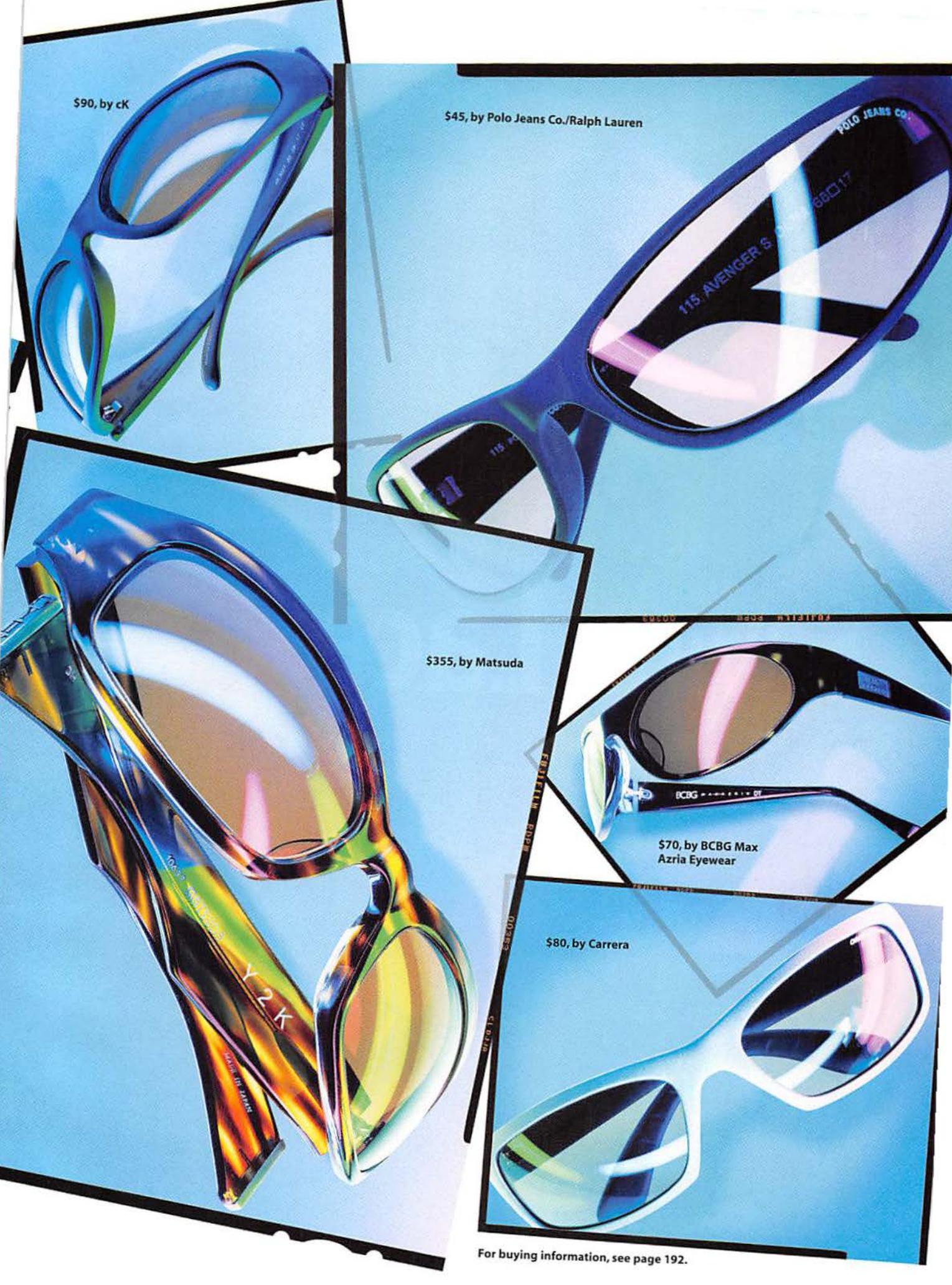


\$95, by Oakley

Get some of these sunglasses around your head.

It's a Wrap

Photographs by Shin Ohira Styling by Robyn Goldberg



\$90, by cK

\$45, by Polo Jeans Co./Ralph Lauren

\$355, by Matsuda

\$70, by BCBG Max Azria Eyewear

\$80, by Carrera

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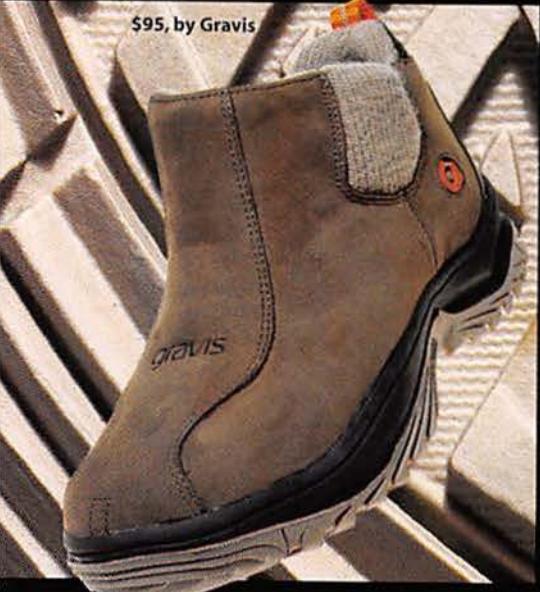
Saving Lace

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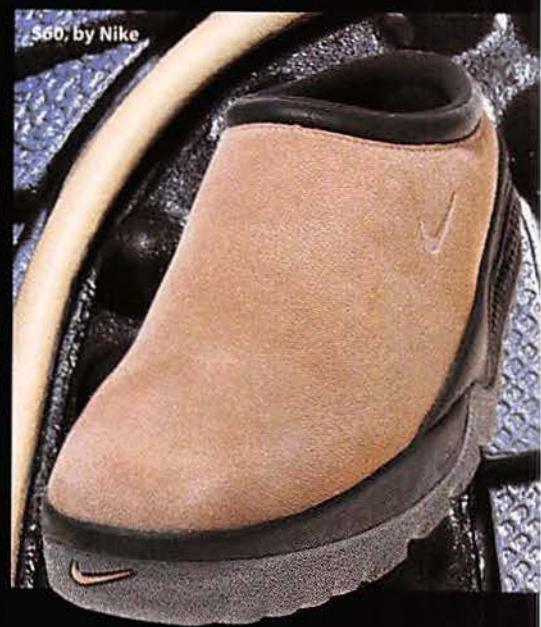
Photographs by Mark Weiss Styling by Kimberly Keily

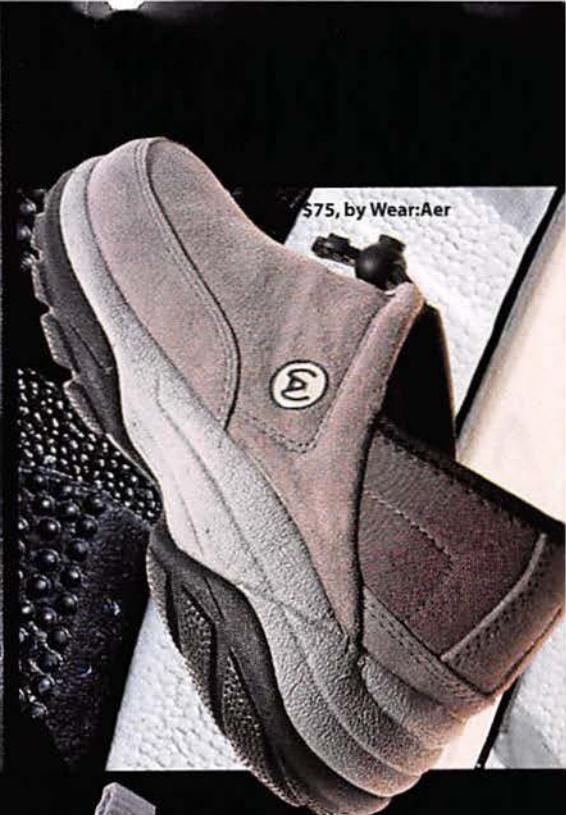
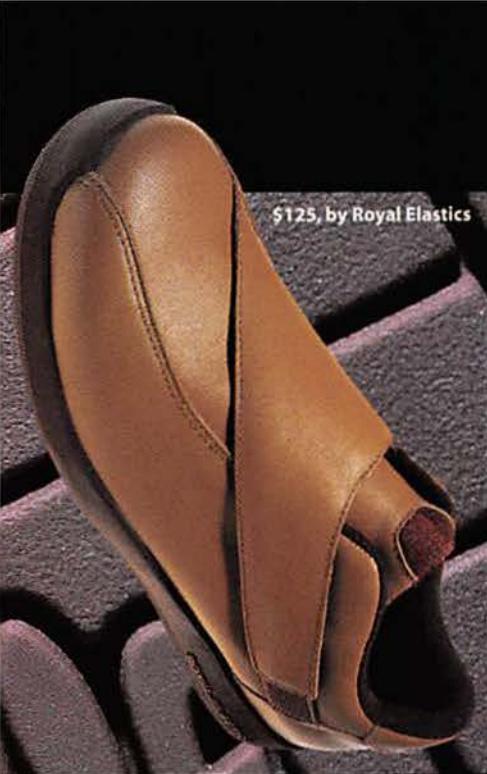
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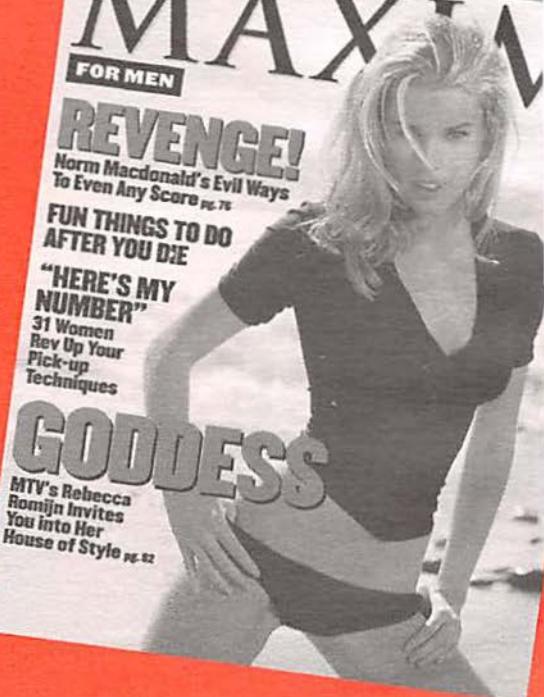
Norm Macdonald's Evil Ways
To Even Any Score pg. 76

FUN THINGS TO DO AFTER YOU DIE

"HERE'S MY
NUMBER"
31 Women
Rev Up Your
Pick-up
Techniques

GODDESS

MTV's Rebecca
Romijn Invites
You into Her
House of Style pg. 62



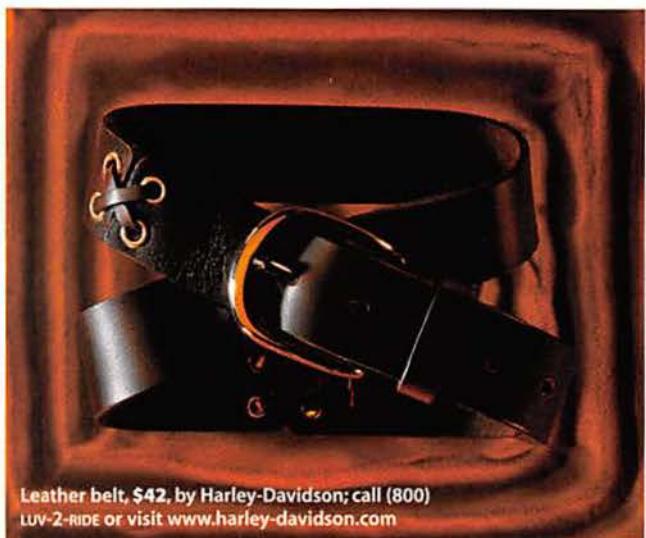
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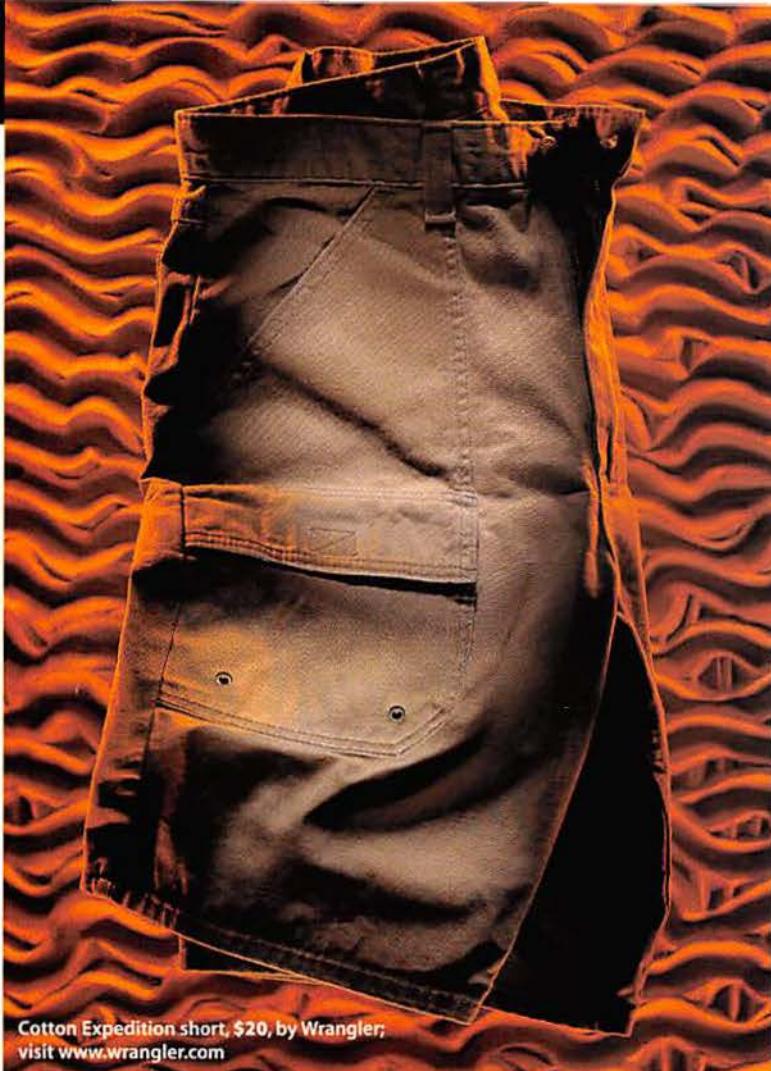
Easy Pieces

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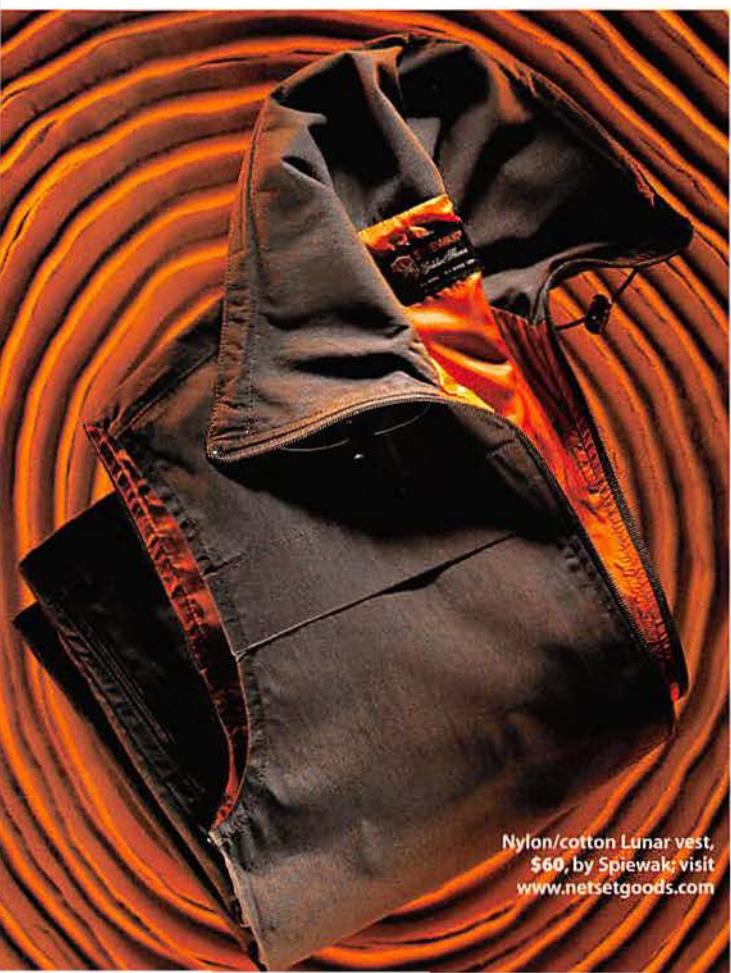
Photographs by Michele Gastl Styling by Robyn Goldberg



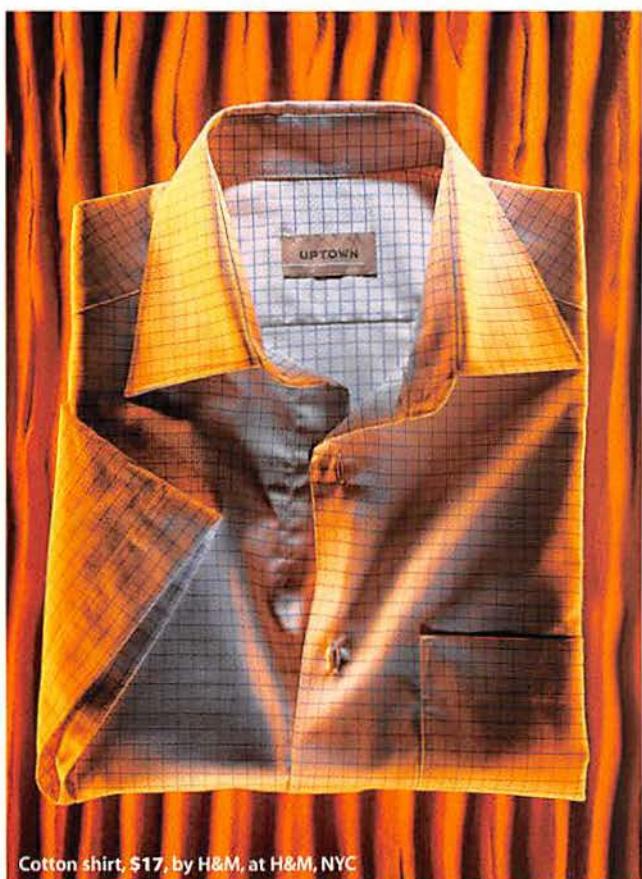
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Cotton shirt, \$17, by H&M, at H&M, NYC

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Bye-bye, Bib

So you snarfed up all the Jeremy's Microbatch Ice Cream and dribbled all over your tie. Nobody will ever notice if you're sporting Nicole Miller's snacker-friendly neckwear. The cool drip design sells for \$60 at Nicole Miller stores. But what about the ice cream? Visit your grocer's freezer, or chill out at www.microbatch.com.



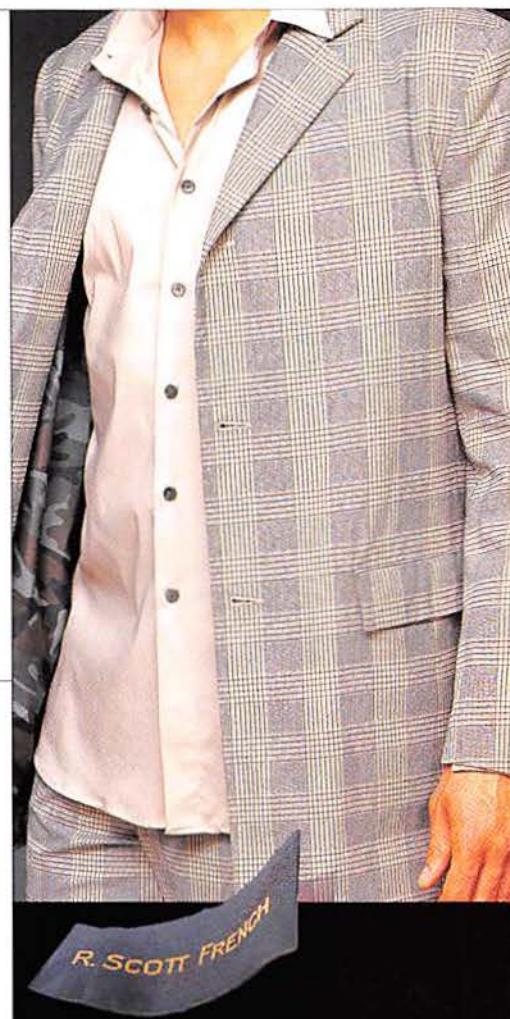
A Scent of Man

Guerlain's Vétiver has been making women sniff twice since 1959. The masculine whiff of lemon and vetiver root is the same, but the line now sells under a new label. Prices range from \$17 for deodorant to \$65 for a 4.2-ounce bottle of eau de toilette. Pick it up at better department stores, or call (800) 882-8820.



By the Book

You know bigwords.com can help you get smart. But now the online textbook retailer can help you look smart, too. This \$50 Ben Sherman shirt is a cool catch, and other brands, such as BC Ethic, Fresh Jive, Suburban, Skechers, and Tokyo Bay, are just a click away.



This Month's Label

The past meets the future in a perfect present from R. Scott French. Already in his third season, the young designer is known for integrating old-school looks with modern, treated fabrics. Pick up one of his checked water-repellent suits or nylon-blend shirts at Fred Segal, Santa Monica; MAC, San Francisco; or By George, Austin, Texas.

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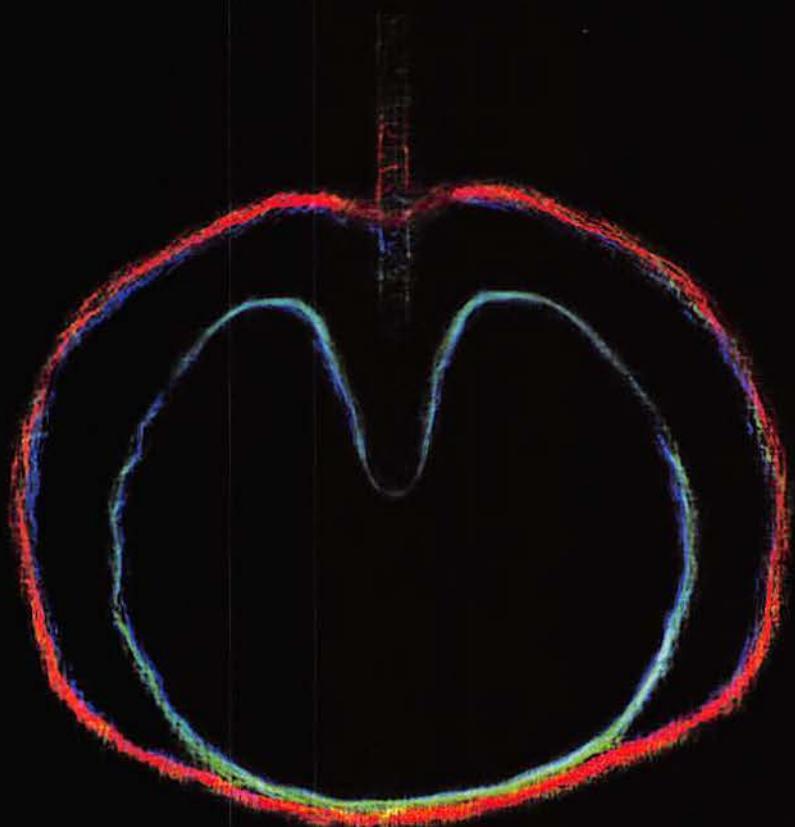
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"Joyful melodies, intriguing lyrics...an album with more hooks than Mike Tyson." - Interview

"The Godfathers of Brit-pop are back with their most lyrical and focused work since Oasis were toddlers."
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Reviews



Music

Is Kid Rock still rolling? **p.176**

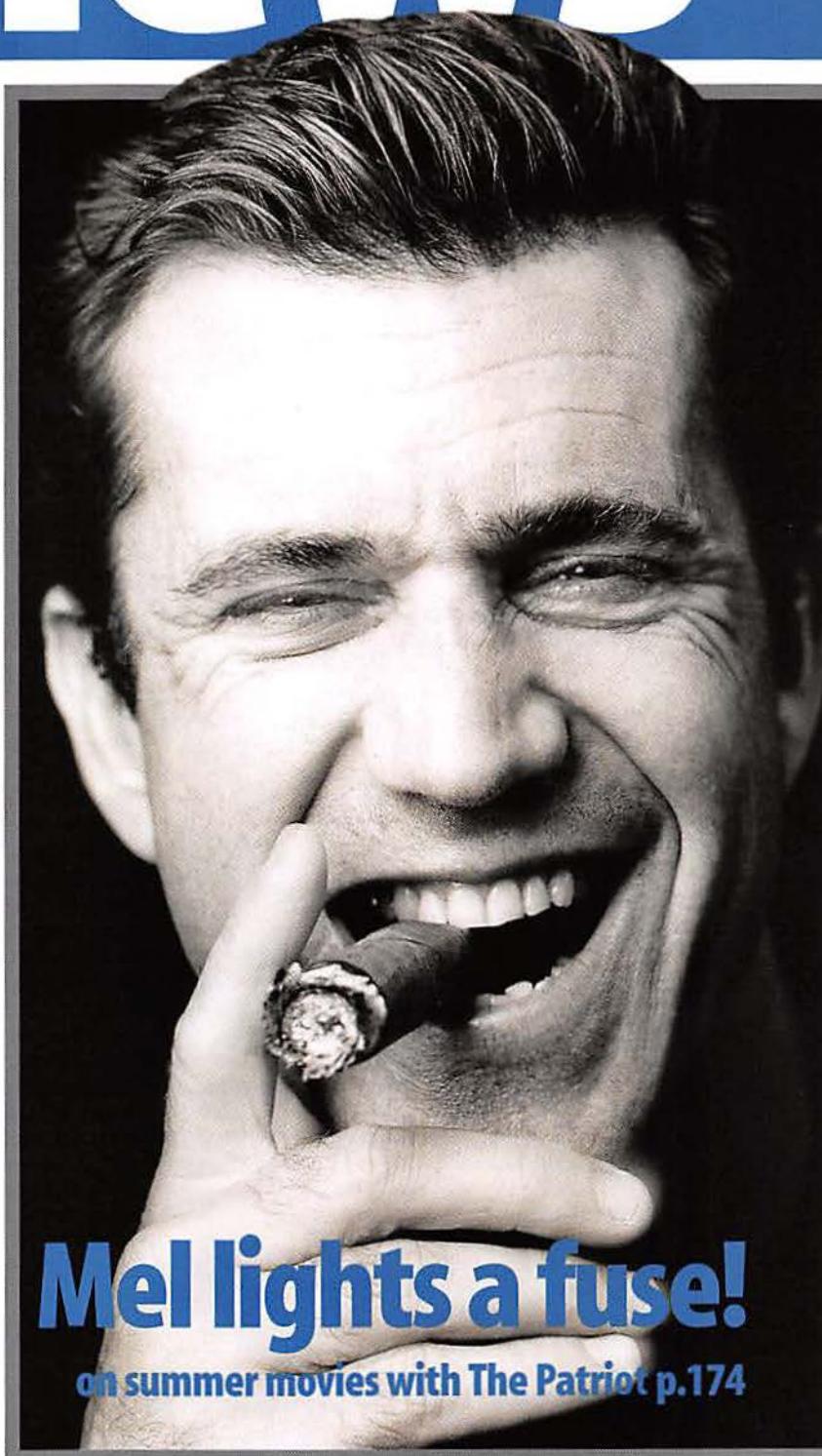


Games

Superhero showdown **p.180**

Plus in Grinder

■ Toys of summer! The fastest ride to the ER, a personal submarine, and tons more! **pp. 184-190**



Mel lights a fuse!

on summer movies with *The Patriot* **p.174**

For new reviews every week, check out www.maximonline.com/hang_time.

Oh, man. Why did this have to happen on the Fourth of July?



PICTURE THIS

The Patriot

You say you want a revolution? Then sit back and watch Mel Gibson transform a ho-hum American holiday into a blood-splattered, Brit-kicking good time.

Why aren't more movies made about the American Revolution? Because images of guys crossing the Delaware in dinghies to skirmish over the price of tea seem wimpy compared with the explosive spectacles of Gettysburg and Normandy, right? Not according to the makers of *The Patriot*.

Mel Gibson, whose leathery mug serves him well here, plays Benjamin Martin, a French and Indian War veteran who has settled down as a widowed father of seven on his South Carolina plantation circa 1776. Other colonists, including his eldest son (Heath Ledger), are itching to fight their English rulers over taxes, trade, and the freedom to burn those poofy wigs (at least that's what we'd be loading our muskets over). Martin, however, is content to tend his crops—until the battle literally erupts in his front yard courtesy of the Green Dragoons (the Nazi SS of the British war machine), led by the cruel and oh-so-snotty Colonel Tavington (Jason Isaacs). One thing that distinguishes *The Patriot* from other summer blockbusters is equal emphasis on emotional carnage: Our hero can't always rescue his loved ones in the nick of time. Coming from the director and producer responsible for 1998's craptastic *Godzilla*, this is a major accomplishment.



Mel loved that *Seinfeld* "pirate shirt" episode

Once his firecracker fuse is lit, Martin transforms into a Colonial-era lethal weapon, in one instance decimating a British platoon in a flurry of muskets and tomahawks that leaves him so gore-soaked, the sight traumatizes his kids—a scene reminiscent of the best parts of *The Last of the Mohicans*. When Martin takes command of the militia, the epic battles borrow liberally from Gibson's other little independence flick, *Braveheart*, complete with a horseback-delivered pep talk about fighting for freedom—all that's missing is bare asses and red, white, and blue face paint.

Still, the fierce action is innovative for pushing cinematic Revolutionary War clashes beyond orderly rows of well-tailored soldiers politely exchanging salvos across a well-tended meadow. Here bullets enter flesh with a visceral wet *smack*, and one *whoa!* moment boasts the best cannonball decapitation we've ever seen in a movie.

(All right, we've never seen another cannonball decapitation scene, but that makes this one even cooler.)

So while *The Patriot* isn't revolutionary on every front, it packs plenty enough punch to have you aiming bottle rockets at any Brits who wander into your Fourth of July barbecue. Give us tickets—or give us death! (Columbia, June 30)—Steven Russell

FLICK FLAK

Limey Louts

What do you get when you mix good breeding and bad behavior?

These days we think of Brits as well-mannered blokes, but *The Patriot*'s villain reminds us of other sadistic cinema sissies who hail from that tiny isle. Here are four appalling Englishmen, ranked by their knack for being both fierce and foppish:



1. ARCHIE CUNNINGHAM

(Tim Roth in *Rob Roy*, 1995) This effete English aristocrat slumming in the Scottish Highlands sports more makeup and curls than a cosmetologist convention. He also has a penchant for pillage, backed up by a dueling blade. **Brit babble:** "I did once bugger a boy, but it must be said that I thought him a girl at the moment of entry."



2. CAPTAIN BLIGH

(Anthony Hopkins in *The Bounty*, 1984) The standard by which all anal-retentive slave drivers are judged. When his sailors pine for topless Tahitians, Bligh's British fondness for discipline—and suppressed homosexuality—flowers. So long grogging, hello flogging. **Brit babble:** "You'll get these decks clean, or by God, I'll make you lick them clean with your tongue."



3. SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

(Alan Rickman in *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*, 1991) The maniacal, scene-stealing sheriff torches Robin's castle, intends to impregnate Maid Marian (whether she likes it or not), and still finds time to starve peasants and dabble in the occult. **Brit babble:** "Cancel the kitchen scraps for lepers and orphans. No more merciful beheadings. And call off Christmas!"



4. CAPTAIN HOOK

(Dustin Hoffman in *Hook*, 1991) A mustachioed bogeyman with a metal claw for a hand, Hook's crimes include terrorizing tots, locking errant pirates in the creepy-crawly-filled "boo box," and wearing wigs big enough to smother Dolly Parton. **Brit babble:** "Oh, I hate being disappointed, and I hate living in this flawed body, and I hate living in Neverland, and I hate, hate, hate Peter Pan!"—Maitland McDonagh

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle (Universal) Release date: June 30	Robert De Niro, Jason Alexander, Rene Russo	The crime-fighting cartoon moose and squirrel pop into a live-action world to take on the evil Boris Badenov (Alexander), Natasha Fatale (Russo), and Fearless Leader (De Niro!!!).	Well, we always thought Natasha was kinda sexy...for a godless comic. More madcap mayhem than <i>Rugrats</i> , less than <i>Tom & Jerry</i> .	Bull sprinkle. Summer ain't squirrel season unless you're a big fan of 40-year-old minor-league cartoons.
	The Perfect Storm (Warner Bros.) Release date: June 30	George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Diane Lane	The true tale of a fishing-boat crew racing back to port as the most powerful storm in modern history bears down on them. Big wave good-bye, fellas.	Everybody gets wet and smells like fish, but not from sex. You've heard the term "violent storm," right? Well, this one is Ted Bundy.	Surf's up! All the foreshadowing is a bit treacly, but once the "Holy shit!" hurricane hits our heroes, you'll be gasping for air until the credits roll.
	Scary Movie (Dimension) Release date: July 7	Shannon Elizabeth, Marlon Wayans, Shawn Wayans, Keenen Ivory Wayans	Not a movie about a rogue Spice Girl but a full-nopunches parody of the recent boom in teen horror flicks...which were already sort of a parody of '80s slasher flicks.	Even in a horror spoof, if you get frisky, you get filleted.	Yikes! The only thing that scares us more than serial killers is a bunch of Wayanses in the same movie.
	The Kid (Walt Disney) Release date: July 12	Bruce Willis, Spencer Breslin, Emily Mortimer	When a 40-year-old image consultant magically meets himself as an eight-year-old, he learns to, awww, have fun and remember his dreams.	Bruce and the brat blast away with matching AK-47s at an International Terrorist & Son picnic. Yep, we made that up.	We already found our inner child: He had a runny nose and wouldn't stop yapping, so we dropped him off at this lame movie and forgot to pick him up.
	What Lies Beneath (DreamWorks) Release date: July 21	Harrison Ford, Michelle Pfeiffer, Amber Valletta	Having an affair is bad. Your mistress killing herself is worse. Your dead mistress haunting you and your wife is just plain freaky.	Hell hath no fury like a pissed-off lover who can walk through walls.	We see depth, people. Our sixth sense tells us this supernatural thriller will be this summer's, um, <i>The Sixth Sense</i> .
	Numbers (Paramount) Release date: July 14	John Travolta, Lisa Kudrow, Tim Roth	A weatherman living beyond his means (Travolta) schemes with his TV station's lotto girl (Kudrow) to rig the drawing. That takes balls.	Two out of three women surveyed found brand-new millionaires to be very sexy.	We're not so hot at math, but Travolta plus Kudrow seems like a winning combination.

EJECTION SEAT

The Rents

Rewind? No problem. Be kind? They wish.

Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo Rob Schneider is a bumbling fishtank cleaner (instead of all those suave fishtank cleaners you're used to seeing) who becomes a male prostitute to pay off a debt. You'll feel dirty...but you'll laugh. (June 20)

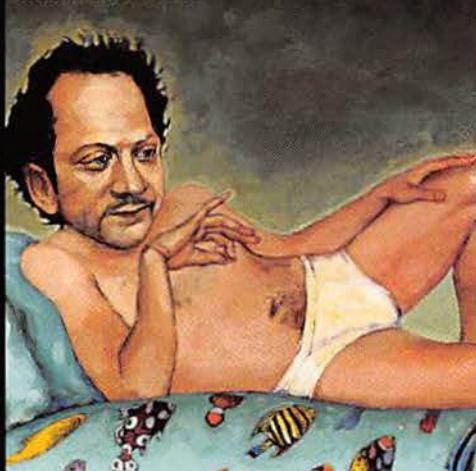
The Talented Mr. Ripley A piano player (Matt Damon) is hired to find an American playboy (Jude Law) in '50s Italy, turns gay, kills the playboy, and gets trapped in his own web. Why did we tell you the ending? Because we hate this pretentious arty crap. (June 27)

Hanging Up Meg Ryan, Lisa Kudrow, and Diane Keaton are sisters who squabble, visit their sick father, cry, and, um, squabble some more...C'mon, you don't think we watched more than 10 minutes of this, do you? (June 27)

Scream 3 An ensemble cast, including Neve Campbell, Courteney Cox Arquette, and David Arquette, gets stalked, sliced, and diced by a mystery killer in a mask. So it's a total twist on the first two *Scream* flicks. (July 4)

Angela's Ashes A dirt-poor Irish family during the Depression finds a pot o' tragedy at the end of the rainbow. Not that there's any rainbow, since it seems to rain the whole time. One large bucket of whiskey, please. (July 11)

She loves me. Ouch! She loves me not. Ouch!



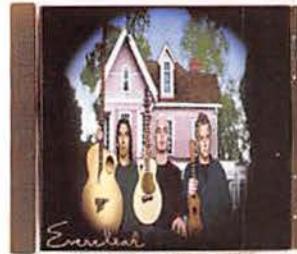


Hand check...
both hands

Everclear

Songs from an American Movie, Vol. 1/
Learning How to Smile (Capitol)

Thanks to hits like "Santa Monica" and "Everything to Everyone," the radio has fallen in love with Everclear over the past few years. With their new, confusingly titled album (don't worry, it's not a soundtrack), the band is making it clear that they're ready to consummate the relationship. Overflowing with hooks that'll cling to you like a cheap shower curtain, *Songs from an American Movie* is sure to be blaring out of car stereos all summer. Frontman Art Alexakis embraces his inner pop jones without shame, creating a relentlessly sunny record, especially considering these guys are from the rainy hipster mecca of Portland, Oregon. Insistent melodies and bouncy rhythms charge tracks like "AM Radio" and "Here We Go Again," but occasionally their homage to the Top 40 goes too far. Whoever thought it was a cool idea to cover Van Morrison's "Brown Eyed Girl," a song already beaten into the ground by every coffeehouse hack with a guitar, needs to come get their ass-whuppin'. The trio recovers quickly though, injecting lazy, country soul into "Thrift Store Chair" and giving us pointers on picking up chicks at the unemployment office with the exultant rocker "Unemployed Boyfriend." At times the whole thing gets so sugary you'll want to make an appointment with the dentist, but even so, this is an *American Movie* worth getting in line for.—David Peisner



Dwight Yoakam
dwightyoakamacoustic.net
(Reprise)

The shameless Web site plug ain't what we call country, and a few new songs would've been nice, but we're hard-pressed to find anything else wrong with this all-acoustic collection from our favorite hillbilly hipster. Stripping 25 old hits and lost gems from his back catalog down to their bare bones, Dwight reminds us just how much fun getting sloppy drunk and having your heart repeatedly stomped on can be. It probably took him all of an afternoon to bang this thing out, but as a bone tossed to fans, it's damn tasty.—D.P.



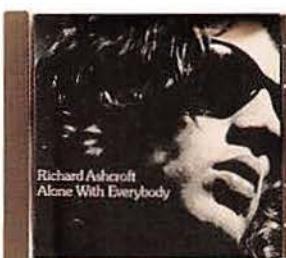
Sunny Day Real Estate
The Rising Tide
(Time Bomb Recordings)

Sunny Day Real Estate isn't the biggest band in the world, but they sure act like it. Their saga includes a three-year hiatus during which frontman Jeremy Enigk went looking for God and their rhythm section went looking for gigs with the Foo Fighters. It also includes the most dramatic arena-rock bravado this side of U2 (before U2 became an art project). Enigk's pained lyrics can get loopy, but dynamic songs overpower even the most cringe-inducing refrains, distinguishing SDRE from the piss-and-moan indie-rock masses.—D.P.



Various Artists
Metalliska: A Ska Tribute to 80s Metal (Too Hep)

Separately, ska and hair-metal have all the appeal of a Corey Feldman film festival. United, as they are on this compilation of ska bands covering '80s rock, it somehow works. The Mighty Mighty Bosstones' punked-up version of Van Halen's "Ain't Talkin' Bout Love" and Reel Big Fish's horn-fueled romp through Lita Ford's "Kiss Me Deadly" are keepers, but the best moment is delivered by the Slackers, who reinvent Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" as ganja-choked reggae. File under: Ideas so stupid they're brilliant.—D.P.



Richard Ashcroft
Alone With Everybody (Virgin)
The drugs may not have worked for Richard Ashcroft while he fronted the Verve, but on his solo debut he seems to have discovered Prozac. *Alone with Everybody* is OK, with some pretty ballads ("Brave New World") and upbeat pop tunes ("New York"), but after the Verve's superb *Urban Hymns*, OK doesn't cut it. There's no standout on a par with "Bittersweet Symphony," or any of the bite that marked his best songs. Ashcroft needs to remember that a brilliant asshole is always better than a boring wanker.—Steve Baltin

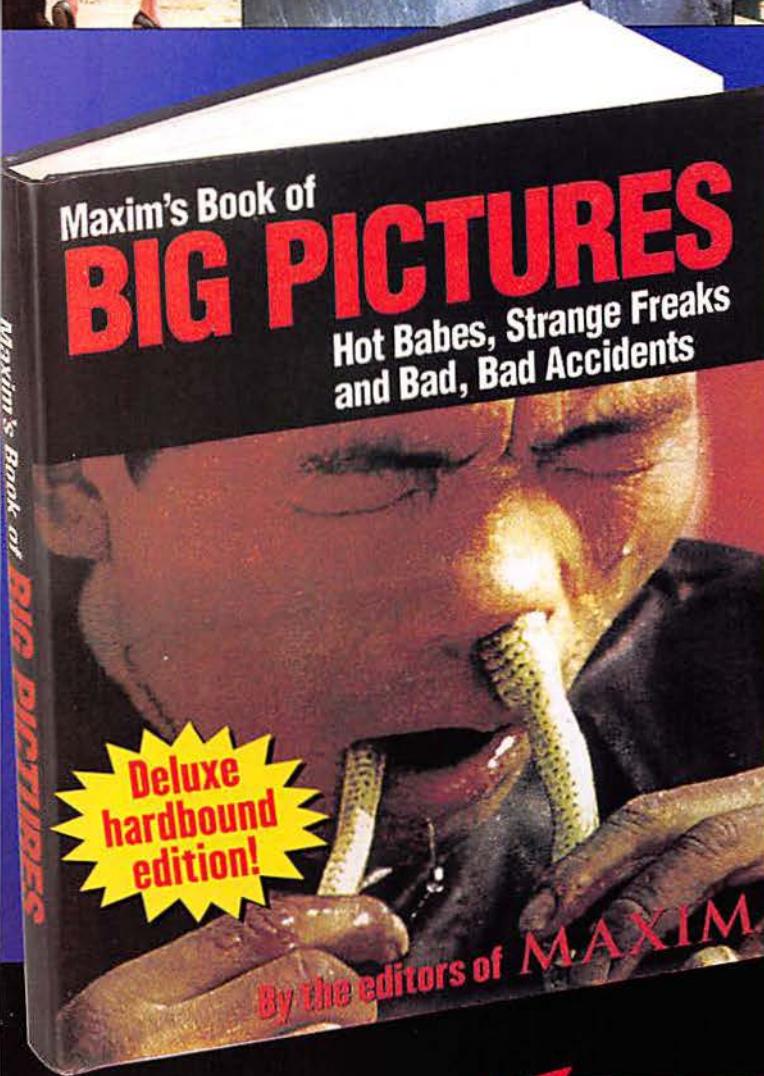


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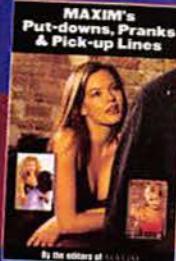
Forget the pretty sunsets and puppy dog pictures. Here's a photo collection of some of the weirdest stuff we've ever seen. And check this out: The pix are **TOO HOT** to publish in MAXIM!!! Stuff like:

- Car & plane crashes where the seat belts didn't help
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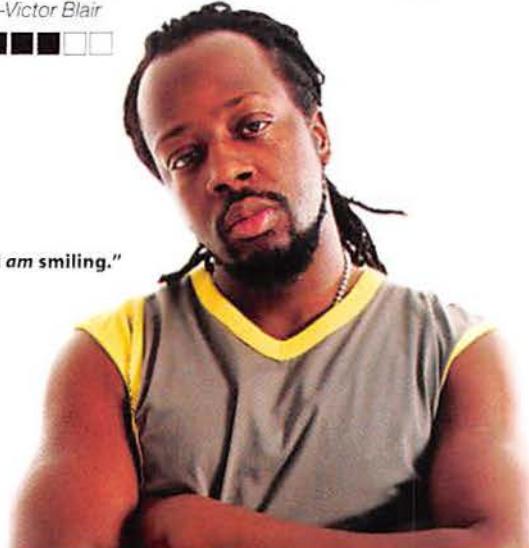
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Wyclef Jean

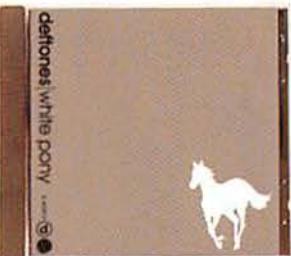
The Eclectic (Ruffhouse/Columbia)

Just how eclectic is Fugee founder Wyclef Jean's sophomore solo album? Well, when was the last time you cranked up a hip-hop song with an intro by the Gambler himself, Kenny Rogers? Magically, *The Eclectic's* hip-hop-and-the-kitchen-sink formula doesn't blow up in his dreadlocks, blending rap, reggae, rock, country, and folk into one potent, if sometimes puzzling, groove. Collaborators like Earth, Wind and Fire we understand, but why does WWF superstar The Rock stop by? Maybe to help Wyclef put a pile driver on the record company, the press, and the cops he disses in his lyrics for not giving him enough respect. Fortunately, the large chip on Wyclef's shoulder is only outweighed by his ability to pull this ambitious project off.

—Victor Blair



"I am smiling."



Kid Rock

The History of Rock (Atlantic)

It's a rock 'n' roll tradition to capitalize on sudden fame by milking earlier, ignored work. Fortunately for Kid Rock, we're lactose tolerant—despite some of these songs having expiration dates that go back to the '80s. By remixing old tracks, and tossing in a couple of new ditties, Kid has constructed a quickie compilation that'll satisfy old fans and new: "Oedipus" shows that he deserved attention long before he became the cracker mack daddy du jour, while "American Bad Ass" builds upon the riff-and-rap hybrid that made him a chart monster. Hey, any tune that gives props to Grandmaster Flash and Hank Williams, Jr., is OK by us.—Craig Stephenson



The Deftones

The White Pony (Maverick)

Though they'll quickly be lumped in with Limp Bizkit, Korn, and their aggro-rock ilk, the Deftones bring more to the hard-rock roundtable than 'roid rage and recycled Sabbath riffs. *The White Pony* is a surprisingly melodic blend of angry stomp-rock and black-hearted pop. Best of all, it lays off the lunkheaded rapping while conjuring up moody electro-ballads ("Digital Bath") and straitjacket-worthy rockers ("Knife Party") that simmer rather than spew. And when they do explode with guitar-crunching salvos like "Elite" and "Korea," it's not just adolescent hollering about breaking stuff. A ride on *The White Pony* is a lot more dangerous than that.—D.P.



CLASSIC ALBUM PICK

Kid Rock

Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band—*Live Bullet* (1976)

These days everybody thinks of Seger from those "Like a Rock" truck commercials.

People are always trying to be too cool, trying to name some wacky shit that they never listen to. But I think Seger's the epitome of greatness. He was never ripping around

Hollywood, being a slick-shooter; he just stayed in Detroit and did his thing. And he still sells shitloads of

records and sells out any show he does.

Why *Live Bullet* over, say, *Night Moves*?

Number one, it's live. Any

musician knows that the hardest thing is to pull off a great live record, and I've never heard another live record that good. I mean, you never hear a Stones or Zeppelin record that good. Never.

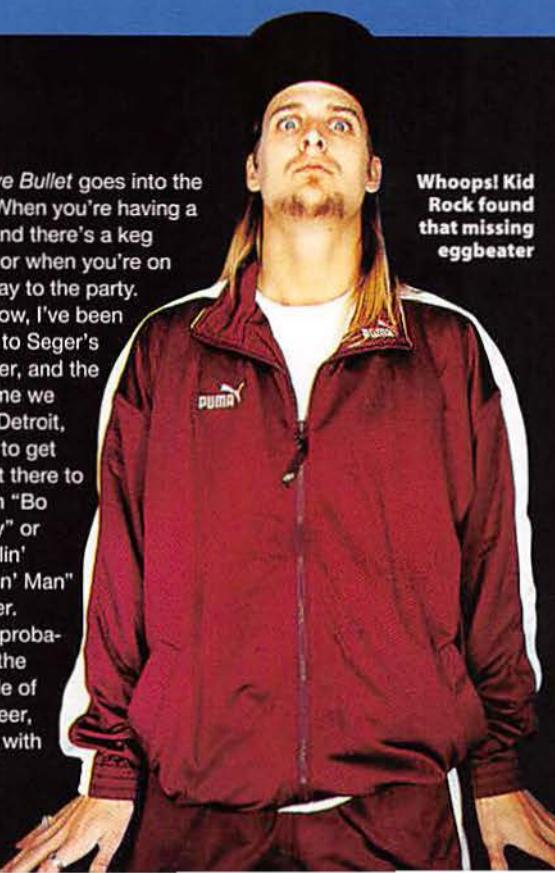
Did you hear it a lot growing up in Detroit?

My parents were huge Seger fans—I remember it pounding every weekend. We had barn parties and hayrides, and I would go to sleep listening to it every night. I don't know what I liked about it when I was little—I guess it was just the simplistic, blues-based rock'n'roll.

When is it *Live Bullet* time? Anytime you're having a good time. It's like, you crack a beer

and *Live Bullet* goes into the deck. When you're having a party and there's a keg there...or when you're on your way to the party. You know, I've been talking to Seger's manager, and the next time we jam in Detroit, I'd like to get him out there to rock on "Bo Diddley" or "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man" together. That'd probably be the pinnacle of my career, to play with Seger.

Whoops! Kid Rock found that missing eggbeater



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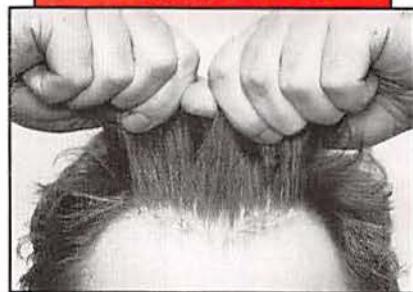
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Games



YOU VS. EVIL

Dynamic Duels

Battle evildoers with these three new superhero games! Cape not included.

Get caught reading the latest issue of *Super-Duper Pals* in public and you're likely to raise a few eyebrows. But play any of these cool comic-book-inspired games and—faster than a speeding bullet—you're a friggin' superhero. Up, up, and...play!

X-Men: Mutant Academy

(Activision—PlayStation, Nintendo 64)

Before Generation X reared its ugly piercings, there were the X-Men, the most famous mutant superheroes in comic-book history. *X-Men: Mutant Academy* puts you in control of 10 genetic misfits—including Wolverine, Cyclops, Phoenix, Storm, and Gambit—as they test their powers by pummeling the snot out of one another in comic-style 3-D arena environments, from a church to an active volcano. Storm tosses lightning bolts, Cyclops blasts away with his optic laser, and Magneto repels his foe with magnetism. (Much of the fun comes from the nearly endless variety of intriguing match-ups.) And should you need a pointer, Professor X will tell you which move works best. Damn, the only thing our teachers ever gave us was detention.



JoJo's Bizarre Adventure

(Capcom—PlayStation, Dreamcast)

Why kick and punch an opponent into submission when you can drop Cadillacs from the sky or transform yourself into a pair of giant killer scissors? Based on a popular Japanese comic book, this hyperactive two-player fantasy fighting game is among the strangest we've seen. As with other animated fighting games, fiercely tapping the buttons results in equally fierce attacks, only in this case, special combinations harness your character's mental energy to alter reality. A story mode allows you to explore the lives of each of the 22 twisted characters, from Iggi the rabid Chihuahua to Midler, a vixen who can make the ground swallow you whole. Geez, maybe they should've called it *JoJo's Fucked-up Acid Trip*.

Spider-Man

(Activision—

PlayStation, N64)

With a major movie in the works, Spider-Man has come a long way since his 1962 comic-book debut, but he's never looked as cool as he does in this 3-D action-adventure game (not even as a regular on *The Electric Company*). Smooth controls and quick-changing perspectives allow you to employ all of Spidey's trademark powers—wall-crawling, web-slinging, even a cool spider-sense that warns of impending peril—to swing from skyscraper to skyscraper and battle supervillains such as the Scorpion or the Green Goblin. Featuring cinematic cut-scenes and a comic-book narrative style, *Spider-Man* is also one of the best-looking games to ever hit a home console. Not bad for a guy who wears footie pajamas to work.—Avi Fryman

"Let's hang."



The Sex Education Videos That Increase Sexual Pleasure For Both Partners.



Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex is an all new video series from Sinclair Institute, America's premier producer of exciting sex education videos for adults. Developed by Dr. Sandra Scantling, one of America's most renowned sex educators and counselors, *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex* is an astonishing combination of visual excitement, sexual intensity, and emotional intimacy.

Each hour-plus video illustrates a path to sexual pleasure as revealed by loving couples who permit us to view the intimate details of their private lives. Many couples find that their interest in each other increases substantially after watching these videos. And Dr. Scantling shows how to transform that interest into life-long sexual pleasure.

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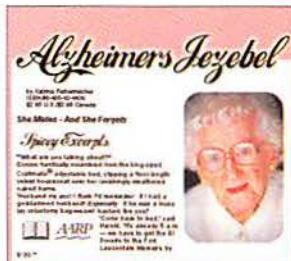
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SURF REPORT

Outta Sites

Because sometimes even free porn gets boring.



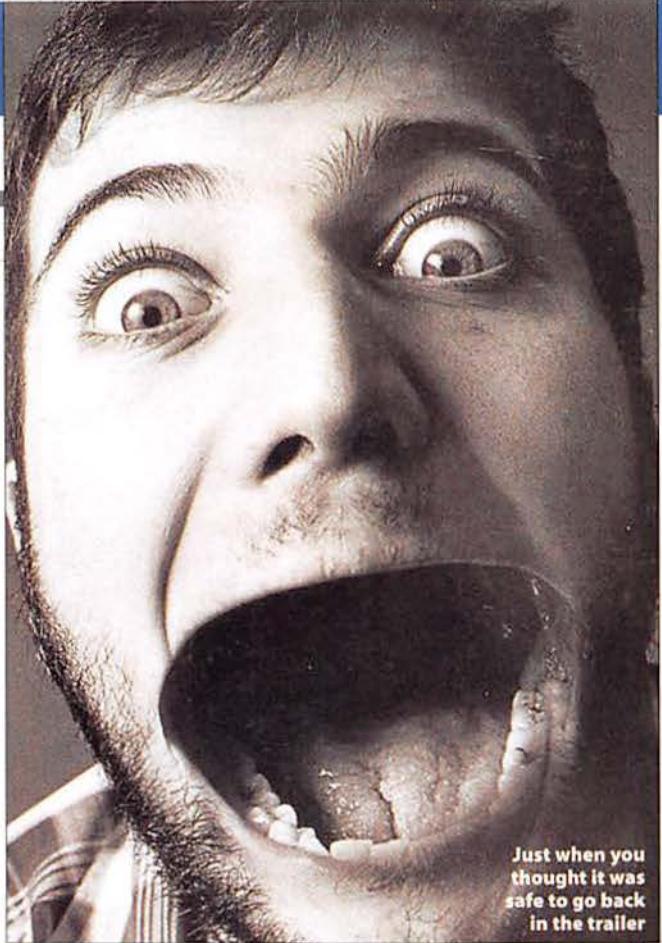
Old Wives' Tail

As *The Golden Girls* proved, nothing is more arousing than frisky octogenarians jumping each other's brittle bones. The Treasury of Geriatric Erotica, "the famous limited edition erotic book series that took the central Florida retirement community by storm," takes a fictional peek inside the secret lives of oversexed seniors. Boasting such titillating titles as *Winnebago Swingers* ("Riding on the Freeway of Lust!"), *Scottsdale Nights* ("Prescott wasn't about to let any god-damned pacemaker slow him down"), and *Alzheimer's Jezebel* ("She mates—and she forgets"), these tales of adjustable-Craftmatic action will leave you hotter than a vat of Ben-Gay. Just don't blame us if you get queasy sitting next to Grandma at the family reunion. (www.chickenhead.com/features/gerotica/index.html)



Bill's Billions

Feel pretty good about that 8 percent raise you spent a year puckering up to the boss' butt to get? Then you might want to avoid the Bill Gates Personal Wealth Clock, a site devoted to calculating how many billions the Dweeb King has over you at any particular moment. By multiplying the latest Microsoft stock price by the number of Gates' shares, we learn that he's sitting on (as of this writing) exactly \$76.5 billion dollars—that's \$278.71 for every man, woman, and child in this grand capitalism crapshoot we call the U.S.A. To make you feel a little bit better about your comparably meager existence, the site also sports plenty of Bill-bashing propaganda and even a pseudo-serious article on how you, too, can be as filthy rich as Mr. Bill—or at least as geeky-looking. (www.webho.com/WealthClock)



Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the trailer

Maalox Moments

While letting out window-rattling belches has long been the domain of uncouth fellas, at The Guys Vs. The Girls Burping Contest site, women are given equal opportunity to prove that anything we can *brrrrrppp!* they can *brrrrrppp!* better. Both sexes



are encouraged to submit MP3 audio files of their best belches (nearly 300 eruptions on file) to compete larynx to larynx. Hear the Belching Queen's double-barreled blast lay waste to Fino's nasty gurgling efforts, as well as her belched impersonation of that International Man of Mystery (Do I make you gassy, baby?). But far from being limited to simple aural pleasures, the site also offers downloadable video of classic belching moments in cinema, which is sure to bring a tear to your eye. (burpcontest.com)

—Shane Mooney



NET GAIN

Download This

Cool crap you can use!

Bull Shot

Before you run with the bulls to prove your manhood, check out this cautionary video clip about the dangers of tangling with anything hornier than you are. We say this guy had it coming, dashing in front of an angry bull wearing a—duh—red shirt. But it's his blue jeans that get gored, letting his four-legged adversary shake him

around like a rodeo clown rag doll. In the end the bull wears ripped tighty-whities on his horns, and the guy wears nothing from the waist down as he scurries for safety. *¿Quién es mas macho?* The bull, of course. (pluto.spaceports.com/~fun4u/files/bull.avi)

Call to Arms

In the world of sales, telemarketers fall between crack dealers and pimps, though even the

latter have the decency to not call during *Monday Night Football*. With the Enigma program, the next time a pushy motormouth rings, you simply bring up an easy-to-use database that lets you log the call and prompts you to ask questions like "What is the mailing address of your company?"—backed up by cited federal laws. Soon that telemarketer

will be begging you to let him hang up. (www.verinet.com/~geoff/Enigma/EnATS12.exe)



Working double-time on Oprah's lunch order

Omerta

By Mario Puzo

(Random House, \$25.95)

As great as the late Mario Puzo's *Godfather* may have been (and the movie was superior to the book), his last, posthumously published mobster saga is better left to sleep with the fishes. A 300-plus-page potboiler that sometimes reads more like an outline, *Omerta* focuses on the Apries, a crime family struggling to go legit, but rarely delves below the surface in explaining the consequences of breaking *omertà* ("honor"). Worse, the book seems like a sloppy rehash of Puzo's earlier breakthrough. Again we have 1) a seemingly weak younger brother who proves himself worthy; 2) a romantic interlude in Sicily; 3) siblings battling for control of a family dynasty; and 4) a none too subtle comparison of Mafia crime to corporate

Mario Puzo

Omerta

business.

There's even a reprise of that infamous horse-head-in-the-bed scene, though this time the executed pets are German shepherds. Aw-w-w... All this makes more contemporary interpretations like *The Sopranos* seem even cooler. Bottom line: *Omerta* is OK if you have nothing else to read on a cross-country flight, but overall it's an offer you probably can refuse.— Steven Beeber

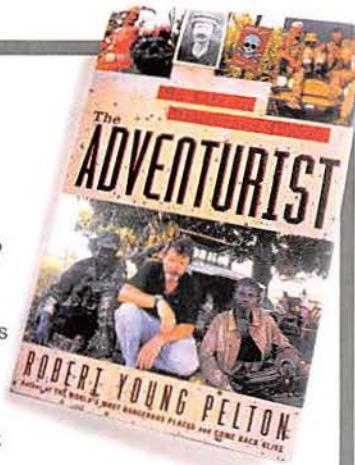


The Adventurist

By Robert Young Pelton

(Doubleday, \$24.95)

Ever suspected that your grinning tour guide might actually be a throat-slitting psychopath? Then this is the book for you. Part heartfelt autobiography, part riveting travelogue, Pelton's account of his two death-defying decades as a professional "adventurist" (try putting that on your résumé) is a guidebook for the *Heart of Darkness* set. You'll learn how to tread through an Afghani minefield (very lightly), when to decline a mug of moonshine offered by a Sarawak headhunter (never), and how much to tip your Filipino rickshaw driver should he steer you to an ATM on the outskirts of town instead of to your hotel (whatever he asks). And should you start to wonder just what kind of headcase would prefer such high-risk tourism to, say, slathering on



sunblock by a ritzy hotel pool in Palm Springs, you'll also take a journey through Pelton's less than idyllic formative years—boot-camp-style boarding school and an abusive mother who kicked him out of the house when he was 16 because it was time for him to "become a man." Hell, no wonder Pelton considers a plane crash in the wilds of Borneo a relaxing getaway.—S.B.



Immediate -- and FREE -- help for ANYONE who wants to learn fast how to fight to win!

Amazing FREE Report By Famous Streetfighting Expert Reveals The 5 Simple Secrets of Winning Any Fight Against Larger, Meaner And More Skilled Attackers

Even if you're completely out-of-shape and have never been in a fight before in your life!

- By Robert Pierce -

(Dateline: Visalia, CA) If you've ever wanted the kind of solid confidence that comes only when you know how to win a fight... and protect yourself and your loved ones in any kind of dangerous situation... then you need to know the 5 simple secrets in this free special report by an influential streetfighting "insider".

The author is Dr. Russell Horine, a man who for over a decade has dealt and trained with the world's top hand-to-hand combat experts... including former Special Forces soldiers (Navy SEAL, Army DELTA and Rangers, Green Beret), big-city SWAT cops, "black bag" government operatives (FBI, CIA, DOE), Russian SPETSNAZ agents, illegal "cage" fighters, and notorious street fighters from all over the planet. Dr. Horine's office is called "action central" by every black belt, kickboxer, wrestler, backstreet brawler and elite "super soldier" of any note.

Here's what this means for you: After stripping away all the chest-pounding nonsense, Dr. Horine has discovered an amazing fact. The bottom line for winning most fights — even

against trained, experienced and stronger attackers — is actually a very simple set of secret rules that anyone can learn in twenty minutes. In fact...

- You do NOT need to be in shape, or strong, or even coordinated...
- You do NOT need to spend months (or even hours) in fancy, exhaustive training...
- And... you do NOT need any special skills!

Yet, the vast majority of men in this country have no clue what these 5 secrets are. They do not understand even the basics of fighting-to-win, and live with a constant fear of confrontation. When danger surprises them, they are totally unprepared... and become "easy pickings" for bullies and criminals.

This astonishing, easy-to-read special report — which Dr. Horine will send to you immediately, free and without any obligation — will change your life literally overnight. Just knowing these secrets will give you an incredible new confidence (plus real tools you can use) to handle any situation, no matter how violent or unexpected.

There's just one "catch": You must ask for this free report before the end of this month, and you must pay \$2 to cover the shipping and handling. You have 3 simple ways to order:

(1) Call 1-800-899-8153 (ask for Dept. 105) and tell whoever answers you want "The 5 Secrets Of Winning Any Fight". You can use your credit card to cover the shipping and handling.

(2) Mail a note with your address and the words "Free Report" to OTS, 606 E. Acequia Ave., Dept. 105 Visalia, CA 93292 with your check or money order payable to OTS. Please do not send cash. Your free report will be rushed to you by return mail.

(3) Or, log on to the "hidden page" at our website at www.threatresponse.com/5secrets (and save the \$2 s&h by downloading the free report directly). ■



Grinder Summer Gear



1



2

4. BEST CURE FOR YOUR HANDICAP

Cayman Desperado (\$25/doz)

Cheat your way to the top! Banned by the USGA, this ball is .03 inches smaller than usual and weighs 3.4 grams more, so it flies 10 percent farther. **Bonus:** Sink your putt! (Cayman, 800-344-0220)

5. SMOOTHEST WAY TO REEL 'ER IN

Shimano Stella 2500 (\$490)

The Stella 2500 spins as if it were lubed with K-Y. Shimano built some of its nifty bike gear technology into this baby. It's got four times as many ball bearings as your average reel. **Bonus:** It comes in five sizes, for Ishmaels and females alike. (Shimano, 800-833-5540)

1. FASTEST BIKE ON THE ROAD

Cervélo P3 (\$3,000)

Ever heard the saying "It's the rider, not the bike"? That's bullshit. Toronto-based outfit Cervélo has delivered an aluminum road bike that's so fast, you can fly like Lance Armstrong as soon as you jump on (note: not really). The trick: The frame is structured so that the back wheel spins right inside it, dampening wind-resistance. It comes with 18-speed Shimano Ultegra components, and it only weighs 19 pounds. **Bonus:** Get addicted to the P3 and you can ditch the crystal meth habit. (Cervélo, 877-523-7835)

2. BEST WAY TO MAKE A GETAWAY

Merrell Exotech (\$100)

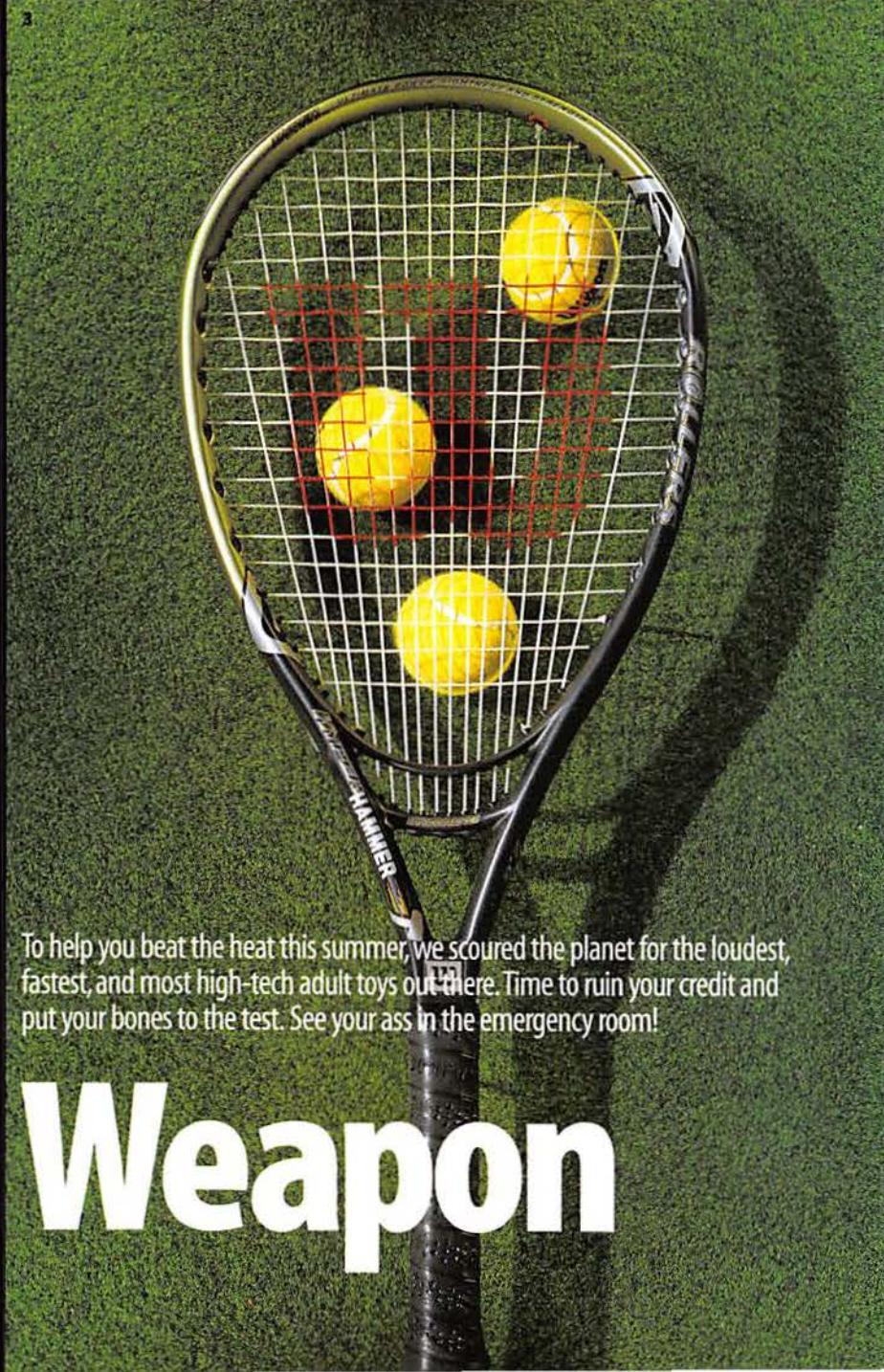
Our tester slid these trail runners on, disappeared in the mountains, and showed up three days later covered in blood and a freaky green substance. His report: "These are the most lightweight [14 ounces] and stable shoes out there, so your ankles won't snap like Joe Theismann's." The hard-nylon bottom plate and air-cushioned heel fit his foot "like a tank tread, painlessly rolling over sharp stones and sleeping campers alike." **Bonus:** The cops'll never catch you in these. (Merrell, 888-637-7001)

3. THE BIGGEST NET GAIN

Wilson Rollers 2.6 Overdrive (\$350)

If you tend to get lazy (or drunk) on the tennis court, Wilson's new high-tech Overdrive racket will give your balls that extra stroke they need. This frame is so light (8.5 ounces), it practically swings itself. And the racket is designed to hold the ball on the face a split second longer, transferring added energy into your shot. **Bonus:** The strings are extended to the 15½-inch legal limit (hmm, barely legal), so you won't miss the ball. (Wilson, 800-946-6060)

3



Choose your Weapon

To help you beat the heat this summer, we scoured the planet for the loudest, fastest, and most high-tech adult toys out there. Time to ruin your credit and put your bones to the test. See your ass in the emergency room!



4

5



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7



8

9



6. SMOOTHEST TUNES

Sony D-SJ01 with G-Protection (\$250)

The latest in Discman technology, this beast's shock recovery is 10 times faster than conventional models, so it's virtually skip-free—perfect for joggers. **Bonus:** The AA-battery life is 36 hours, about the time it'll take you to run a mile. (Sony, 800-222-7669)

7. BEST FACE VALUE

Nike Triax Chronograph (\$99)

This watch isn't drunk-friendly (it's got six goddamn hands), except when you fall into a sewer (it's scratch and water resistant). But someone finally made an analog sports watch for folks who don't dig digits. The big hands tell time; the three small faces form a stopwatch to the tenth of a second. **Bonus:** No alarm! G'head and sleep late. (Nike, 800-344-6453)

8. FASTEST WAY TO GET BLOWN

WindGlider (\$450)

Hey, spazz! World Champion windsurfer Ken Winner (yeah, that's his name) has designed a four-footer with a wide hull and two fins for stability, so even you can cut waves in the mere 10 minutes it takes to assemble. **Bonus:** It holds two. Yank that bikini string when you "slip"! (WindGlider, 509-493-4938)

9. MOST KLUTZ-FRIENDLY DIVE CAMERA

Reefmaster RC Automatic (\$190)

Dive down into the sea. Swim with the fishies. Search for booty. Discover the rotten corpse of Jimmy Hoffa, and take perfect point-and-shoot photos! With a wide-angle lens, automatic winder, and easy-grip housing, any schmo can snap perfect shots, even at 150 feet. **Bonus:** "Honey, they gotta be swimsuit shots—we're underwater!" (SeaLife, 800-257-7742)

Grinder Summer Gear

10. MOST COMFORTABLE RIDE TO THE ER

Tecnica Phantom 5 (\$438)

Nothing livens up a summer like a disfiguring face plant. Like other five-wheel skates, the Phantoms are scary-fast; but these babies are also *comfortable*. The frames are molded from aircraft aluminum for durability, while the soft boot has a shock-absorbing elastomer heel. **Bonus:** Brakes? We don't need no stinkin' brakes! (Tecnica, 800-258-3897)

11. THE LITTLE KAYAK THAT COULD

Klepper Alu-Lite (\$1,980)

A 13-foot, 39-pound aluminum kayak that folds up to fit in your backpack? No, we're not nuts. Not only is the Alu-Lite convenient; it won't leave you up the creek. A guy once crossed the Atlantic in one of Klepper's kayaks. **Bonus:** Does your girl like to get paddled? She will now. (Klepper, 800-500-2404)

12. ZZZZ BEST WAY TO REST

The Portable Beach Hammock (\$249)

Wanna spend your summer drooling in a hammock? This crib has a built-in pillow, a 48-inch umbrella, and a beer cooler. And it folds up so you can quickly relocate next to those hotties on the beach! **Bonus:** The steel legs hold two, unless you're a fat bastard. (NewYorkFirst.com, 800-581-7599)

13. BEST EXCUSE TO DITCH YOUR OFFICE

Husky Fex21 Power PC (\$2,700)

It's a wireless phone. It's a Windows PC. It's your entire friggin' office in a handheld package that goes anywhere. Our military dropped it 54 times from one meter and it booted up without a glitch. **Bonus:** Check out fisting.com's picture of the day from the peak of K2! (Husky, 877-438-5200)

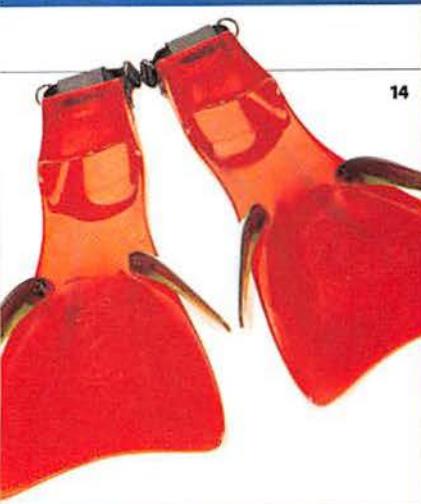
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14. QUICKEST WAY TO FLIP OUT **Excellerating Force Fin (\$219)**

We outswam dozens of floating condoms off Coney Island in these speedy fins. They're perfect for underwater hockey or just hanging 'round town. **Bonus:** The green wings flare for added control. (*Force Fins*, 800-346-7946)

15. HOW TO OWN A CIGARETTE BOAT **Traxxas Nitro Vee (\$370)**

This new remote control gas-powered boat hauls ass at 22 mph, but it handles with the ease of an electric model so the novice won't spear it into Grandma's canoe. **Bonus:** Run outta gas? The Return-To-Shore emergency rig'll bring her to Poppa. (*Traxxas*, 888-872-9927)



15

16



17

16. BEST SPEAKERS FOR PURPLE RAIN **Niles OS-10 (\$400)**

So you were rocking out by the pool and you accidentally spilled some Schlitz on your speakers? Don't sweat it if they're the OS-10's. The shoe-box-size cabinet is coated in polypropylene and is totally impervious to moisture (g'head, piss on 'em and see). And don't worry about the sound bee-yotch; the fluid-cooled tweeters and 5 1/4-inch woofers will get your neighbor's attention. **Bonus:** "What? I can't hear you!" (*Niles Audio*, 800-289-4434)

17. EASIEST WAY TO GET HIGH **Flightstar Spyder (\$12,300)**

Don't have the time or discipline to get your pilot's license? You can get certified to tool around in an ultralight (a plane that weighs less than 254 pounds and holds less than five gallons of fuel) in just 10 hours. According to the FAA, the Spyder's a perfect model for the beginner. But don't get us wrong, it can take you higher than a tab of brown acid; the thing cruises at 65 mph and has a range of 220 miles. **Bonus:** An on-board parachute that might just come in handy. Crash and burn, dude! (*Flightstar*, 860-875-8185)

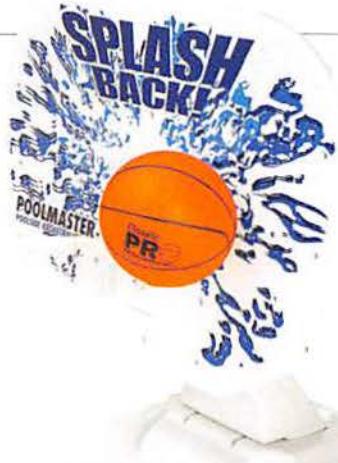
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18. THE HOTTEST BEER COOLER **Thermalwhiz Supreme Plus (\$40)**

After an all-night beach party, this cooler acts just like you: It collapses. The planet's handiest ice chest is made of flexible insulating foam, so it can fold up and fit under a car seat. We stuck 36 cans of ice-cold Bud in ours at the end of a workday—they were still chilly when we arrived the next morning. Bottoms up! **Bonus:** Need to ditch a corpse? A medium-size torso will fit inside 'til you can dig a shallow grave. (*California Innovations*, 888-413-2665)

Grinder Summer Gear



19

19. COOLEST HOOP DREAMS

Splashback Basketball Game (\$149)

Three seconds left, you float up an amazing three-inches and...score! With this backyard beauty, you can turn your pool into Madison Square Garden. The rigid 34" x 25½" backboard can take its share of jams. The "pro-style" ball ain't exactly leather, but it floats. **Bonus:** No need for a water break, unless of course you're pregnant. (*PoolandSpa*, 800-876-7647)

20. BEST REASON TO BUILD A POOL

AquaDisc (\$30)

The mad scientists at Aquatoy have designed a disc that flies 30 feet underwater! The thing fills with H₂O and reaches a weight equilibrium in the drink. **Bonus:** It still functions at a depth of 50 feet—better than most of your organs. (*Aquatoy*, 650-969-6410)

20

21. BIGGEST YARD ON!

Mini Big Green Egg Barbecue (\$130)

The Egg, which does indeed look like someone laid it, combines a 2,000-year-old Chinese design with "space age" ceramics. The result: It keeps all the juices and flavor in the meat. Thanks to the heat gauge (50 to 750 degrees), we seared steaks and slow-smoked an intern to equal perfection. **Bonus:** Twenty pounds of charcoal lasts five months. (*Big Green Egg*, 800-939-3447)

22. FOR THE ROPE-A-DOPE

Hyperlite Byerly 142 (\$360)

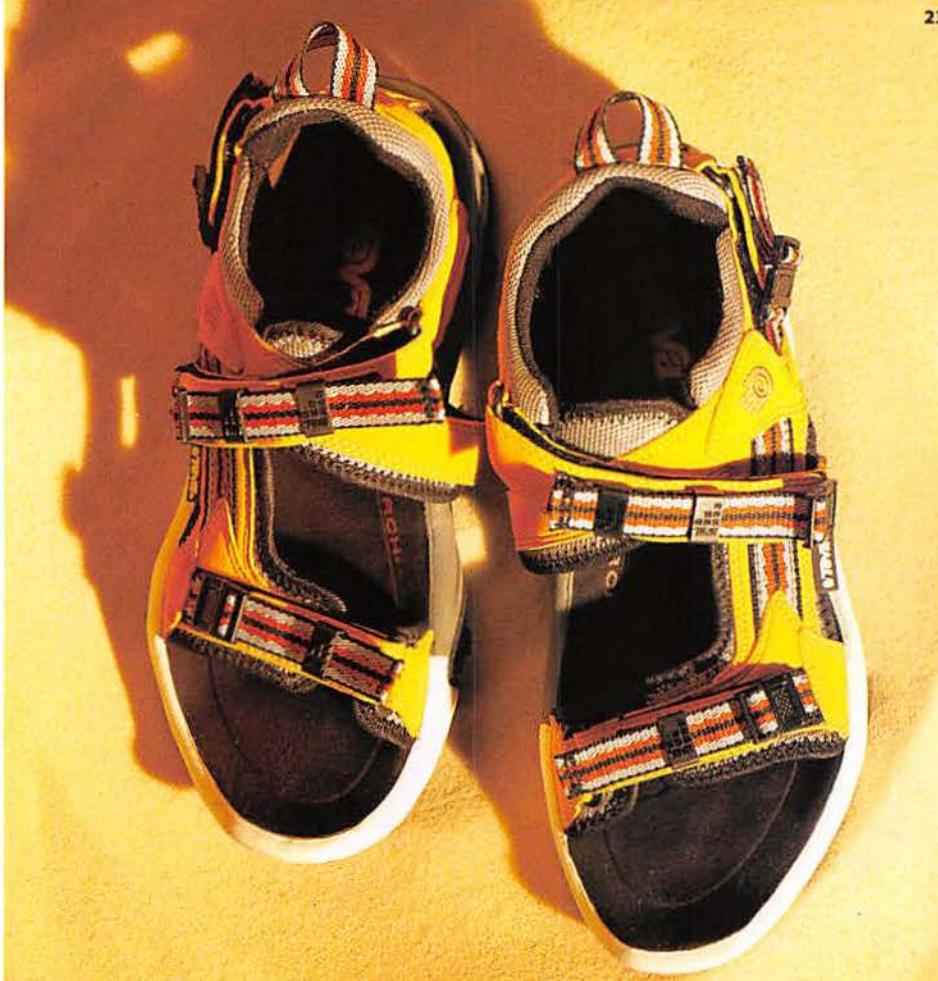
Dump the water skis. Hyperlite's newest badass wakeboard is decked out with "vented channels" and "cupped rails"—added features for extra maneuverability (and ari). **Bonus:** The edges are so sharp, they double as steak knives. (*Hyperlite*, 800-624-2017)

21



23

22



23. BEST THERAPY FOR YOUR SOLE

Teva Wraptor (\$99)

Other companies have tried, but Teva is the first outfit to hit the street with an honest-to-God functioning sandal/running shoe fusion. Sure, they look pretty cool, but do they suck? We hid our hyperactive correspondent's Ritalin, then sent him out to torture-test them on all terrains. His conclusions: "With comfortable ankle-supporting straps, strong arch-support, and great air-circulation, they completely haul ass, if you don't mind an occasional pebble stuck between your toes. If you're taking it slow, the Wraptors are simply today's best all-around sports sandal." **Bonus:** They're terrific for picking up girls with foot fetishes. (*Teva*, 800-449-1118)





**24. LIVE OUT SICK PARAMILITARY FANTASIES
Auto Cocker F/X STO (\$750)**

No, the Auto Cocker won't let you snooze while your girlfriend tries desperately to reach orgasm. Even better—it's a paint-ball gun! This nasty piece allows you to fire 10 friggin' rounds per second. (We had a whale of time with it in our office. Anyone seen our interns lately?) It runs on CO₂ cartridges or compressed air, and holds 200 rounds at a time. **Bonus:** With a polished nickel finish and six patterns to choose from, you can paint the town in style. (*Pro-Team Products, 904-437-3375*)

**25. THE HOTTEST SUB TO GO
Bellaqua BOB (\$12,500)**

Your very own personal submarine? Damn straight. Cool enough for a Bond getaway (check it out in *Tomorrow Never Dies*), the Breathing Observation Bubble (BOB) is half moped, half *Red October*. It can take your ass to a depth of 40 feet at 2.5 knots, with a mounted scuba tank that keeps you breathing for 50 minutes. Don't forget your watch, or you'll get the drift the hard way. **Bonus:** Dive legally without getting certified! And if something goes wrong, it doubles as a funky coffin! (*Bellaqua, 561-582-4700*)

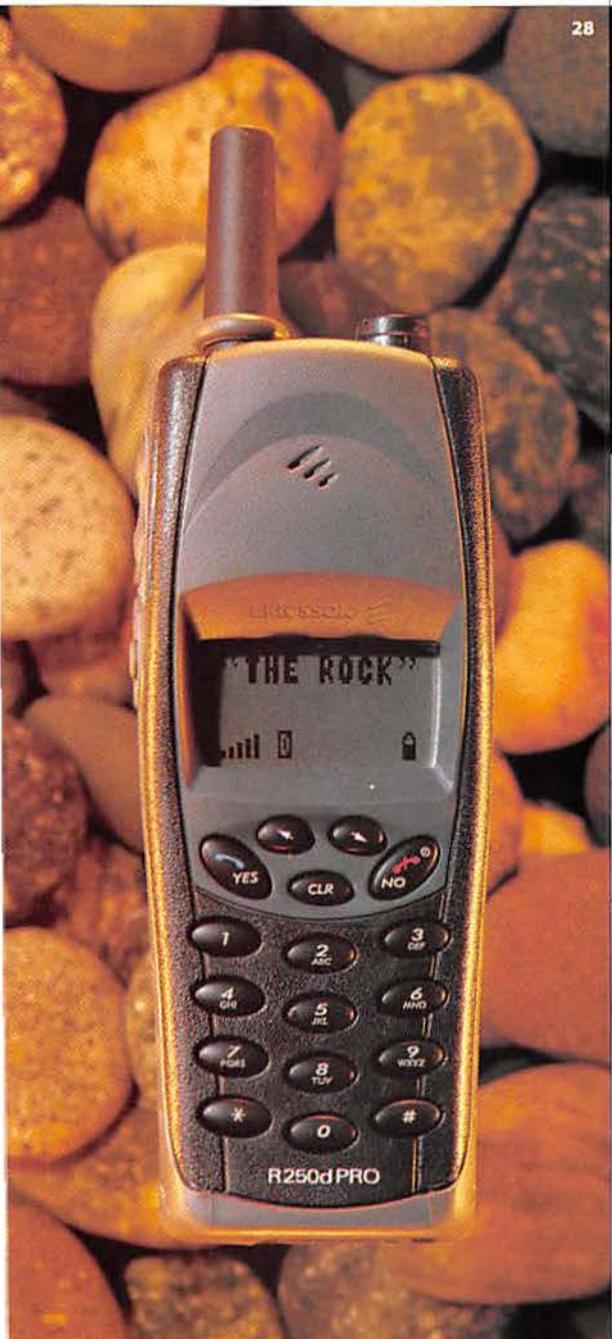
**26. QUICKEST WAY TO GET HER WET
Yamaha 1200R Wave Runner (\$8,200)**

To you, it's like riding a killer whale. To her, it's a 60 mph sex toy. Put 'em together and you've got a dream first date: All you need is the 1200R Wave Runner—the planet's fastest, most powerful Jet Ski. It's a one-seater, so you'll need to take turns. But if 155 horsepower doesn't get her off, ditch her quick. **Bonus:** The unique adjustable steering can be set for novices (mellow) or speed freaks (super-twitchy) at the flick of a switch. (*Yamaha, 800-889-2624*)

Grinder Summer Gear



27 29



28

27. WORLD'S FASTEST BABE MAGNET

Triumph TT 600 (\$8,300)

U.K.-based Triumph's new scream machine is the sports bike of the year, hands down. The skinny: 374 pounds, 108 horsepower, 599 cc fuel-injected four-cylinder engine. The thing tops out at 160 mph. **Bonus:** This bike is so hot, our designer went out and bought one (we're still trying to figure out where the bastard got the cash). (*Triumph*, 800-743-3874)

28. PHONE FOR THE IRON MAN

Ericsson R250d Pro (\$620)

Aptly nicknamed the Rock, this mobile phone with fax capability and 200-name black book is shock-, dust-, and water-resistant—great for the guy who sends his wallet through the spin cycle. **Bonus:** The Rock meets U.S. military specs. Over. (*Ericsson*, 800-374-2776)

30



31



29. THE HOTTEST CLUB IN TOWN

Titleist 975D (\$500)

Why is Tiger Woods such a phenomenon? For one thing, his dad bastardized his childhood by making him practice every day. But more important, Tiger tees off with the titanium 975D—the most popular driver on the PGA tour. The oversize face is angled to minimize slicing. We still sliced more balls than a cattle farmer, but we felt cool doing it. **Bonus:** Five graphite shaft options! Ooh, goose bumps. (*Titleist*, www.titleist.com)

30. MOST CHILDISH MUST-HAVE

Supersoaker Monster (\$50)

Quick reload, a 162-round magazine... OK, pull your pants up, psycho—it's a water gun. The Supersoaker Monster XL can hold 162 ounces of water. Pump it 45 times for max drenching power! Where the hell is that FedEx guy, anyway? **Bonus:** We contacted Supersoaker. They put our bayonet idea "under advisement." (*Larami*, 800-669-8697)

31. FOR CHASING ATHLETIC GIRLS

New Balance 829 (\$85)

These runners won't be out 'til September 1, but we grabbed a review pair. New Balance dug out the arch and replaced it with a "Stability Web," making them super-light (10.3 ounces). We gave 'em to our tester and chased him with an axe. We haven't seen him since. **Bonus:** The tiger stripes make you feel like a cat on the make. (*New Balance*, 800-253-7463)

BEFORE TOPPIK**30 SECONDS LATER
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Toppik won't come off in wind, rain or perspiration. It is totally undetectable, even from as close as two inches. Toppik stays securely in place giving natural-looking thickness and fullness until the next time you shampoo. It is also totally compatible with Minoxidil and Propecia®.

A Safe, Effective Option

Speaking of medical treatments, Toppik is recommended by doctors because it is completely safe and works amazingly well with hair transplants. And it's great for both men and women. No matter what your condition, if you are concerned about visible hair loss, Toppik will change the way you feel about yourself every time you look in the mirror.

© 2000, Spencer Forrest, Inc.



Mark Kress (center) created Toppik to solve his own thinning hair problem. After putting Toppik to the test, CNN reported that... "it's incredible... and you can't even tell." With Toppik, nobody will ever suspect that you had a balding or thinning problem.

Try It Yourself, Risk-Free

If you don't look younger and feel more confident from the very first application, simply return the bottle, even if it's completely empty, within 30 days of receipt of your order. We'll refund the entire purchase price, no questions asked.

THICKENS THINNING HAIR

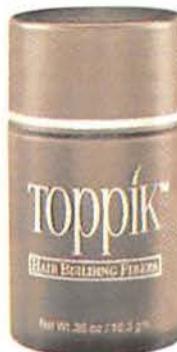


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Hairs Magnified 1000X



Spencer Forrest, Inc., is the 20-year leader in cosmetic treatments for hair loss. Toppik is recommended by doctors worldwide, and has given confidence to hundreds of thousands of men and women.

"An inexpensive product that can really hide thinning hair. It's fabulous."

—Sally Jessie Raphael,
Sally Jessie Raphael Show

"It's incredible... and you can't even tell."
—CNN

"It really looks like my hair grew back."
—NBC-30 News, Hartford

"Replaces all that lost hair... brush away insecurities... awesome."
—KWTW News, Oklahoma City

"You can look years younger in less than a minute... Amazing and all for about \$20. It really seemed like more hair was being created as the bald spots just disappeared. Toppik really does live up to its ads."

—KYW-3 Eyewitness News,
Philadelphia

"...You can have a full look on top... Say goodbye forever to bad hair days... It's one of Hollywood's Best Kept Secrets."

—Fox-TV News, Los Angeles



"It's great for women too. I'll never feel self-conscious about my thinning hair again."

—Sharon Lais, Buffalo, N.Y.

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DEEP BLUE

Page 154-155: Trunks, \$89, by Moschino Mare Uomo, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; **Absolutely Suitable**, Miami; and the Moschino Boutique, NYC. **Page 156:** Shorts, \$90, by Robin Piccone, at Fred Segal, L.A.; **Starting Line**, NYC; M. Penner, Houston; or call (877) 669-6702. **Page 159:** Trunks, \$115, by John Bartlett, at Barneys New York, select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, and Jeffrey New York. **Page 160:** Shorts, \$215, by Tom Ford for Gucci, at Gucci, NYC and Beverly Hills. **Page 161:** Trunks, \$45, by Tom of Finland, at Tom of Finland, NYC and Miami. **Page 162:** Trunks, \$110, by Jason Bunin, at Jeffrey New York; and Take 2, Washington, D.C. **Page 163:** Shorts, \$88, by Emporio Armani, at Emporio Armani, NYC; or call (877) 7-EMPO80.

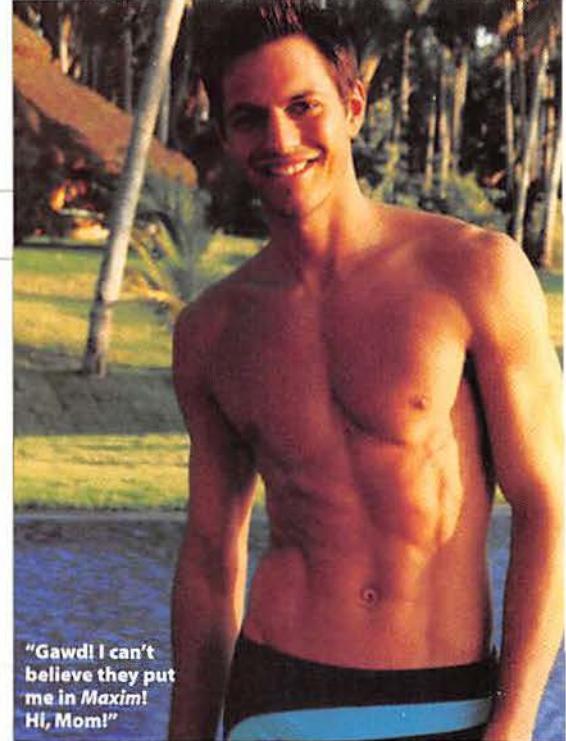
IT'S A WRAP

Page 165-166: Carerra Eyewear, \$80, at Sunglass Hut and optical boutiques. Gucci, \$140, at Nieman Marcus, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue. Polo Jeans Co./Ralph Lauren, \$45, at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Sunglass Hut. Reaction by Kenneth Cole, \$38; call (800) 4-EN-4-OLE; or visit www kennethcole.com. Oakley, \$95, at www oakley.com. Matsuda, \$335, at Optical Shop of Aspen International; or call (800) 647-2345. CK, \$90; call (800) 645-1300. BCBG MaxAzria Eyewear, \$70, at BCBG stores, Bloomingdale's, and select Nordstrom stores; or call (888) 636-BCBG. Claire's, \$28; call (800) 578-7070. Ray Ban, \$70; call (800) 343-5594.

SAVING LACE

Page 166: Exocom Winter, \$70, by Nordica; call (800) 283-6647. Cirque, \$95, by Gravis Footwear; visit www.gravisfootwear.com; or call (877) 247-2847. Red Flourish slip-ons, \$65, by Perry Ellis America; visit www.perryellis.com. Rufus Clog, \$60, by Nike, at NikeTown locations nationwide; or visit www.nike.com.

Page 167: Sidewinder, \$125, by Royal Elastics, at Barneys New York, NY and L.A. Cabriolet, \$75, by Wear-Aer; call (877) 440-4587. Yellow slip-ons, \$69, by Tattoo;



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Hi, Mom!"

call (800) 577-3668. Street Car, \$50, by Puma; call (800) 782-PUMA. Sport Gator, \$70, by Skechers; visit www.skechers.com. Green pull-on, \$100, by Tsubo, at Barneys New York; Active Endeavors, Chicago; and American Rag, L.A.

GET SKINNED

Page 168: Palm Pilot holder, \$325, at Bergdorf-Goodman.

NAMED YOUR PRICE

Page 170: DKNY Time, \$95; call (800) 969-0900. CK, \$125, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's.

Gucci Time Pieces, \$850, at Gucci stores; or call (800) 788-9888.

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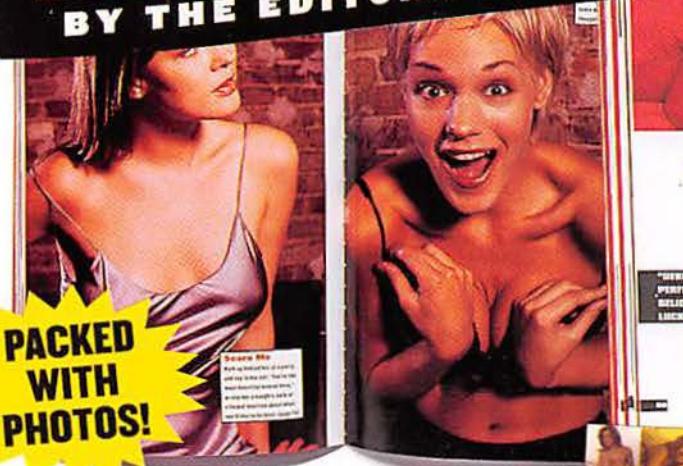
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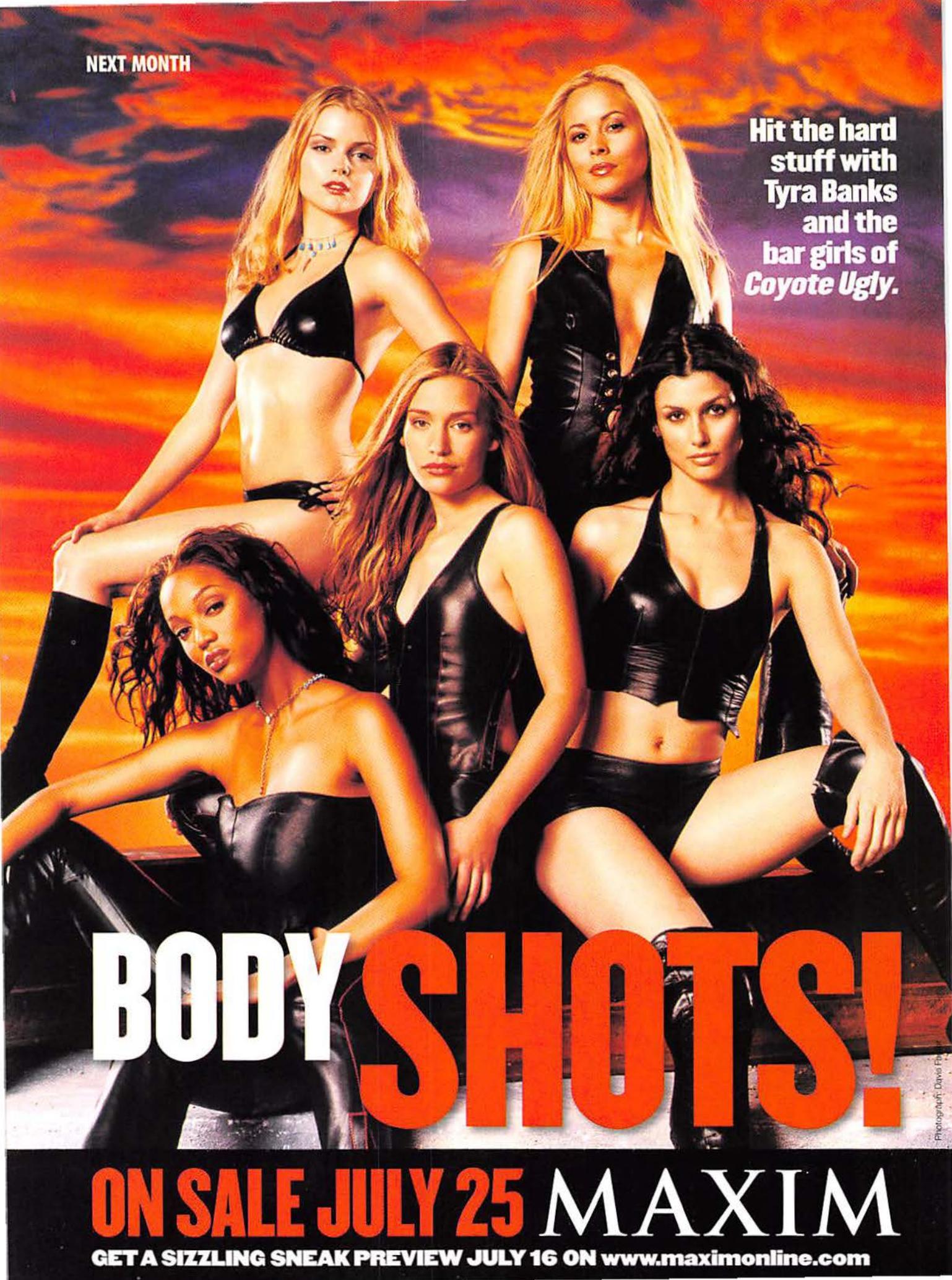
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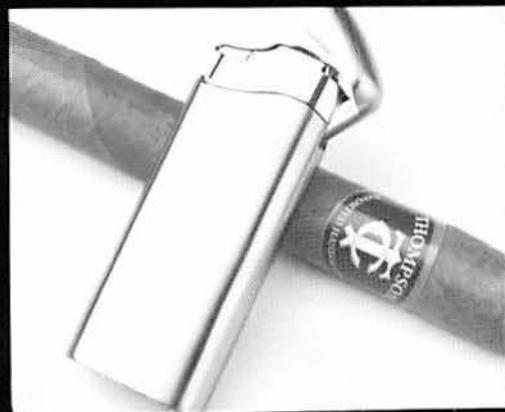
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Shockingly, the frog turned out not to be a prince at all



Beat This Caption!

As you read through an issue of *Maxim*, do you ever get the feeling you could come up with wittier captions for our photos than we do? Hey, we don't doubt it. But we can't just take your word for it; we want you to prove it. So take a look at this photo above, of a friendly sow getting a little on the sly, and write in with your best one-liner. If you can drum up a caption that beats the one we've got circled, we'll send you JVC's new Elkameleon

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The selection of the winning captions shall be within the sole discretion of the editors of *Maxim*, and any decision by the editors shall be final. That means we say whose caption is the best, and that's all there is to it. Can you dig?

May's Winning Captions

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A scene from the new movie *Being George Michael*

Bryan Bond, Nashville, TN

Runners-up:

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Harvesting
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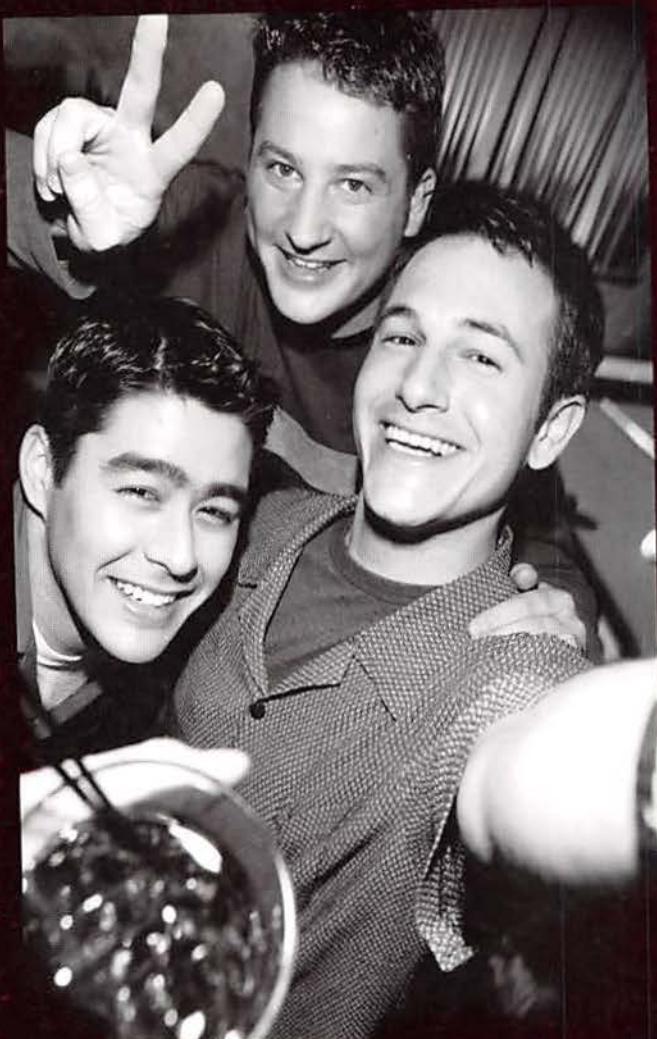
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